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From every man according to his ability: to everyone according to his needs.

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SALT WATER DAY.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

THE postmaster at Stratford was a moderate man naturally, but on a hot day he was very slow. He had two customers before me; one was a one-armed man who wanted fifteen cents' worth of tobacco; the other was a prim and extremely angular and active woman with whom he bantered while mopping the streaming perspiration from his face.

"Where you goin' dressed up so early in the mornin'?"

"Call this early? Why, to see you, of course," she replied, with the intention of giving him as good as he sent.

The old fellow chuckled at her pert reply and she went on: "If you want to know bad, I'm goin' off on the next train."

"Goin' to git back ever?" he asked in his immoderately moderate way. There was humor in the inflection he used on the last word.

"I expect to git back, if nothin' happens; I'm goin' down to see the fun. It's Salt Water day, if you'd wake up and know it."

"Oh, this ain't no Salt Water day—is

it? Lemme see—why, so 'tis! Second Sat'day. Well, hope you'll have a good time; I ain't gone much late years; couldn't git away. There'll be a crowd there today; now be careful and don't get into no scrape."

"You needn't worry about me," said the woman. "Don't you worry 'bout me, I'm old enough to take care o' myself."

"So y' be, so y' be!" assented the postmaster, winking at me.

"Oh, you needn't wink an' blink like a toad in a thunder storm. I ain't dodgin' my age. I ain't one o' that kind. I don't see why a woman should be ashamed of her age any more'n a man."

"Sure 'nough she shouldn't; but she is."

"Well, here's one that ain't. Well, so long, Joe."

"Take care o' yourself, Nancy."

The postmaster came out of his den and sat down on a box of tobacco and leaned against the counter in sudden dejection. He was flaccid as suet, and I wondered

at his ability to hold himself together. To remove his mind from his sad physical condition was a mercy to the man. There was something in this conversation which led me to inquire of the postmaster what was going on down at the beach.

"Why, it's Salt Water day," he said.

"But what's Salt Water day?"

"Haven't you ever heard of Salt Water day?" he asked commiseratingly. I hung my head in shame and said that I never had.

"Well, you get on to that 10.20 an' go down to Seagirt, an' git off an' foller the crowd an' they'll show you what it is, and then you come home and stop here on your way back and I'll tell you what I know about it; for there ain't no use tryin' to describe it, you've got to see it; it's the biggest circus you've ever seen, and I'll bet on it."

As there was half an hour yet to spare, the postmaster invited me around to the well for a drink.

"It's the coldest well in this part of the state," he said, as we stood under the plum trees with hats lifted. "Yes, sir," he said, returning to the subject of the "Jersey washday." "It's more fun'n Tom Walker—or it used to be when I was a boy. They didn't have any bathhouses then, and the whole business was rough-cut." He chuckled at the memories called up. "But they tell me it's gittin' quite fashionable down there now. Then the city folks have got to goin' down to laugh at 'em, and that's smoothed 'em out a good 'eal. But you go down an' find out. I'd

go, but I'm gittin' a little too heavy on m' stumps."

Down at the little station where I bought my ticket for Seagirt I found a crowd of people packed upon the platform. Some of them were the summer boarders at Stratford, cool and dainty in summer flannels, some were pupils of the Chautauqua assembly, some of them were the townspeople, but most of them were evidently country people out for the holiday. The long train of splendid cars was filled with all varieties of country belles and their beaux and all varieties of gaunt, quaint old men and women. It was an extraordinary sight to see such perfectly rustic and primeval costumes and features in a fast train less than two hours from New York city. Already my interest had become profoundly excited and I looked forward as eagerly as any of them to taking part in the great celebration which had called these people from the retirement of their farms.

The cars were crowded to suffocation, but at Seagirt all swarmed out in an eager flood. Some of them clambered into the 'busses that were there waiting, but many walked. I took the road behind a group of country boys who left the station and struck out across the fields. I felt perfectly certain they would lead me by the best and shortest route to the beach. They led me across a superb field of clover, whose second crop of blooms were sweet and red as roses, and untouched by the dust which rolled across everything near the road. As I neared the belt of pines

that hid the beach from sight I heard the screaming laughter of children mingled with the dull, booming roar of the surf. From all sides teams were moving along the level roads in clouds of dust, all tending toward one central point—the clump of pines above which fluttered a flag, a pink stain against the sky.

I came next to horses picketed here and there in the edge of the grove, with wagons and carryalls of every age and figure. Beside these vehicles families (who had come long distances) were eating their early lunch. I



passed on and, rounding a huge, cliff-like hotel, came suddenly upon the famous scene.

Packed upon the soft, yellow sand were hundreds and hundreds of carriages, as various as the garments of the people around them. Horses were tied to the wheels, eating oats from their boxes—gaunt, hard-worked horses, whose harnesses hung from the whippetrees or were piled under the wagons. Beyond them were groups of tents and booths, from which came confused cries and those high-pitched, brazen rigmaroles which are heard at a circus; and over and beyond them the sea, pinkish-gray, melted into the infinite haze of the sky.

Swarming around these teams and booths, drinking red lemonade, eating peanuts, courting and visiting, were the blonde and freckled Jerseymen and Jerseywomen. The whole scene was like our universal, characteristic, American county fair, only more disorganized, more individual, more sprawling in effect. It was



strange to me by reason of the sand under my feet, the sea at my left, and yet it was familiar in its amusements, its types, its atmosphere of determined enjoyment. The fashionable ladies and gentlemen on the Cliff House veranda found it comical. I did not. I knew these people too well to laugh at them.

The men in the booths called to the chin-whiskered old men and their work-worn wives with jovial audacity: "Come up, come up, all you pretty folks, and eat your ice cream! Here it is, cool and sweet."

"Come along, come along now," called a man with a game of chance, "only reliable game on the grounds; here you



are, here you are! Put down y'r nickel, you take up two every time the wheel goes round."

On the left hand were chances to toss three balls into a peck measure and win a dollar, and on the right was an opportunity to throw seven balls into a three-cornered hole in a barrel and win a dollar, and the crowd seemed just as easily amused as any assembly at a Wisconsin county fair. They found amusement in throwing balls at a negro who put his face through an opening in a board while he grinningly yelled:

"Come on! come on! the more you hit me the more I love yeh. Fire away!" he called, as a smart young fellow stepped with elaborate grace to the rope and took the three balls in his hands. "He's from N' York, he is. He's a baseball pitcher, but he can't hit me!"

A little farther on the man who had the barrel with a three-cornered hole cut in the end of it was inviting a group of freckled boys to try their luck.

"You see that man in the corner," he said, calling attention to his partner, who was lying down on the sand. "He's toired. He looks dead, but he ain't. Hand him a nickel and see how quick he'll hand you seven balls to put in the barrel and get the dollar; every time you pay your nickel you have seven trials; why don't you come on and win the dollar?"

Everywhere the men, young and old, put down their nickels to the gamesters, and everywhere the gamester fattened at their expense.

But the unfamiliar and most characteristic part of it all, the part to which I hastened with most interest, was the bathing. Down on the glorious sand strolled the young people; girls in polka-dotted cambric dresses, blue and black; others in the blue-ribboned ill-fitting white gowns, common from Maine to Dakota, with



wilted lilies at their belts and gay hats upon their heads. Some of the young men sweltered along in heavy woollen clothing, others carried their coats upon their arms, their hats perched jauntily upon the back of their heads. With them, among them, in unabashed freedom walked the bathers, in dresses of every sort and length and color; and they were not all young. There were men and women of all ages in suits that were not suits, but rigs—old men in suits of field clothes, brown denims and faded hickory shirts; and there were old ladies in striped squash-figured gowns and blue-checked sunbonnets, all laughingly, timorously stepping into the water. The bathers and the on-lookers were inextricably mixed. Lovers walked along hand in hand, he in an ill-fitting blue flannel bathing suit, she in a self-constructed sailor gown, with awkward pantalets. Children spat along the smooth wet beach in shoals. Farmer boys who had never known knickerbockers, and who made no change from their usual suits of denims and hickories, with trousers upheld by cord suspenders, screamed and scuffled and threw sand at each other in boisterous play in the sunny edge of the water.

Gathered into a varied line along the beach rope were scores of these bathers of all ages and classes, clinging to the rope, desperately in some cases, in all cases shouting in excitement and vast delight as the grass-green foam spread glassily curling waves and broke over their shoulders. Some of the young men in their bathing suits showed magnificently, their muscles rolling strenuously under their brown skins, a majesty of physical pride in the lift of their heads.

Some of the girls came out of their badly fitting Sunday dresses into their bathing suits with splendid effect, and most

of them walked with a marked gain in simplicity and dignity.

They all gave excellent examples of the gain that would come in dress reform. Many of them looked like comely squaws, erect, strong, well matured. Most of them wore old straw hats upon their heads, and their hair, hanging in dark, tangled masses down their shoulders, added to the resemblance to Sioux women.

They all walked about or sat at ease upon the sand with a marvellous calm unconcern born of the remarkable place and hour. Ordinary rules of conduct seemed not to hold. Some of the women retained their bangs and necklaces of gold beads, and they gave a curious effect with their bathing dresses; and one group of young men wore circus tights, which they must have procured of a broken-down acrobat much larger than themselves, or have secured from New York at infinite pains from some costumer. They strove to appear unconscious of their splendid preëminence, but succeeded only measurably. They had the self-conscious air worn by a man who paraded the beach with three distinct watchchains looped across his breast.

There must have been a wonderful physiological effect in all this upon these young people. To escape the thralldom of conventional dress, to see each other in raiment that revealed graces as it revealed ludicrous calves and forearms, unquestionably had its esthetic effect. All was decorous, but all was hilarious. They all abandoned themselves, young and old, to the mighty presence of the sand and of the sea. They forgot care, false modesty, age, youth, social distinction. They carried a childish enthusiasm, together with their immense hunger for pleasure, into everything they did.

It would be incredible to me if I had not seen it. The pleasure was so simple and so elemental. There was no horse-race to look at, no prize cattle, no quilts, cabbages or turnips. There were no wise orations on the way to raise beets, no slow marching about to see everything. There was little display save nature's mystic union of sky and sea and sand, and toward this most of them turned as the one supreme thing to be enjoyed, and enjoyed wholly, during the entire day.

I walked about, speculating on how this

great annual celebration had come about. Nobody knew. Some way, somewhere, it had started without organization, yet it was as certain in its return as the season itself. The common tradition was that it arose among the Indians, with whom it was a very ancient custom. Everybody admitted that it was older than their recollection. I do not think its like

a jaunty cap on her sunny brown hair, trained low upon her columnar neck, pure Greek in profile, with long, straight nose, open, childish eyes and pink ears. Mainly, the girls had the coarse mouths and empty, freckled faces of women born of centuries of toil and scant education. Their figures, if young, were their best points.



exists anywhere else in America, and yet it could be copied with great gain by inland people. Coming as it does in the midst of the August heats, it has a massive and unfailing charm. It brings back to the people the love and veneration for the sea.

Some of the old people complained to me that of late years the fakirs and the sightseers interfered with the old-time fun and simplicity of the occasion; more and more of the circus element had crept into it. In the other days it meant a simple picnic, with bathing and dancing and singing. Now the city folks came to laugh at them and the town folks came to cheat them.

The crowd thickened on the sand, the sea changed from pinkish-gray to a gray-blue as the sun wore to westward, the violet on the sails to seaward deepened, the near waves grew greener as they broke booming and hissing upon the glistening sand; the snap of target rifles, the hoarse, wild cries of the venders, the sound of hand organs and tambourines all made up something sweet and strange and far-off to these people, something Arabian and mythic to these boys and girls.

Many of them remained in their bathing suits all day long; they ate their dinners so, did everything but dance in them. The girls stood about in beautiful statuesque attitudes, digging their stocking feet in the sand, or lay in groups beneath umbrellas. Some of them were splendid types. I noticed one magnificent creature moving about in a cleverly constructed costume of some cheap lawn,

This girl in lawn stood beside her mother, and it made my heart ache to search out the legacy of the mother's beauty and to think how inevitably that statuesque young body must yield to toil and ill-treatment. American girls grow old young. I could not help again feeling this. They had their finest development at sixteen. After that they began to harden and stoop, or to grow coarse and fat. With the most of them their legacy of toil was joined with a legacy of the hideous effects of poor food and bad living. Condemned to be ugly and condemned to toil, what a fate is this! Toil brutalizes and deforms, and a crowd of working people of any class prove that to be true.

In a little inclosure, roofed with canvas and loosely floored, dancing was going on—just such dancing as I have seen on the border in Iowa twenty years ago. It was frightfully hot and the crowd shut off the wind completely, and yet these pleas-



ure-hungered souls danced on with the most amazing vigor, unterrified by the heat and undisturbed by the bawling of the venders about them. One might have thought this their usual environment.

A young man in a shabby suit and a limp necktie was calling off. He had a broken nose and small, bad eyes. He looked as if he might have been one of the reprobates of a small village. Some of the young men were handsome in a bodily way, but mainly they had heavy faces, coarse mouths and cold, small eyes. There was a magnificent barbarism of color everywhere, green, scarlet, purple. One man danced in a polka-dotted cream-white coat and cap. Another, a man with smiling eyes and pug nose, had danced his collar into a wilted mass and his face was purple with the rush of blood.



* In all faces, as they balanced and swung, there was an extraordinary expression of power and dignity, and while I smiled at the dancers' dress and their occasional awkwardness, I was thrilled at times by their power and grace. There was something wild and stirring in their complete absorption and fervor—something solemn and suggestive.

One young man, obviously in liquor, and made worse by the heat, danced on though his eyelids began to droop, giving his face a look of haughty indifference. His face reddened, his powerful form supplanted toward weakness, and his cigar fell to his chin as he balanced and swung before his partner, a middle-aged woman in a splendidly barbaric plum-colored figured silk.

As they danced they all, men and women alike, gave off a powerful odor of perspiration. The men took off their coats and vests, but kept their lighted cigars in their mouths, puffing over the shoulders of their partners without the slightest compunction. Their shirts were discolored, their collars and cuffs (except when celluloid) were a soiled and limp caricature of linen. Yet their lifted hands had touches of Washingtonian elegance and dignity.

The women flung their hands in fearless abandon close around their partners' necks. It did not occur to them, probably, that their boorish partners insulted them with their oaths and tobacco and coarse allusions; it was all right, and fine and witty to them—or else they made the best of it.

At length the broken-nosed fellow disappeared, and one of the dancers took his place as floor manager. He was really a superb young animal. He wore well-fitting black trousers without coat or vest. His suspenders were gayly embroidered in blue and purple and set off against his navy-blue shirt right handsomely. His necktie was rich and gay and his jaunty cap was laced with yellow braid. His face was thin, calm and bold. His voice was a clear tenor. His orders were soul-stirring: "Chashay by your pardners there—Chashay back an' put on your style!"

Another man in knickerbockers and a sailor cap made a fine figure. His partner wore a brown dress spotted with large orange-colored globes; her opposite had a hat trimmed with resplendent green grass and scarlet roses.

"Elly man left—promenade all!" called the young fellow in growing enthusiasm, and they balanced and swung and hopped to and fro or hoed down in true border style. The men had the same air, the same expressions, the same steps, that the Iowan farmer boys and hired men used to have twenty years ago. The music transformed them just the same into something admirable and powerful and thrill-



ing, notwithstanding their coarseness. They had a touch of the same peculiar fervor which characterizes the colored people of the South in their passionate singing and barbaric dances. The dance still had religion in it.

But the music was listless and unimpassioned; here was where the American element failed. An Italian boy, sleepy, tired and hungry, played the violin while a man with a stubby mustache and dirty-looking skin played the harp. I missed the real old country fiddler from it all. He would have played "Honest John" and "Rareantum" and "Leather-britches," because he loved them. The boy did not care for his tunes, and could not properly play them, and the shuffling of feet on the sandy floor grew confused at times.

I stood there watching them until the burning sun made my neck smart, then I walked reluctantly away back again on the beach, where the fun grew more furious. Hundreds were now bathing. Dozens of men simply pulled off their shoes and plunged into the cool water in their ordinary suits. Crowds of men went down in a swarming mass between the breakers to rise howling with laughter. One man

was calmly smoking his pipe on the shore.

"Help!" screamed one of the bathers, as he rushed upon him and seized him by the leg.

Others rushed eagerly to his assistance and out and down the bystander went, pipe and all, beneath the incoming surf. Each man so ducked turned in vigorously and helped duck the rest out of revenge. They stopped occasionally to pass a bottle about.

The venders increased the fervency of their entreaties to buy their wares as four o'clock drew on. Some of them showed the effects of liquor, and their discordant cries became shrieks. The dancing went on at redoubled pace, two complete sets being on the floor at once. The price was ten cents for each gent, or couple. At one end of the tent was a lemonade counter, and there the dancers went at the close of each set to drink huge schooners of red lemonade, which started the perspiration bursting from their skins in streams.

"All ready, let her go! Come, git a move on yeh! I've paid my money, now give us the music," they called impatiently.

"Pay up your nickels, gents, and then the music begins," the proprietor calmly insisted. "Only ten cents a couple!—Come on now, gents!—Come on, somebody!—Everybody!—One more chance left!—Here you are!—All ready there with the music!—Honors all!—Swing your partners, swing corners, swing your partners again, all promenade!—Swing your partners!—Balance all!"

Young fellows got upon the floor and then looked calmly about the ring of faces outside to make selection of their partner. Introductions were not counted necessary,



and if the young man were good-looking he had no difficulty in getting a girl to crawl under the railing and take her place beside him in the set. The lowering sun struck under the canvas roof and fell upon them with unchecked fury, but it seemingly made no difference with them. Their faces still wore, when dancing, that singular look of solemnity and dignity and power; it was only when they laughed that they grew grotesque and boorish.

Old men and women stood about for hours looking at them dance with a wistful look on their wrinkled faces, brought out by the music and the familiar calls. They kept time to the music with heavy feet and nodding heads. The whole scene, dancing, bathing, must have had wonderfully touching associations to them. They had danced there with Maggie or Nettie in the far-off days when they stood straight and supple too.

And what a setting for the courtship of these young people, fresh from the windless corn rows, the broiling potato patch, the scorching kitchens, the sleepy village streets of the interior! They now lived weeks of delight in a single day. They had looked forward to it so long, and now they were here they must make the most of it.

About them the crowd roared and trampled jovially; above them the gulls and fishhawks swam and circled in the clear, sweet air. Out on the shining sea vast blue-hulled ships, with violet-shadowed sails spread to the full, drifted by in majestic silence, noiseless as the clouds in



the sky. What a picture to take back to their hot and ungracious farms! Inexpressibly sweet and cool and gracious must that blue-green, foam-lined sea seem to them, a thing to dream of and to hold fast to in memory.

At last the crowd began to thin out, the close-packed teams began to untangle, and the tired, dim-eyed mothers began to get their families together and to start toward home. The young people reluctantly turned their eyes from the beautiful sea, with its burden of great ships and its endless rhythm of waves, and set their faces toward their inland homes once more, tired but happy.

That this scene sinks deep into their starved souls I know, for I have been a toiler in the harvest fields and know what the heat is between the corn rows. Their enjoyment is dumb, shy of expression, almost inarticulate; but they perceive the beautiful, after all, and its effects are lasting as granite. I do not wonder Salt Water day is one of the great days with the Jersey farmer.





THE RIALTO, VENICE.

BRIDGES AND BRIDGE BUILDERS.

BY PETER MACQUEEN.

ONE day, about fifty thousand years ago, a naked savage went out to hunt up a snake for dinner. Upon an island near his cave he was wont to find a toothsome variety of serpent; but on this occasion a flood had swelled the river and swept away his stepping stones. The poor fellow was in a bad plight, and while he was rummaging about for consolation in the pathetic winds he discovered that, the storm had uprooted an enormous pine tree and hurled it across the torrent. Using this for a footpath, our friend, to use an Irishism, passed over upon dry ground. Such was the inception of the historic bridge.

There can be no doubt that the first means used by primitive man to cross rivers and streams were stepping stones, fallen trees or beams of timber. When the stream was too wide for one plank to reach across it the stepping stones would be used for piers and several beams thrown over them, thus making a continuous bridge. Little progress in the art of bridge building was made in the dreary millenniums between the rude barbarian

and the cultured Egyptian, Grecian and Roman.

Owing to the savage spirit of perpetual warfare, in earliest times a bridge would have been as much an invitation to an invader as it is now to commercial greatness. Alexander's pontoon bridge over the Ganges, those of Darius over the Bosphorus and the Danube; that of Cæsar over the Rhine, of Xerxes across the Hellespont, and Trajan's great structure in Dacia, all meant slaughter and spoliation.

History ascribes to the beautiful and romantic queen, Semiramis, the credit of building the first important and useful bridge, when, seeking to make Babylon the peer of Nineveh, she threw her famous structure across the Euphrates in 783 B.C. This bridge had a wooden superstructure and was 500 furlongs in length. It had stone piers, which were built by turning the river out of its channel.

A good many have claimed the honor of contriving the first scientific bridge. The Chinese lay claim to arches of great antiquity. Bridges of bronze and marble were common in China in the eighth cen-

ture of our era. They have also an iron suspension bridge of fabulous origin. Before England was Saxonized, while yet our fathers were fording creeks and swimming rivers, the Japanese had built, at the sacred city of Nikko, a costly cantilever, the famous Shogun's bridge, but it is probable that the credit of inventing the arch belongs justly to Egypt.

The Semitic peoples had a genius for literature and religion more than for mechanical inventions. No bridges are mentioned in the Bible, the Hebrews being obliged to foot it through Jordan and the Red Sea. On the other hand, the Turanian Egyptians used great skill in raising pyramids for their dead and temples for their gods, and while engaged in this they seem to have come upon the principle of the true arch. At first they would employ two stones meeting at an angle, when they wished to cover a space larger than could be done by a single block. Then three stones would be used, the central one forming a voussoir; later, a number of voussoirs would be introduced, until at the temples and pyramids of Thebes we find the perfect mechanical arch.

Though the arch was known as early as the period of the Fourth Dynasty, it was not extensively used until much later. The people of the Nile loved vastness, and the small stones or bricks necessary for an arch did not satisfy their ideas either of strength or beauty. They knew, moreover, that the compressive thrust of the arch is always tending to tear a building to pieces, and wisely rejected it in many of their structures, using only a perpendicular wall



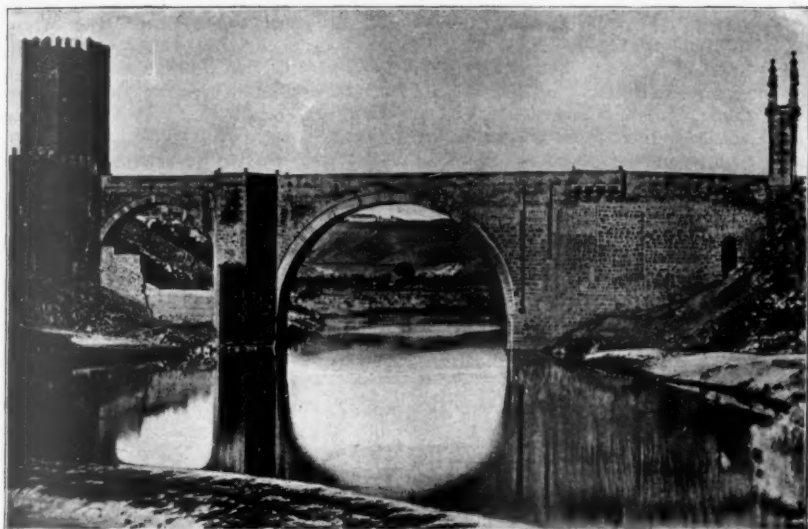
PRIMITIVE CANTILEVER NEAR OPDAL IN NORWAY.

or prop, supporting a massive horizontal beam. Nevertheless, the remains at Beni Hassan, at Khorsabad, at Abydos and in Ethiopia show that the true arch was known very early. Layard discovered at Nimrod a vaulted drainway, dating back to the eighth or ninth century before our era. In Greece the arch

was used in tombs and domes, but there were no bridges in Athens even in the days of Pericles. Until the day of Roman power, bridge building was little known. But with the Romans it became an axiom that the civilization of a country may be judged by the number and condition of its roads. When Rome conquered the world, under Augustus, her motto became "First a roadway, next a bridge." Her troops and military stores had to be transported from one end of her vast domains to another. From Britain to "far Cathay," and from the Baltic to the Great Desert, the civil engineer led the march of Rome's conquering soldiers. Miles of costly aqueducts and many a noble arch, unrivalled even in modern times, bear witness to the en-



BRIDGE OF CALIGULA.



BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA, SPAIN.

ergy and genius of these early engineers.

The Cloaca Maxima of the Tarquins was the first instance in which the Romans used the stone arch. At an early date the Etruscans were using the radiating arch with deep voussoirs and elegant moulding; and their influence is noticeable in the strength and character that the Romans afterwards imparted to works of this kind. In 181 B.C. the Pons Aurelius was built, being the first recorded instance of a stone arch applied to a bridge. Before that time the Tiber had been spanned by wooden bridges. The Celestials say that they had arched bridges in 2900 B.C.

In the development of bridge construction the Romans did not add much to the stock of knowledge regarding mechanical principles. But they stamped their arched structures with two features that were intensely Roman, grandeur and durability. Their bridges seem to have been designed to last forever, and are so vast in conception and so perfect in execution that they are among the most beautiful of the remains of Roman buildings. The aqueducts were built with cement; the masonry of the road bridges was held together by iron clamps. Te-

manzo says that the stones of the bridge of Augustus at Rimini are so finely jointed that a hair could not pass between them.

Of the famous bridge builders after Augustus, Trajan was the most eminent. His bridge over the Danube, designed by Apollodorus of Damascus in 104 A.D., was 150 feet high, 3900 feet long and had spans of 170 feet. It was built to carry troops into Dacia, but Adrian had to break it down in 120 A.D., and the stubborn god Terminus, who refused to budge for Jupiter, here gave up his vantage ground and retreated.

Another splendid bridge of Trajan is the one at Alcantara—the Arabic for bridge. "The bridge is worth going 500 miles to see!" exclaims Murray in the Handbook. It spans the rock-walled lonely Tagus:

"Dove scoria il nobil Tago, e dove
L'aurato dorso Alcantara gli preme."

Filicaia and the Spanish poets have strewn the crags with flowers and the rough gravel with gold. But that is all a fiction. A dark river rolls through a desolate country, and the bridge looms vast and silent 200 feet into the air. The roadway is level, as in most Roman

bridges, being made so by springing the arches from different levels. The Alcantara has six arches, the two largest having a span of 110 feet. The total length of the bridge is 670 feet. The piers are well proportioned and altogether the work is as tasteful an example of engineering as can be found anywhere, even at the present day.

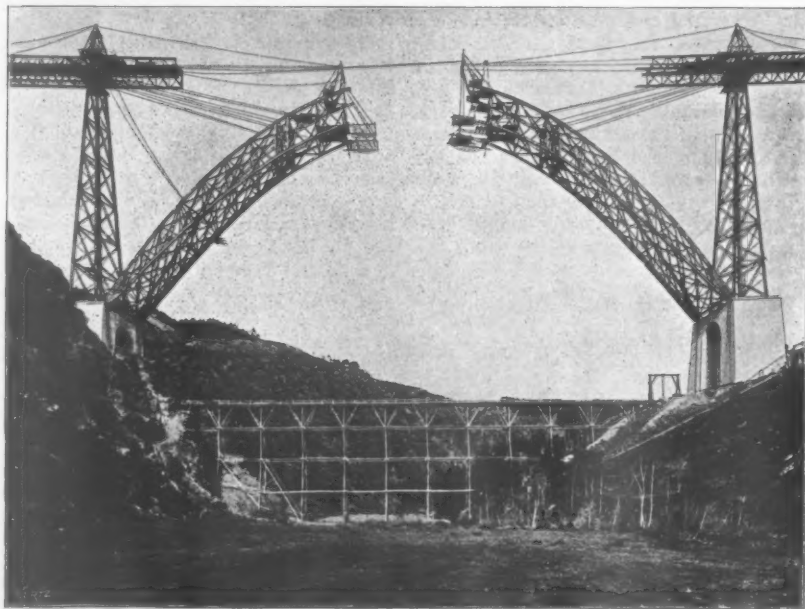
The bridge at Merida, spanning the Guadiana with eighty-one arches, is also the work of Trajan. Arabic inscriptions and Roman breakwaters suggest for it a long and various history. Unfortunately for the aqueducts of Segovia and Tarragona their effect is marred by the buildings that crowd about them.

But the Pont du Gard near Nismes, in France, is perhaps the most imposing of all Roman bridges. After nearly twenty centuries it spans a valley and joins hill to hill. Erected in the time of Augustus, with three tiers of arches, on the top of which was the aqueduct, it has no rival for lightness and boldness of design among Roman works of its class. Here, if anywhere, man has conquered "the conquering hours." Here is the winsome

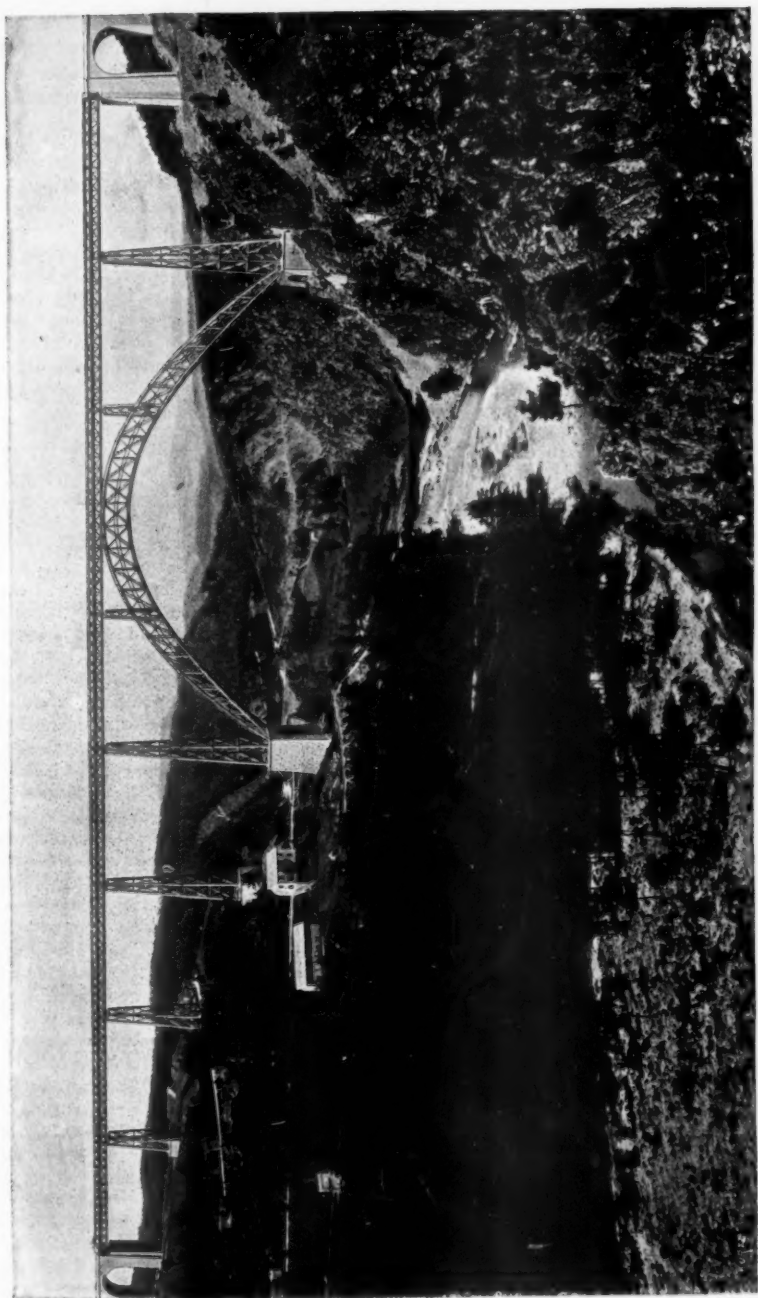
beauty of the Greek column, combined with the eternity of the Great Pyramid, for the human violence, floods and earthquakes of all the Christian centuries have not been able to destroy the Pont du Gard.

Bridges were the most satisfactory structures of the Romans; because in these works the Romans were most in earnest, and because in a bridge they could avoid that vulgarity which their lack of refinement was sure to make manifest in more delicate and, ornate buildings.

After the fall of Rome there are several centuries in which no bridges worthy of note were built. Anarchy and war made any great internal improvement impossible. The Saracens in Spain built some fine bridges, their greatest being that at Cordova, across the Guadalquivir, built in the reign of Hashem, son of Abderahman the Magnificent. In later days the Christian clergy became the civil engineers of Spain. They were skilful in repairing the great works of the Romans, many of which had fallen into neglect during the Saracenic occupation. But



THE ARCH IN THE GARABIT VIADUCT.



THE GARABIT VIADUCT.

the most important factor in bridge building, during the middle ages, was the guild known as the Brethren of the Bridge. This society, founded by St. Benezet in the eleventh century, built bridges and established caravansaries at the points in rivers most frequently crossed, in order to protect travellers from bandits. One of the oldest of modern bridges is that over the Rhone at Avignon, built by these pious monks and nuns in 1180. It is the first authentic instance of the use of the elliptical arch. The Brethren also built the Pont St. Esprit, the longest stone bridge standing, it being 2700 feet; the bridge of Lyons; and some think that the strange triangular bridge at Croyland, England, is also their work. One of the members of the fraternity, Peter of Colechurch, began, in 1176, to build the first permanent London bridge. This structure was remarkable only for the enormous surplus of material; the piers occupied three-fourths of the waterway. In the days of the Maiden Queen the London Bridge was adorned with sumptuous buildings. It was finally replaced in 1831.



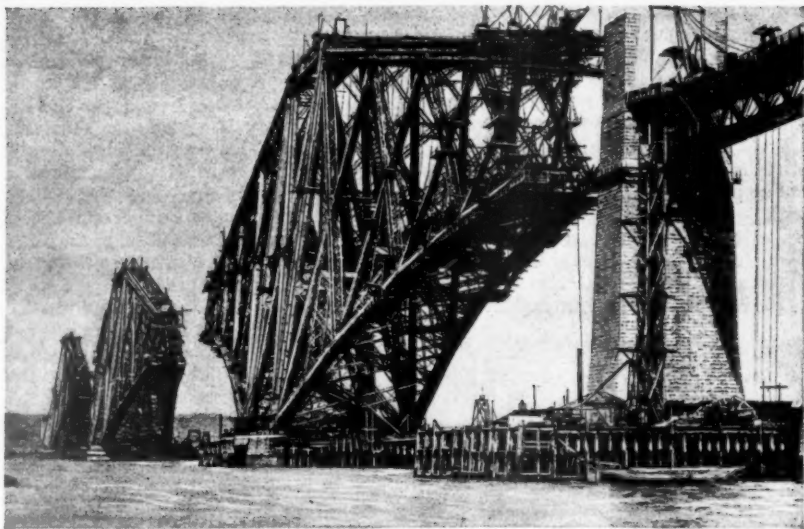
BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.

Bridges proclaim something of the government and manners that held sway when they were projected; so that the works of this kind dating from the middle ages have more an historical and artistic than a mechanical interest. Those at Rimini were approached through marble porticos. On the road between Trent and Bassano the bridges carried over gorges, from one dizzy height to another, tell of sudden flights and the impeding of the enemies' advance. The Romans favored stone for their bridges; the Italians pronounced for marble. Michael Angelo said, "A bridge ought to be built as though it were intended to be a cathedral, with the same care and the same material."

The famous Venetian bridge, the Rialto, was erected by Antonio da Ponti in 1591. Built of white marble on 12,000 piles, with its ninety-one foot span, it has been admired for 300 years. With the exception of the Bridge of Sighs, which connected the prisons and the palace, this is the only one out of all the 359 bridges in Venice worthy of note in this connection.

Many a thrilling and gentle story is linked with the olden bridges. With the feudal chieftains the drawbridge was of great importance. Sometimes the drawbridge defended the castle, then again the castle would fortify the bridge. The Ponte alle Grazie at Florence was the scene of the meeting between the Guelphs and Ghibellines; the Ponte Vecchio, formerly the scene of the famous Mazzascudo, now flanked with peaceful shops, was the work of Gaddi; the bridge of the Holy Trinity, adorned with allegorical statues of the seasons, reflects the unrivalled genius of Ammanati. The records of early bridge accidents read like those of Ashtabula or the Tay bridge; for many a noble arch has left only relics along the Flaminian Way.

Situated amid romantic scenery or at strategic points, they have naturally attracted the attention of the poet and the historian. Readers will recall the story of Horatius at the Pons Sublicius; of Wallace at Stirling bridge; of Napoleon at the Bridge of Lodi, with the tricolor in his hand. The Covenanters were routed at Bothwell bridge; the old bridge of Turk is in the midst of the most delightful of Sir Walter's scenery; the Concord bridge, in our own country, marks where the embattled farmers "fired the shot heard round



THE FORTH BRIDGE.

the world ;" Waterloo bridge gave Tom Hood his inspiration to sing the woes of the frail, sweet girl, "One more unfortunate, weary of breath ;" on the old Westminster bridge the lonely poet Crabbe walked, meditating suicide ; and from the same place Wordsworth looked up and said, "Earth has not anything to show more fair ;" and, best of all, the Auld Brigs o' Ayr gave a theme to that Scottish genius whose harp was sweet beside the waters o' bonny Doon. To write the histories of the Pont Neuf and London bridge would be to tell the most thrilling events of Paris from the time of Henry IV. and of London for the last six centuries. So much for the old-time bridges.

The history of modern bridge building has not so much an historical and artistic as a mechanical and economic value. Since bridges have been necessary to the social and commercial intercourse of people separated by rivers, it is not surprising that in all civilized and artistic periods they have engaged the utmost ingenuity of mankind to make them safe, splendid and commodious. But with the exception of what might be called the bridge-building renaissance under St. Benezet, no great enterprise in the direction of bridge evolution was undertaken from the fall of Rome till the beginning of the seventeenth cen-

tury. The sound, practical theories of Galileo, Descartes, Leibnitz, Bacon and Newton gave a true light to the civil engineer, and made possible the rapid progress of the last 100 years. To these discoveries must be added the great advance which has been made in social and political freedom.

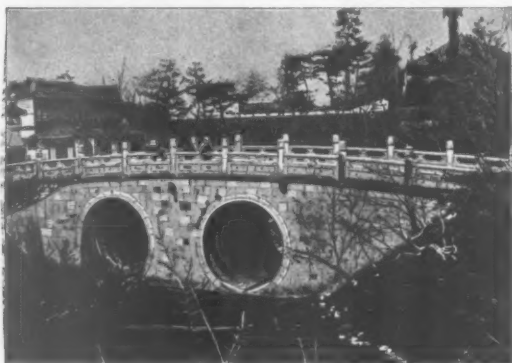
Modern bridges are classed according to the design of their superstructure, as girders, arches and suspension bridges. There are three kinds of stress to which bridges are subject : tension, which tends to lengthen the part strained ; compression, which tends to crush the part strained ; and shearing stress, which tends to cause failure by the sliding of one part of the piece across the other from which it is shorn off. In an arch all the members are in compression, hence the Hindoo saying, "An arch never sleeps." A suspension bridge is the exact converse of an arch, and has all the members in tension. In a girder bridge the strain is greater at the centre, tending to compress the top flange and to extend the bottom flange. The suspension bridge has the least strain at the centre, and is, therefore, good for long spans.

As early as 1755 the need of a material for long-span bridges more suitable than wood engaged the attention of thinking men. In that year an experiment was tried

at Lyons in France, but failed on account of expensiveness. The first iron bridge framed in England was the one at Colebrookdale, in Lincolnshire, across the Severn. Projected by Mr. Darby in 1779, it had 100 feet span, and was considered a great work at that time. There were 370 tons of iron used in its construction—not so much to us, who see a Forth bridge with 53,000 tons of steel. About 1786 Thomas Paine made three bridge models, "one in wood, one in cast iron and one in wrought iron." This last model he took to Paris, where M. Bosson and M. Borde,

American engineers in giving them great obstacles to overcome. There were no Hudsons nor Niagaras for the ancient to bridge. Our first bridges were of wood. Palladio built wooden bridges in the fifteenth century. Leonardo da Vinci invented the wooden truss in the sixteenth century. The brothers Grubenmann won great fame by constructing the Schaffhausen and Wittingen bridges, the latter, with its span 390 feet, outdoing all other wooden spans. But a great improvement was made in wooden trusses in America. The pioneers of this country were men of

all trades. They first bridged small streams; then the crossing of the larger rivers developed such specially gifted men as Timothy Palmer, Theodore Burr, Lewis Wernwag and others less well known. Of early American works the "Long bridge" across the Charles river, the Essex-Merrimack bridge, the Harlem and Morristania bridge, the great wooden bridge at Waterford, New York, Wernwag's "Colossus," 240 feet span, over the Schuylkill, and his wooden cantilever, which he christened "Economy," are



SPECTACLE BRIDGE, JAPAN.

the celebrated mathematicians, agreed that an iron arch of 400 feet might be made upon the principle. Soon after, Paine's interest in bridges was swallowed up by his interest in the French revolution. About the beginning of this century the French began to construct iron bridges. The Pont des Arts and the Pont du Louvre followed the Colebrookdale bridge. Later came the Pont du Jardin du Roi, the Pont du Carrousel, and many others in different parts of France.

All over Europe iron bridges became common; at Strasburg, at Vienna, at Berlin, at Moscow. The Moskva Rekoi, in front of the Kremlin, is considered one of the handsomest bridges in Russia. Since 1870 it has been a law in Russia that no bridges shall be made of wood. The Dnieper and Volga are spanned by excellent iron structures.

In the United States the advancement in the art of bridge construction has been very great. Nature was kind to the

among the best known.

According to Mr. Theodore Cooper, the well-known authority on American bridges, the first step towards the development of bridges of modern truss form was the wooden lattice bridge patented by Ithiel Towne, in 1820. The next step appears to have been the Long truss, first patented by Long in 1830. No further important advance was made until 1840, when William Howe invented the Howe truss to meet the exigencies of our growing railroad systems. This truss was adjusted to shrinkage and adapted to heavy loads, and lasted in wood and iron until 1870. Wooden bridges suffered much from fire, and iron bridges became indispensable, with the rapid internal growth of all the civilized nations. The old Portage viaduct had 1,500,000 feet of timber, but was burned down. In the United States alone there are over 3000 miles of bridge-work, enough to form a highway across the continent.

During this century, therefore, both here and in Europe a tremendous evolution in bridge construction has taken place. Ferguson states that in no industry has there been such a marked advance as in that illustrated by the bridges of Westminster, Blackfriars, Waterloo and London, erected at nearly equidistant periods during one century. The last named is the work of Rennie—completed in 1831—consists of five beautiful semi-elliptical arches, and has a traffic of 107,000 passengers and 20,000 vehicles per day.

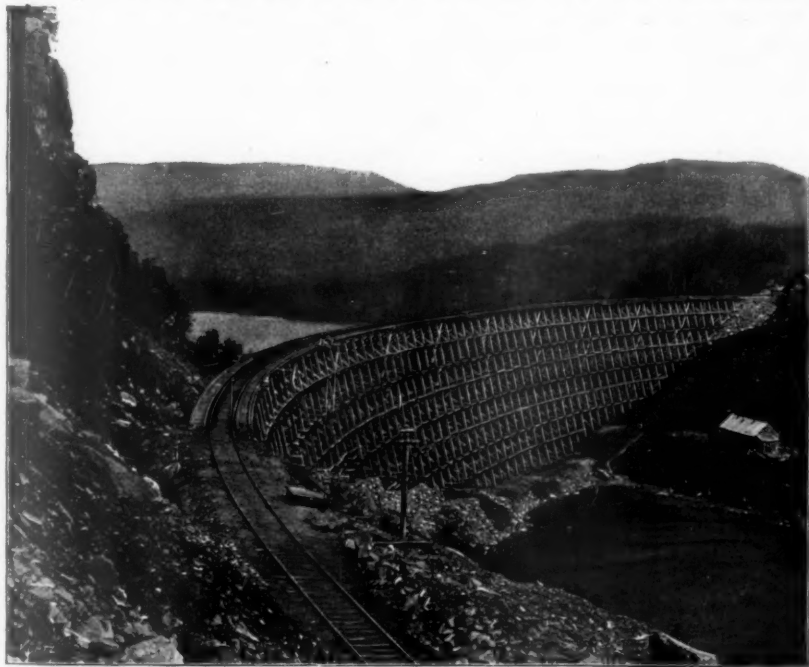
This development has been marked by periods coincident either with the introduction of new material in the arts, or with the necessities of greater spans for heavier traffic.

The cast-iron bridge had but a brief historical record. The longest of this type was Rennie's bridge at Southwark, with a central span of 240 feet. It is little more than a heavy and wasteful imitation of a stone ring. The bridge over the Rhone at Tarascon has a span of 203 feet.

At Frankfort, New York, in 1840, was built the first iron bridge in the United States. Such were the beginnings of the enormous system of modern bridges, a catalogue of which would fill a volume.

The introduction of wood and iron in the place of stone, as a material for building, did not materially lengthen the span. The limit in the construction of stone arches seems to have been reached during the middle ages. The Cabin John Valley aqueduct, built in 1870 with a 220 feet span, is the longest span of a scientifically proportioned stone arch bridge; but it was anticipated by the span 251 feet over the Adda at Trezzo which was erected in 1380. The great rise inevitable in an arch precludes its use for large spans, except over deep gorges or rivers with high banks.

But an immense stride in the direction of long spans was made when the suspension bridge was introduced. This principle is of great antiquity, having existed among the Aztecs, the Peruvians, the natives of Thibet, the Dyaks of



THE RED SUCKER TRETTLE, LAKE SUPERIOR.

Borneo, the early Chinese, and nearly all primitive peoples.

It was not, however, until 1819, when the Scotch engineer, Telford, designed the suspension bridge over the Menai straits, with a span of 570 feet, that the world woke up to the usefulness and practicability of long-span bridges. Then followed the Freiburg, Budapest and Clifton suspension bridges; and the graceful Moldau suspension bridge at Prague. It was thought at first that these bridges could not be made rigid enough to sustain the heavy rolling stock of railway traffic. Accordingly, when it was required to carry the Chester and Holyhead railway across the Menai straits, Robert Stephenson determined to make a new departure and to build a superstructure of wrought-iron tubes. This was his famous Britannia Tubular bridge, which consisted of two parallel rectangular tubes, and had a central span of 459 feet. It was opened for traffic in 1850. Stephenson conceived his idea from Sir William Fairbairn's remark that an iron ship on the crests of two waves becomes an absolute tubular girder for the time being. This invention is interesting as being the first instance of a wrought-iron girder bridge, but the advance has not been in the direction of this kind of structure. The Saltash bridge and the Victoria bridge at Montreal are almost the only others of this form. Five years after the Britannia bridge was completed Roebling's Niagara Railroad suspension bridge, with a span of 821 feet,

was opened for traffic. This bridge has stood the wear of thirty-five years. After Roebling's Niagara bridge came the great suspension bridges at Pittsburg and Cincinnati, the latter with an opening of 1035 feet; and finally this type reached its highest form yet in the peerless Brooklyn bridge, erected at the cost of \$15,500,000, and having a clear waterway of 1595½ feet. This largest of all suspension bridges is so familiar to everyone that it merely needs mention here.

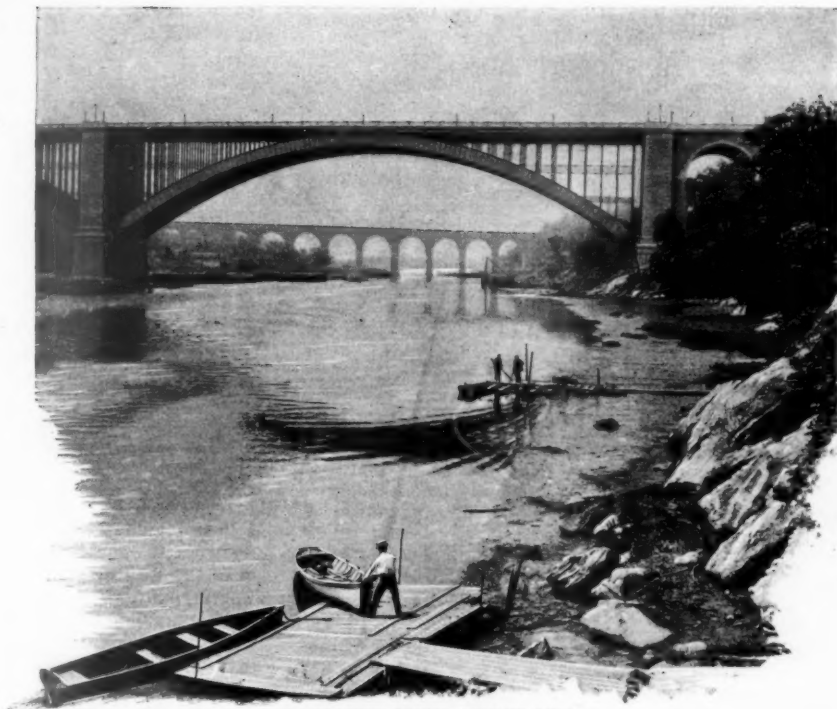
Meanwhile the same improvement was going forward in other types of bridges. In 1847 Whipple made the first attempt to determine mathematically the due proportions of a scientific bridge. From that time a race of metal-bridge designers arose. A characteristic difference developed between American and English bridges as to the way in which the parts are connected.

In England there was plenty of material and comparatively small rivers, and the tendency there was to use riveted connections. The Americans, on the other hand, had less material and wider rivers to cross. Freshets were sudden and quick construction was necessary, so that the tendency here was towards what is known as pin-connections—in which the parts of the superstructure are fastened together with pins. Staging or "false works" were placed in the stream and every effort was made to give the greatest strength with the least weight of metal. All the badly designed trusses disappeared by the law

of evolution, and only one or two of the best forms remained. On the continent of Europe the most notable wrought-iron bridges are the ones at Dirschau, that at Mentz, the Moerdyck bridge in Holland, the two bridges across the Douro at Oporto, in Portugal, the Luis I. bridge in Spain, of 566 feet opening, and the graceful Garabit viaduct in the valley of Truyère, France, designed by M. Eiffel and having an arch of 540 feet span. In our own country the Ohio river was bridged, in 1870, by an iron structure of 396 feet span; again in 1877 by



BRIDGE BETWEEN VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO, CHILE.



WASHINGTON BRIDGE, HARLEM RIVER.

an iron span of 519 feet; and later still by a lattice girder with an opening of 550 feet—the longest girder span in the world. Wrought iron, which superseded cast iron after 1850, was in its turn supplanted by steel, which is twenty per cent. stronger than the strongest iron. The power of steam as applied to the manufacture of iron and steel has been a most important factor in the recent progress in bridge construction. The St. Louis bridge of Captain Eads, with three spans of 520 feet each, is the first example of the use of steel in large arches. Theodore Cooper's Washington bridge over the Harlem, with its fine steel arch of 510 feet opening, is one of the adornments of New York city.

Steel has been of great use in developing the latest favorite form of bridge structure—the cantilever. The principle of the cantilever, like that of the suspension bridge, is very ancient, having been used in remotest times by the natives of Nor-

way, Switzerland and the Orient. The first metallic cantilever is said to have been that built across the Vistula at Posen, Poland. Some authorities, however, assert that C. Shaler Smith's cantilever over the Kentucky river, erected in 1877, was the first metal bridge of that type. The first structure that received the distinctive name of cantilever was C. C. Schneider's great work across the Niagara river, which was finished in 1883, and had two cantilevers, each 395 feet long. In 1810 Thomas Pope, a New York carpenter, had published designs for a cantilever bridge over the Hudson, and about 1870 Mr. Charles Macdonald completed designs for a similar structure over the East river at Blackwell's island. The principle of the cantilever is very simple. If we take the jambs of a door over which a lintel is to be laid: suppose brackets are placed on the side posts or jambs, in so far as they project within the width of the door they reduce the space to be covered by the lintel.



VERUGAS VIADUCT, PERU.

This is the object of the cantilever ; to reduce the space to be bridged over.

The cantilever system, though of recent adoption for long spans, has been rapidly developed. The Sukkur cantilever bridge, constructed by Westwood, Bailie & Company, London, crossing a branch of the River Indus, with a span of 820 feet, eclipsed in 1889 all previous bridges of rigid construction. Within nine months, however, Messrs. Fowler and Baker surpassed everything hitherto attempted by the completion of the Forth cantilever bridge, with two openings of 1710 feet each—more than twice the span of the Sukkur, and exceeding the hitherto unrivalled Brooklyn bridge by 115 feet. This was the first distinctive cantilever structure in Europe. We can scarcely comprehend the immense achievement which this colossal work exhibits. It has two cantilever arms whose united length is 250 feet greater than the height of the Eiffel tower. The cantilevers rise above the water to within five feet of the height of St. Paul's ; each of the centre openings is longer than Waterloo bridge with its eight arches ; one span alone would traverse the Thames at Woolwich, the Mississippi at St. Louis or the Euphrates at Babylon. The two spans would stretch across the East river at the Brooklyn bridge, and the cantilevers are eighty-five feet higher than the towers thereof.

At St. John, New Brunswick, is a beauti-

ful cantilever bridge opened in 1885. The latest achievement is the great Poughkeepsie bridge, only recently opened for traffic. It is a form of the cantilever approximating to a continuous girder. It has three cantilever spans and two fixed girder spans, with the upper chords 212 feet above the water line. The foundations were sunk through sixty feet of water and seventy feet of mud. Like the Niagara cantilever and the Forth bridge the Poughkeepsie structure was built without stagings, the members being finished piece by piece and conveyed to the outer end of the superstructure, along the top of that part already completed, and then, by means of derrick cranes, fastened into their positions. The scaffolds of the Forth bridge were 360 feet above the water.

Nearly as great an improvement has been going on in the methods of sinking the foundations as in those of rearing the superstructure. Time has been vastly shortened and results made more certain by the invention of the caisson. This is a development of the old coffer-dam, which was a water-tight fence, from which the water had been pumped. Piles are sawn off to a level, and a water-tight box of masonry is sunk until it rests on the top of the piles ; upon this the piers are reared. When piles cannot be used the pneumatic tube or the pneumatic caisson is employed. Both are applications of

the principle of the diving bell. Air is forced in to supply the men; as the caisson goes down the pressure increases, becoming fifty pounds to the square inch at the depth of 110 feet. By this means were sunk the foundations of the Brooklyn bridge to a depth of seventy-eight feet, those of the St. Louis bridge to a depth of 107 feet and those in the Firth of Forth ninety feet. The first time the caisson was used was in 1750, in the Westminster bridge, to a depth of thirty feet.

A third process for deep foundations is the open caisson. The alternate chambers are closed and weighted with stones. In the open chambers the excavations are made. In this way were sunk the piers of the Hawkesbury bridge, in Australia, to a depth of 175 feet—the deepest bridge foundation in the world.

Recently a German named Poetsch has invented a process whereby the soft earth can be frozen and then dug out as if it

During the civil war in America the French and Russian pontoon systems were adopted. The Potomac, the Rapidan and the Rappahannock were often crossed by these means in the teeth of shot and shell. In the Franco-Prussian war the Germans did brilliant work in rebuilding the bridges destroyed by the retreating French army. Skew-bridges were introduced into Italy about 1530; they are more practicable in metal than in stone.

A few of the longest bridges may be given: a bridge in China is said to have over 270 piers and to be over 28,000 feet in its entire length. There is a trestle in America twenty-two miles long; and the Elevated Railroad in New York, which is nothing more nor less than a continuous trestle-bridge thirty-four miles long, is the longest in the world. The old Tay bridge was 10,800 feet, the Forth bridge 8098 feet, the Poughkeepsie bridge 8667 feet, the Brooklyn bridge 2700 feet, and



THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

were solid rock. The Poetsch-Sooy-Smith freezing company of this city have done some very successful work of this kind.

Pontoon bridges are an atavism rather than a development. In military bridges, where determination and fertility of resource are most important, the ancients and medievals have never been surpassed. The pile bridge of Cæsar, built in ten days over the turbulent Rhine in the face of the enemy, the flatboat bridge thrown by the Duke of Parma across the Scheldt, the pontoon bridge built by the Servians in the fourteenth century over the Danube, at the siege of Nicopolis—none of these feats have been excelled in modern times.

the North River bridge will be about 10,000 feet in length.

The many failures of bridges (thirty failures are annually reported in the United States) have rendered engineers exceedingly careful to provide for heavy strains, such as are caused by an increase in the speed of trains or in the weight of rolling stock. A train in motion gives a bridge a much greater wrench than the same train standing still. Wind strains are now as carefully provided for as are the strains due to gravity.

Drawbridges have reached great spans. Mr. A. P. Boller of New York city built the one over the Kill von Kull at Staten Island, which is 500 feet long. A draw-

bridge at New London covers a space of 503 feet.

More gracefulness is sought now than when iron and steel first came into use. The first iron-girder structures were dubbed "railroad monstrosities," and being mostly situated in remote and inaccessible ravines, little need of ornament was felt. Some critics condemn the Brooklyn bridge as being wanting in the esthetic properties. But the lovely lines of its cables, as seen from the deck of the Staten Island boat, have always impressed the writer with their wavy gracefulness and permanence of aspect.

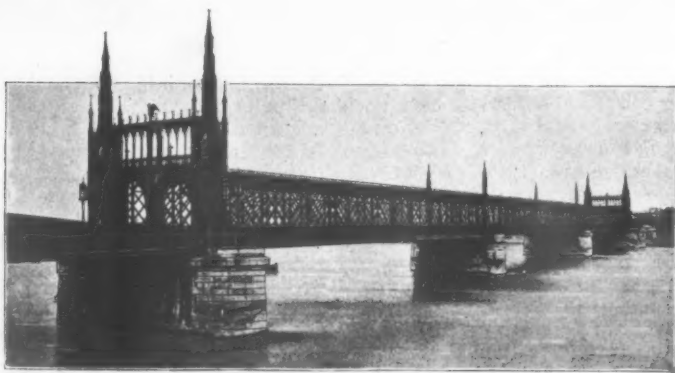
Several great works in bridge building are being talked about. The latest project is the North River Suspension bridge, proposed by Gustav Lindenthal, which is to have a central clearing of 3100 feet, nearly doubling the East river prodigy. The estimated cost without the approaches is \$28,500,000. Mr. Thomas C. Clarke of the Union Bridge company has also a design for a cantilever span of 2200 feet, across the North river. The exigencies of the growth of New York city call urgently for a number of new bridges over the East and North rivers. Bills to allow the erection of such bridges are continually being presented to the legislature at Albany and to Congress at Washington. When charters are obtained we may expect to see several great bridges, upon the cantilever

and suspension plan, uniting New York city with Brooklyn and Jersey City.

Other proposed enterprises are the Channel bridge between England and France, which is to be twenty-four miles long, to cost \$200,000,000 and to have 1,000,000 tons of metal in its construction, and a bridge across the St. Lawrence at Quebec to cost \$10,000,000. A large cantilever bridge opened in May, 1892, at Memphis, and the Pecos viaduct, which is to be the highest structure of its kind in the world, excite little attention, so familiar to us of today are such stupendous undertakings.

The writer is much indebted to Messrs. Theodore Cooper, L. L. Buck, Charles Macdonald, H. G. Prout, editor of the Railroad Gazette, Gustav Lindenthal, the Union and Phoenix Bridge companies and others for information on this subject.

The future of the bridge we do not know. The suspension and cantilever types will be used for large spans and the continuous girder for smaller ones; the arch cannot be used except where there is a depression to accommodate the rise of level which it requires. We cannot conceive what achievements may leap from the brains of the future. England will yet be joined to France with bridges, and men may yet be able to forge girders and cables that will make an iron belt around the globe.



STRASSBURG IRON BRIDGE.



IN the month of August 1868 I saw among the shipping news in the day's paper the arrival of the American bark Hazard, Captain G. Karstens, from Manila, Philippine islands, with a cargo of sugar and hemp, after a passage of about 120 days. At this time I was eighteen years of age, and employed in one of the oldest wholesale dry-goods houses on Franklin street, Boston. The season had been both busy and hot, and this undoubtedly influenced me in taking some steps which were very soon to change my whole course of life.

Captain Karstens had years before been in the employ of my grandfather and my father, and had kept up the acquaintance and friendship by coming to see the family on arrival from his voyages, and he generally brought the children some curios from foreign parts. This pleasant custom greatly helped to keep his memory green and to cultivate that true

spirit of gratitude—a lively sense of favors to come—coupled in our case with much speculation as to the form they might take next.

I forget what he brought us this time, but I remember that on the morning I read of his arrival I hurried down to Long Wharf, where the Hazard lay, and went on board to find the captain, when, hardly waiting to put the usual civil inquiries as to health and fortune, I blurted out, "Captain, won't you please take me with you next voyage?" It did not matter to what part of the world; I wanted to go somewhere—anywhere—only far off.

The captain assented good-naturedly, without, as I knew later, thinking that I was in earnest, or that, if I were, my parents would give their consent. But I did mean it very much, and worked steadily every day getting together the oddest, and in most part quite unsuitable, outfit imaginable, besides turning up



NATIVE SPORT.

on board frequently, with the idea of the voyage growing in fascination and interest all the time. At last I was told I could have a certain room in the cabin for my own, and then I began at once to bring down my late acquisitions to the vessel bit by bit, till the time came when I had to tell my father, partly because I wanted more money and partly because the captain insisted that if I did not tell him at once he would.

However, I first burned my ships by discharging myself at the Franklin street house, and then followed an anxious time as to whether it was to be a parental veto or assent; but eventually my earnestness carried the day, and in September of 1868 the American bark *Hazard* sailed from Boston for Melbourne, Australia, with my name on the articles of the ship, as boy.

I started, however, as cabin passenger and guest of the captain, but soon tiring of being the only idle person on board, I had myself put on one of the regular watches and thenceforth did my full duty as a member of the crew, getting credited

for my services, if I remember right, at the rate of eight dollars a month.

The voyage to Melbourne was uneventful, lasting about 105 days. At Melbourne the vessel was chartered to proceed to Newcastle, New South Wales, and there load coals for Manila, and I continued in her.

The trip to Newcastle was a delightful run of two to three days, and one incident in this connection will always be fresh in my memory. The night before our arrival at Newcastle I was on duty as lookout, the weather was very pleasant and mild, the wind light and favorable. I know I went fast asleep, but woke up minus my hat, which had fallen overboard, before the watch was relieved or I discovered, and in due course turned in. Considerably before my time I was aroused and called up on deck by order of the "old man," as the captain is always styled aboard ship and at sea. My greeting when I reported was, "Were you on watch last night?" "Yes, sir." "See anything?" "No, sir." "Well, look now." I did, and I was dumfounded, for there



AT TIFFIN.



VIEW OF PANDACAN FROM SUMMER RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR GENERAL.

were not less than thirty vessels in sight ! I naturally had nothing to say, nor inclination to say anything. As for the "old man," he was too disgusted even to hold forth, but as I overcame my confusion I knew that before me was one of the most beautiful sights to be seen. The moment was just before sunrise ; the dark outline of the distant coast was clearly discernible. We were moving gently along with all sail set at about four knots an hour, while round about us, some just to be made out, and some close at hand, were all these sailing vessels, mostly squareriggers ; while right abeam, but steadily drawing away from us, with skysail to the royal stunsails full, was the large full-rigged ship, the fastest tea clipper of that day, the *Thermopylæ*. As the sun rose, and as one by one each vessel set its ensign till it seemed as if nearly every nationality was represented there, the sight about us became one never to be forgotten.

From Newcastle to Manila was a six-

weeks' dream of lotos land ; perfect weather, light work aboard ship, and the nights startlingly brilliant with the constellations of those southern latitudes, the Southern Cross being conspicuous ; and now and again some islands, unseen, made their proximity known by the spicy and aromatic breezes from their shores.

The volcano of Mayon, on the island of Luzon, a mountain some 8000 feet high, was in activity, and presented a magnificent spectacle at night, with its fissures glowing with molten lava, its fountain of fire and rocks from the summit, and the rocks bounding down the sides till lost in the timber halfway up, while now and again the detonations were like cannonading. The nights in among the islands of the Philippine group were very beautiful, and the torches of the native fishermen in their canoes, the lights on the shore in the Indian villages, all added to the charm and opened up endless visions of delight and romance. By day it was different, but not less beautiful ; the volcano, perfect in



AFTER A TYPHOON.

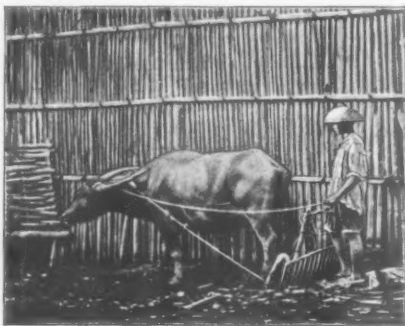
its cone shape, towered up, its summit now clear, now wreathed in smoke. The tropical islands about us were more or less inhabited, as the clusters of huts, palm-leaf thatched, showed here and there through the groves of palms and banana trees, or on the white sandy beach of some little cove with its dark green background of tree and hill, while an occasional native canoe, with heavy bamboo outriggers, brownish sails of matting, and dark-skinned occupants helped to make this mysterious unknown sea and country still more dreamlike. Stretched at full length upon the bowsprit, I felt in every fibre of my being as never before that it was good to be alive.

We anchored in Manila bay early in April, and before the Hazard left I had been offered and accepted a clerkship in one of the American houses there,

which resulted in my spending many years in that part of the world, and extended a trip, thought to be well within a year's duration when I set out, into a nine years' absence from home before I returned for a first brief visit.

Manila is the capital city of Luzon, the largest island of the Philippines. It is distant about sixty hours by steamer from Hong-Kong, in a southeasterly direction, and five days from Singapore to the northeast, and it lies in about fourteen north latitude.

I liked the life and it liked me. The climate is warm but equable, and one dresses in light and suitable garments without fear of a sudden drop in the temperature. The houses are built for the climate and comfort; the natives are very good servants, and there is much there to



BUFFALO AND HARROW.

make life more than endurable. One misses much that is left behind at home, for the East is never really "home" to the westerner born and bred, but then there is a great deal to be had and enjoyed in the East which is impossible elsewhere, and the home, the return, always worked for and looked forward to, loses nothing in the pleasant anticipations of what the future has in store.

Manila and its suburbs have a population of about 330,000, of whom only about 10,000, including troops, government officials and clergy, are Europeans; of English-speaking people there are probably not over five or six hundred. There are many native dialects, but the current social, official and business idiom is Spanish. The Philippines are, next to Cuba, the most valuable possessions of Spain, and they maintain an army of employés, civil, religious, military and naval. They are in daily communication with the rest of the world by steam as well as by cable. Manila is up with the times in the matter of news, fashions, etc., and is a very cosmopolitan place through the constant changes in its European residents.

Geographically it is delightfully picturesque; the natives are pleasant, if in-

dolent, and not a bad people to live among. Roads are good and carriage service excellent; the native ponies are pretty and sturdy, and communication between the towns by land or water is easy and comfortable.

During a residence of eighteen years in these islands, my experience covered almost everything in the way of natural and civil disturbances properly belonging to them per se, such as earthquakes, typhoons, thunderstorms, epidemics of cholera and fever, attempts at insurrection against Spanish rule or the Catholic clergy, receptions of foreign and native princes, etc.

Of them all, perhaps my recollections of the earthquake year, 1880, are the most vivid. These islands have suffered very severely at different times from earthquakes, the most notable in Manila being in 1645, in 1863 and in 1880, when there was immense destruction to property and very considerable loss of life.

There is absolutely nothing that foretells the approach of an earthquake, its duration or severity; nor can it be looked for more at one season than another, day-time than night, unpleasant or sunshiny weather; there is no certainty that one



VILLAGE OF CORREGIDOR.



INTERIOR OF NATIVE HUT.

shock may not be followed by others, lighter or worse; or, on the other hand, that the shock may not be the only one for months, and perhaps years.

During the eleven years of my residence in Manila, up to July 1880, we had at intervals had shocks innumerable, but none of sufficient importance to do any serious damage to property or person, although some lasted twenty and thirty seconds—quite long enough to make it seem wise to run out from under a roof or from near walls into the open squares, without waiting to arrange your costume or to care for what you were leaving in the house behind you. You are always conscious that you do not know what may be coming—for while the shock may cause nothing but a harmless fright, it may just

as likely be a terrible destruction and result in levelling every building in the vicinity.

In 1880 we had been remarkably free from earthquakes for some time; but about the 15th of July there was a slight shock of short duration, followed by none until three days later. The 18th fell on a Sunday. At that time I lived in a very

large house on the banks of the river Pasig; it was built of stone and timber, with a heavy roof of tiles, and had a large open veranda the whole length of the house on the river side.

On the ground floor were the servants' quarters, kitchen, bath-rooms, and carriage and harness rooms, while off at one side, but under the same roof, were the stables, where, perhaps, some ten or



"IGORROTES."

twelve horses stood. The second floor, covering the whole area of the house, was approached by a broad and long stairway from within, the sides of which were of brick and mortar running up to the ceiling from top to bottom quite twenty-five feet. On this upper and second floor, which was very high studded, were the sleeping, sitting, dining and billiard rooms. The north side of the house fronted on a large garden between it and the street, the south side with its veranda being hard upon the river Pasig; the east and west sides were separated from neighboring houses of similar construction by some thirty feet or more.

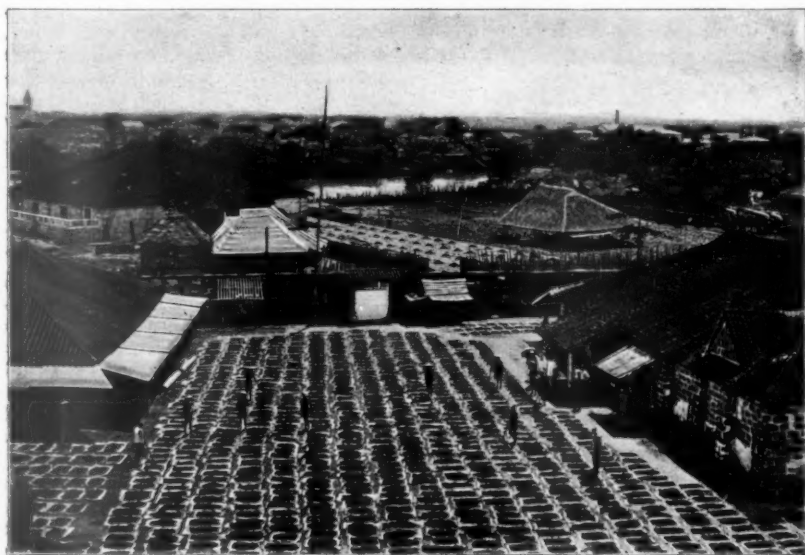
The river Pasig is navigable for steamers of light draught and is a highway to the lake, some fourteen miles away. All kinds of craft ply on this river, from the dugout canoe propelled by an Indian and his shovel-shaped paddle, the rafts of bamboos, cocoanuts and logs, to the huge cargo boats with their crews of twenty and thirty men, and both stern and side wheel steamers. Midway in the river opposite our house was an island of considerable size, the river being very broad at just this spot, on which had been erected an insane asylum and a sanitarium for

one of the orders of the Sisters of Charity; both buildings were very solidly constructed of stone and timber, and roofed with tiles.

This Sunday noon we were at table; we had finished our tiffin, or midday meal, and were chatting over our coffee and cigars; we were seven in number, if I remember right, two Englishmen and five Americans. The day was beautiful and cloudless, the heat being tempered by a cooling sea-breeze, and by the punka swung lazily over our heads. Our conversation was sharply broken in upon by the ominous rattle of the glass pendants to the chandeliers.

"Earthquake!" said one quietly. Another began to rise from the table, and all looked attentive. "It won't amount to anything," said the first.

"Well, I guess I won't take any chances," said he who was already on his feet; and he vanished toward the stairs. The servants—natives—on the first intimation had bolted for the open air in a body. By this time the whole house was shaking like a cage in the hands of a strong man, and we had all left the table and started for the stairway. I, being seated at the foot of the table, the farthest



SUGAR DRYING.



"MAYON."

from the way to the stairs, was the last to get out of the room, and in the corridor I met some of my friends coming back, who shouted to me, through the din and the dust, "You can't get down; the walls of the stairway are falling in." By this



time a part of the roof was in, and a timber had fallen and broken the back off the chair that I had a few seconds before vacated. The noise was terrific; the whole house was groaning; furniture, lamps, plaster and brick walls were falling, glass was breaking, tiles and timbers were coming through from the roof, and the dust was very dense. We turned into the first open door in a flock, and found ourselves in a bedroom—the movement of the earthquake shut the door through which we had come and jammed it. "Rats in a trap!" someone said. We pushed on as well as we could to the other door, but it was like walking on the deck of a vessel in a very heavy seaway. This door opened on to the veranda over the river, but it was closed fast and not to be started. A sudden lurch of the house, caused by the earthquake, swung the door out and we stood in the open passage for a second, holding to the sides and to one another in order to keep our footing.

We were four together at this time; the other three had scattered, one getting safely downstairs and out into the garden and two seeking refuge in another part of the house upstairs. These were in quite

as bad a plight as ourselves, as we found out upon comparing notes later. The floor upon which we four stood was of tiles and was working open beneath our feet, showing the ground and the stables at least fifteen feet below us. Meanwhile the fearful din was kept up all around, above and below us, and it was hardly possible to maintain an upright position. Across the river on the island opposite we saw the tiled roof of the sanitarium fall off, not in, but as snow slides off; then the roof timbers dropped inside the stone walls, which stood up only long enough to receive them; they in their turn collapsed and fell upon these timbers.

"God!" groaned somebody, breaking our own silence, and at the same instant one of our number rushed out upon the veranda intending to jump off into the river thirty feet below, but a portion of our own roof fell and knocked him down. A second's pause in the earthquake let us rush to his rescue, but before he could be brought in another shock loosened the roof timbers, some of which fell and pinned

the unfortunate man down, breaking his arm and badly cutting his head. Another cessation allowed us to get our friend out, and this time we all got safely downstairs and into the open ground in front of the house, when another and final shock, that seemed to finish what was left to destroy, came and terminated the earthquake.

My own sensations during this time were chiefly of impatience—impatience for the earthquake to stop and let me out of my perfectly helpless position, or else to bring the threatened annihilation upon us without further suspense. For days the earth was in a constant state of movement, though generally so slight as to be unnoticeable, but every now and then a decided shock would send people flying into the street at any time of the day or night. The stone and brick houses suffered severely, and many of the churches were completely ruined. The people took to living in native huts, which sway with the movements of the earthquake without breaking down, or in tents; the barracks were in ruins and the troops encamped in



BRIDGE OF CAPRICE.

the open squares. Mass was celebrated there, and every evening for weeks religious processions took place in the streets, when images of the saints were carried about, and prayers were chanted with the hope that this period of terror might pass without further calamities.

A second very severe shock occurred on the Tuesday following, and this caught me in my office, but so much damage had already been done that there was little for this to do beyond precipitating the downfall of ruins. At one time on this afternoon, as registered by instruments in the possession of the Jesuits, the movements of the earth showed erections upon its surface to be more than forty-five degrees off the perpendicular line.

Besides waves and oscillating movements there were shocks from below upward, and these latter were the most destructive, as they invariably loosened the keystones of arches, and caused structures secure from any other motion to fall.

The city of Manila proper is surrounded by a heavy wall of solid masonry, from two to three hundred years old. In this wall are vaults for storage, and on the top is mounted here and there artillery.

There are six gates, arched over by the main wall, and one of these arches was destroyed—a destruction in a moment that would have taken engineers days and dynamite to have accomplished.

Neither the shock of Sunday or Tuesday, which I have described, was over forty seconds in duration. There was a considerable loss of life from falling walls and buildings, and the damage to property ran into the millions of dollars. The physical effect of these earthquakes was in some cases nausea in human beings; quadrupeds lay down wherever they might be, and fowl took wing and endeavored to keep in the air. A number of volcanoes that had lain dormant for years became active, and this was regarded as a good sign, as they are looked upon as a vent for the internal disturbances of the earth.

The walled city of Manila, to which I have alluded above, has a population of about 23,000, but after the shock of Tuesday it was in reality deserted; no carriages were allowed inside the walls for fear of knocking down ruins, and it was dismal to walk through its narrow streets then, at any hour, and note the abandoned shops, offices and houses, some left in



STREET IN NATIVE VILLAGE.

such haste that doors were not even closed, in the streets was here and there a melancholy, half-starved cat, perhaps, and while furniture and household goods none thought of taking. The only sign of life the silence of the grave was over all.



VILLAGE AND CONVENT OF MAJAJAY.

MEMORIES OF LAKE HURON.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

I. THE PINES.

WHERE'ER they stood along the shore
The air the balm of healing bore,
And to the middle wood they lent
The pungent vigor of their scent.

Crooked, scarred or arrowy, the scene
Without their darkly sombre green
Was incomplete. They are to me
Sharp silhouettes on memory.

II. THE MOONLIGHT.

The silent woods behind were dark,
The silent waters dark before;
Then showed the moon her glowing arc,
And lit the straits from shore to shore;

Till suddenly there seemed to reach,
Resplendent with its brilliant sheen,
From crescent beach to crescent beach
A path of silver shot with green.

III. THE CRICKETS.

All through the afternoon, without reprieve,
We marked the moaning of the inland main,
And then those cheery minstrels of the eve
Resumed their jocund strain.

They flung it down the piny corridors,
And through the cedar arches clear and far;
Wide Huron heard it, and her dusky shores,
And heaven, star by star.

And, like a mother's hush-song to her child,
It slowly softened as the night grew deep,
Until by happy dreams we were beguiled
Upon the breast of sleep.



A RIVERSIDE HOME, 1892.

A CALIFORNIA FARM VILLAGE.

BY W. C. FITZSIMMONS.

THE best if not the earliest example of intensive fruit farming in the United States is probably to be found at Riverside, in Southern California.

About a score of years ago a few courageous, enthusiastic men and women—cranks they were called by their neighbors—went to California to put in operation a well-digested project, formulated after full consideration and discussion during the long evenings of the previous eastern winter. Their fundamental conception was of a well-regulated settlement of desirable people upon small tracts of fertile land, surveyed in regular blocks of definite size and shape, with ample provision for streets and avenues; the whole to be artificially watered through a system of canals and ditches receiving their supply from some unfailing source.

To a considerable extent the limitations and destiny of the future colony were determined at eastern firesides, long before a definite locality had been fixed upon, an acre of land acquired or a permanent organization formed. It was the firm purpose of the few, however, to establish themselves somewhere in California; and

blind chance, coupled with a low price for land, determined the final selection and purchase of a tract of a few thousand acres of mesa, or table land, along the left bank of the Santa Ana river, fifty miles from its entrance to the sea. The land chosen had been assessed the previous year at seventy-five cents per acre; which was regarded by the unhappy owner as an instance of high-handed oppression, and he became the more ready to sell in order to avoid the "outrageous taxes" sure to follow upon the heels of such excessive valuation. Those were the halcyon days before the boomer had reached the sunset slope and learned to add to a high value for land a still higher price for climate and scenery. These latter were present in abundant measure, but their commercial value was as yet unrecognized. So, also, was that of the land itself; for no crop had ever been grown thereon, and little sign of life was seen save here and there a few herds of ragged sheep which earned a precarious livelihood by industriously cropping the scanty herbage also struggling for existence on this arid plain.

But the gravest problem was yet un-

solved by this half-dozen zealous souls who had laboriously journeyed 3000 miles to find themselves thus settled upon an apparently desert waste, thirty miles from a railroad and 500 miles from market.

There yet remained the task of putting water upon these thirsty acres; for be it known that here no rain falls from May to November, and but eight to fifteen inches from November to May. The precipitation, however, in the San Bernardino mountains, forty miles away and 10,000 feet above the sea, is often very great, and generally sufficient to afford a permanent flow in the stream along which our hopeful enthusiasts had decided to cast their lot.

The Santa Ana, like many other water-courses in California, is called a river by courtesy only; for, during a period of several months each year, apparently the dryest place in the country is one of these river beds, whose white sands are seen from afar, glistening in the sunlight. A few feet under this dry sand, however, moisture is discovered; and lower still a large amount of water may be found silently pushing its way unnoticed to the sea. In places where the bedrock rises near the surface water comes forth often in large volume and hurries onward a few rods only, perhaps, to plunge again out of sight into the ingulfing sand. It is thus that California streams have acquired the reputation of flowing "wrong side up." Often the bed of a large stream may be dry enough to form an excellent

carriage drive for miles, when an outcropping of the bedrock may throw to the surface 10,000 miner's inches of clear, cold water with a rapid flow.

Other streams east of the Rockies have similar characteristics. The writer has known Custer's troopers of the Seventh Cavalry to march for days along the valley of the Arkansas, with not a drop of water in sight when needed; yet when a shallow well was scooped out in the bed of the stream, abundant water was found for the uses of the camp.

From such a source as this our venturesome "tenderfeet" were to lead the life-giving liquid upon their arid soil, being well convinced that such legitimate wedlock of land and water would be productive of the most fruitful and happy results. This desirable though lingering consummation was at length brought about through infinite toil, vexations and discouragements.

Less determined men would have yielded to early obstacles and abandoned the enterprise. Not so these alleged cranks. They were men of nerve, of education and refinement, and of unconquerable will. A large percentage of them were men learned in some one of the professions, though by this time the original number had been increased by the addition of a few others of the same persistent type. It was certainly something else than professional ambition that lured these cultured men away from their early friends and comfortable eastern homes to take their



A RIVERSIDE HOME, 1870.

chances in the wholly untried experiment of the intensive form of cultivation of an arid plain under the sunset.

We are cautioned to "beware of the man of one idea." He is frequently narrow, and often a bore; but he generally "gets there."

The men in whose brains took shape the future "beauty spot of California, the gem of the Pacific coast," were in some measure, no doubt, of that number whose neighbors would go around rather than against. They had a theory. They were also severely practical. They dug ditches and planted trees. As time wore on they dug more ditches and planted more trees. They laid out streets and broad avenues, and planted shade trees by the thousand. Their faith was unswerving, though their daily bread was not always in sight. Their wealth was mostly in the bank of hope. Nearly all lived in rude cabins, but refinement presided therein—they were homes. A church was built—a rude affair—and a schoolhouse of rough boards brought from far over dusty roads.

These were the crude beginnings from which, in a brief time, by virtue of persistent effort and well-guided intelligence, has been evolved a large, well-ordered, compact and progressive horticultural colony, whose material prosperity has no parallel in any other rural community in America. But this rapid and otherwise phenomenal evolution has not been without that struggle for existence and survival of the fittest which ever characterize evolutionary progress. Fortunately, most of those attracted to the novel scene of tree-planting in the so-called desert were mentally and morally of the highest equipment, and thus best able to cope with the peculiar circumstances of their new environment.

Among the boldest projects of the new settlement was to lay out an avenue 132

feet wide and twenty miles in length, and to plant rows of shade trees on either side and along the middle line for a distance of ten miles. This was in 1876, and the avenue thus formed, with its perfect grade and wealth of foliage of the eucalyptus, the pepper and the palm is today the wonder and admiration of travellers. President Harrison, who drove over it last spring, declared it the finest he had ever seen, and many who have roamed the world over readily yield Magnolia avenue the preference.

This broad avenue is flanked on each side throughout its length by superb orange groves, embowering tasteful and elegant homes containing most of the refinements and luxuries of our modern life.

There are no rail fences in Riverside—that horror of the late Mr. Greeley—nor are there fences of any kind save low, well-kept evergreen hedges, as neatly trimmed as those of Central park. No animals are allowed to run at large, the streets are clean and everything as well ordered in this western farm village as in



GATHERING ORANGES.

the great Quaker village on the Schuylkill.

With the evidences of such unusual progress before those who by chance or design came that way, it is not strange that the colony developed rapidly by the constant accession of desirable people. A town site was early laid off, mostly in blocks of two and a half acres each, to the extent of one square mile. Beyond this came blocks of forty or eighty acres, with graded streets on all sides. The town site, as well as the outlying land, was planted with orange and other trees as the lots were sold and occupied by the incoming enthusiasts. Thus the place now presents the remarkable appearance of a considerable city in an immense orange grove.

Another step of far-reaching importance was the early incorporation of all the ter-



THE CANAL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE TOWN.

ritory susceptible of irrigation from the canals into a city of the sixth class, under the laws of the state. This placed the care of streets, shade trees, etc., in the hands of the municipality, and has proven of incalculable advantage in preserving and perpetuating the harmony of design conceived by the founders. Fifty-six square miles of country are now within the corporate limits, though but a small portion is as yet under cultivation. The effect of these well-considered measures has been the steady development of the colony on the communal lines laid down twenty years ago.

There has been no organized coöperation on a large scale, except in providing the water supply. The little company of radicals who originally bought the land and dug the first ditches sold in small tracts to their neighbors and others who drifted to the new settlement for purposes of health, pleasure or profit; and thus the place has grown to be a model and an object lesson to all town builders in new lands of the arid region. The basic idea of the founders was "A little farm well tilled, a little house well filled, a little wife well willed;" and Riverside stands today as a practical fulfilment of this pleasant dream.

The fruit farms, or "ranches," as they are quite inappropriately called in California, vary in size from five to eighty acres

—the latter amount being very rarely owned or cultivated by one person. A great majority of the orchards comprise about ten acres each, and it has been fully demonstrated that an orange orchard of that size, with 800 trees in mature bearing condition, will afford a very liberal support to any household, with the observance of reasonable economies. An income of \$5000 yearly from such a grove is by no means uncommon; while the older orchards often yield more—sometimes as much as \$1200 per acre.

The earliest efforts in tree planting were devoted largely to that class of fruits with which the pioneers had been familiar in their eastern homes; including also the apricot, the prune, the fig and the olive. A few planted the orange; but as the trees required several years in which to demonstrate their value, it was not until about 1876 that extensive citrus planting took place. It was soon learned that while all fruits flourished remarkably and yielded large returns, the orange appeared peculiarly adapted to the conditions of soil and climate here found, and from that day to this has far surpassed all others in numbers planted and in the value of its products. There are as many varieties of the orange grown in California as in Florida, but that which has achieved the most pronounced success is known as the Riverside Washington Navel; originally im-

ported from Bahia, Brazil, by the United States Bureau of Agriculture. One tree of that variety survived the planting at Riverside, and still flourishes, the proud parent of innumerable and highly esteemed offspring. It is unquestionable that this one tree has been worth millions of dollars to the orange industry of California. The fruit is large, highly colored and entirely seedless, with a most delicious flavor. When fully ripe, it is pronounced by connoisseurs to be the finest variety grown in any country. These oranges have often sold at three dollars per box on the tree—a price at which a twelve-year-old orchard should yield \$1500 per acre.

The growth of this fascinating industry at Riverside may be seen from the fact that in 1881 fifteen carloads of oranges were shipped to the markets, while in 1891 the number had risen to 1500. The crop on the trees at this writing is estimated at 1700 carloads. To this enormous product must be added 200 cars of raisins and at least 100 cars of dried fruits and honey. Altogether, therefore, not less than 2000 carloads of valuable produce will go out to the world's market this year from this little tract of well-tilled land, not equal in area to one third of a congressional township, while the value of this year's products will probably exceed \$1,500,000.

But other water systems have been developed and other canals lately dug above those already mentioned, greatly increasing the area of available citrus and other fruit land, which will soon begin to pour its products into the lap of trade. It is very likely that within five years the output of the Riverside section will be more than double its present amount and value; and that 5000 carloads of the fruit products of this "city in the orange groves" will annually find their way to the markets of the world.

If the development of the material resources of this fertile region has been remarkable, creating in two decades property values assessed at over \$4,500,000, the progress in other respects has been no less phenomenal.

The little unpainted schoolhouse of the earlier days, where but a score of children gathered for their daily tasks, long since disappeared to make room for half a score of modern structures costing \$130,000, and attended by more than 1300 pupils. Upon their progressive educational system the fruit farmers of Riverside expend over \$30,000 annually and consider the investment a profitable one. The school teacher is a favored individual among the orange groves, and receives unusual reward, the lowest salary paid any teacher in the public schools being seventy-five dollars per month. Fourteen churches meet the



MAGNOLIA AVENUE.



GATHERING THE RAISIN GRAPES.

present spiritual needs of the 6000 people of this colony.

A free public library of 4000 volumes occupies elegantly furnished quarters in the Opera House block, and now numbers 1900 patrons, the average number of books drawn out monthly being 3000. Adjoining the library is a luxuriously appointed free reading room, where are to be found twenty-three of the foremost illustrated papers and magazines, and a dozen or more leading daily newspapers representing all sections of the United States. Both the reading room and library are open ten hours each day except Sunday.

Four banks have a paid capital of \$850,000, all held by residents, and the aggregate of deposits therein amounts to more than \$1,400,000. The town is lighted by gas and electricity; the power to supply the latter being furnished by a fall of forty feet in one of the irrigating canals. This water power also furnishes light for the town of Colton, six miles distant, and for San Bernardino, ten miles away.

Railroads, telegraphs and telephones give easy communication with the world, and more business is done over each of these lines at Riverside than at any other place in the state with equal population. Lines of horse cars and a steam motor afford ready access to all parts of the wondrous valley.

The postoffice receipts were more than

\$14,000 for the past year, an increase of about \$3000 over the year before. Postmaster General Wanamaker visited the place in April last with President Harrison, and was thereafter quite ready to approve an application for free delivery of mails. This was put in operation on the first day of the present year, and mails are now delivered daily at distances of seven miles from the postoffice, greatly to the convenience of the people and satisfaction of the department.

From what has been said of the patronage of the public library it is not surprising that this reading people give hearty support and substantial encouragement to three daily and three weekly newspapers published in Riverside. It is but just to say that these publications enjoy the deserved reputation of being among the very best rural papers published in the West.

Almost within sight from the hills about Riverside, though several miles away, is located a noteworthy industry—the Oxnard beet-sugar factory at Chino. The establishment of this great enterprise was not fully decided upon until fourteen months ago; and yet so vigorously was the work prosecuted that buildings were erected costing \$200,000, machinery costing \$300,000 in Germany put in place, and all made ready to open the campaign as soon as the beets should be ready for delivery. By a contract of even date with

that for the establishment of the factory, 2250 acres of beets were to be grown and delivered during the first year; 4000 acres the second year, and 5000 acres the third year. The 2250 acres of beets were duly delivered during the season of 1891, amounting to 11,777 tons; and were as promptly converted into 1,900,200 pounds of high-grade granulated sugar. The capacity of this factory is 350 tons of beets daily, and those grown at Chino average over fourteen per cent. saccharine matter, returning to the farmers a net income per acre so large that in many instances the first crop of beets paid for the land upon which it was grown.

The orange harvest lasting from December to June, it follows that severe weather is unknown. The climate, though not so equable as in some places nearer the sea, is nevertheless highly enjoyable and healthful. Its distance from the ocean fogs and the elevation (1000 feet) render the air dry and bracing at all seasons.

Notwithstanding the number of persons who go to Riverside with the hope of recovery from incurable diseases, the death rate for the past two years has averaged only fourteen and a half per 1000. It is doubtful if any place recognized as a health resort can surpass the orange city in this regard.

Undoubtedly one element largely contributory to the unusual healthfulness is the purity and abundance of the domestic water supply. This water is brought from artesian wells bored at the base of snow-covered mountains, twenty miles away, and comes to the table cool, clear and sparkling, without a trace of organic matter or deleterious gases. The great

elevation of the source gives abundant pressure for fire purposes, thus enabling the town to dispense with fire engines. It would be hard to find a more perfect system or better water than that here enjoyed. The supply, depending upon the melting of the eternal snows on the distant mountains, must be as certain as the promised seedtime and harvest. Sunstrokes are not known at Riverside, though the mercury sometimes goes to 108 degrees in the shade; and the mortality is less in summer than in winter. Reputable climatologists assert that such a temperature in the elevated regions of Southern California is less injurious than that of ninety degrees along the Atlantic seaboard. The fact that cool, refreshing nights almost invariably succeed the hottest days, no doubt gives comfort to him who gazes upward at the noonday mercury.

Should the midsummer season become too warm for the highest enjoyment, it is but a journey of two and a half hours by rail to the seaside, or of a few hours more, by carriage, to the pine-covered mountains and the region of July frosts. A place where one may gather ripe fruit from the orange tree almost any day in the year, while looking out upon the snow-clad mountains only thirty miles away, must necessarily be a favored spot, meteorologically considered. At this distance from the sea temperature is simply a matter of elevation. In short, the happy orange grower of Riverside may stand in his evergreen garden and gaze upon an Alaskan scene during eight months of the year; blessing alike the tropic heat that warms his priceless acres and the mountain snows that water them.

WATCH AND WARD.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

WATCH and ward of the oak-boughs, storm-writhen, muscular,
Flushing her grave in the springtide with strewnments of bloom,
Screening it close through the summer in curtains crepuscular,
Sifting the surge of the winter to feathery spume.

Watch and ward of the memories, tender, imperious,
Preciously folding from bruit and defilement apart,
Fragrantly veiling in tremulous twilights mysterious
An asphodel nook 'mid the tempests and drought of the heart.

ANITA.

A SEVILLIAN VIGNETTE.

BY MARRION WILCOX.

MR. S. was an unfortunate young Irishman who had been sent from home to preach at the English church in Seville during the winter months, and who found himself detained until June.

He was obliged to wear the hat and habit of the society which sent him—the hat being a low-crowned, wide-brimmed beaver, not unlike those worn by Catholic priests in Spain. It looked like an imitation. His long frock coat hung in folds about his lank figure, making him appear at least a foot taller than mortal man.

Although a source of amusement to the Spaniards, continually jeered at in the streets as a "mock priest without petticoats," or "an English priest with a Catholic hat and a wife or sweetheart," his own good humor was unflinching. Sometimes his genial spirit would even prompt him to return the "soft answer," for he spoke a little Spanish with a rich brogue and used his huge, thin hands in imitation of Spanish gestures, which made them look like fans that closed and hung towards the end of each remark, for he would not know how to conclude and found them heavy on his wrists at last.

So he would stand, at a loss and inwardly perplexed, yet wagging his

handsome black beard (the luxuriance of which was in itself inexpressibly droll to Spanish street children), and creasing his pink cheeks with conciliatory smiles.



"SHE POWDERED HER FACE WITH CARE."

His congregation was made up of tourists, few in number, and English residents, also few and perhaps a bit demoralized; so in his plain room with its few comforts this good-natured unfortunate found his only pleasure. And now even that peaceful retreat was to be invaded.

From the neighboring village of Santo Ponce there came a young maiden named Anita, who knew precisely as much about restraint or obligation as she knew about sickness. She had heard that there were some people (mostly oldish people) who were anxious about their manners and anxious about their health. As for herself, Anita, she took no thought for either. She was absolutely healthy; she was equally natural. Anita was a hoiden of the Andalusian variety—a queer variety, for she powdered her face with care, while she put on her frock with negligence.

She was round and yellow without pearl

powder—never rosy. Her features were excellent; her hair and eyes black as night, (otherwise incomparable) and matchless (except that they matched each other); her teeth even and white, her lips full and red; the animation with which her whole body fairly sparkled was qualified with a childish naughtiness that lurked in her eye and betrayed a brain overflowing with prankish suggestions.

And behind this impulsiveness, this childishness, was serene self-approval. If Dolores, in whose care she was, reproved her for being forward in the presence of gentlemen, she would stare, then remember, then smile. That would be all; but the smile would say: "Is it possible for a man to complain of pretty young women who dance flamenca dances, sing Malageña songs, and open their mouths to show how they can twist their red tongues between two rows of faultless teeth?"

Her natural way in speaking was loud, so in order to show her patroness and ourselves respect (mock respect), she spoke in a strained and husky whisper, enunciating most distinctly, with pronounced gestures. When she walked out her costume was "flamenca" (i. e., swagger, conspicuous, half gypsy). She always wore the mantilla in the street, and many flowers in her hair—the front of which was powdered, as was her face. But that is for Spanish women of every class the normal condition of front hair and face, except when in the process of washing. In the house the least observant was forced to notice that Anita's dress, of one color, fitted her so snugly all over that she appeared frequently in place of the cloth, which must have been cold comfort in winter, but pleasant during the hot Spanish summer months.

The brightness of her life depended largely upon the condition of the weather. If she could go to the Paseo when the sun shone, and have pleasant things said to her in the street, she desired nothing more. If a cloud passed over the sun life was a blank, partly, it must be confessed, because she had never owned an umbrella, and



"MR. S."

had a horror of getting her hair wet.

Anita had a sister at home in Santo Ponce, to whom she frequently referred as a marvel of learning. Upon one occasion she informed us that this sister, Miguela, had "so many books"—indicating about an armful.

"And Miguela has read them all," she continued, looking at us expectant of surprise. "Through," she concluded impressively.

"Wonderful!" said we all.

"And Miguela writes exquisitely," recommenced Anita, by way of Spanish-feminine postscript. "Some of the most aristocratic ladies pay her for writing their love letters. I wish you could see one of those letters! Not a blot! Not one! Eh?"

"Wonderful!" we were all obliged to repeat.

Miguela came in to see us one day; referred pleasantly to America as one of the British isles; and, in regard to her sister, said: "You know Anita has never had any education to speak of, but I believe she will have success, because she is so handsome."

Now Anita took it into her head, almost upon first sight of the Reverend Mr. S., to make his life miserable.

Straightway she discovered that he was a nervous man, as he drank only tea. She accordingly jumped out on him from a dark corner when he came downstairs.

Poor Mr. S. was pretty well shaken up, but regained his good humor sufficiently to say, while he shook his forefinger from the wrist: "No, no, Anita! Es muy malo (That's very naughty). Don't you do that again."

Anita could only shout in Spanish: "I don't understand! I don't understand!" and resolve to repeat the surprise.

Next she made a practice of joining him in the street, which frightened him even



MIGUELA.

more than dark corners, as the natives entered into her joke and laughed with ostentatious stage laughter to see the "English priest walking with a woman."

"I have had a stroll with el señor pastor!" she would exclaim in an agony of mirth, bursting upon us. "Dios! He told me to go away, and I made believe I could not understand. It was such fun!"

One evening, about seven o'clock, she put on an English old lady's bonnet and spectacles, took into her hand two small books from the table, and sent Christina to tell "el señor pastor" that a lady of the English church wished to see him upon important business.

Poor Mr. S. was busy packing, for at last remittance and release had come. He

entered the drawing room with a glad-to-see-you—good-by—manner.

Anita's bubble jest was pricked on the instant, and Mr. S. was about to retreat, when—

"No!" cried Anita. "I shall go with you to Ireland."

"But it is far away to my country,"

with his gesture and murmuring, "To your country—muy lejos!" she darted out into the corridor.

At that hour the house was very quiet.

Dolores, in her room on the ground floor, was bathing away from her gentle, round face the pillow marks left by an afternoon nap: patting the skin, which yet would not blush, with a wet towel; and then, more carefully, while cheeks and throat were still damp, patting, patting again with a powder puff. A moment of scrutiny, during which the mirror on her dressing table reflected an expression not quite anxious, but more nearly resembling anxiety than could be noted on her face at any other time; a question directed to her lazy maid; a light flicking over the exposed surfaces with a gauze handkerchief; then it only remained to slip into a portion of the "trousseau Fuentes," and to be delicate in her favorite perfumes and her favorite mild melancholy at dinner, at the piano, leaning over the balcony, through the long, cool evening—through most of the night, perhaps, which, in summer, she treated as a starlit day, yet with the privileges and large leisure that belong to night.

And so were others who lived in our large house quietly engaged at that hour in putting off the sluggishness that followed siesta and putting on evening dress. Doors leading to apartments and opening upon the corridors which surrounded the patio—gallery above gallery, corresponding with the three stories of the building—were now thrown open; for the canvas awning which had been



"SHE ALWAYS WORE THE MANTILLA IN THE STREET."

stammered Mr. S. "It is very far—es muy lejos—lejos!" waving his hands in the air to indicate vast space and dreary remoteness.

"Eh! very far: muy lejos!" said the teaser. "Then I must make preparation. Let me go and get my things together to put in the trunks." Waving her hands

stretched over the patio since sunrise was now rolled back, and a grateful breeze stole through, drawn in from the wide street portal and rising to the heated roof. The patio, though but a small, square court, seemed a sufficient garden, the glossy leaves of its plants well washed, its marble pavement not less

well washed; white columns that supported the white corridors rising with precision on four sides—columns which are the clean-limbed footmen of domestic architecture.

Only "el señor pastor" had kept awake to pack.

So all was yawning quietness, appetite and expectancy that would stir but would not hurry, after Anita had darted out into the corridor and up two flights of stairs to her own little room, turning once and again to look back at poor Mr. S., who followed her ascent with frightened eyes. At each turning she waved him his own gesture, somehow making her little hands look like fans, too; and with lips and eyebrows said: "En su país—muy lejos—To your country—very far, eh? Oh, yes, I go with you!" Then she made a motion that told of gathering dresses hastily together, throwing them into a trunk and trampling them into place.

Then she disappeared.

A moment later (she always did make things happen quickly) there was commotion in her room; a stifled scream; excitement extending to the street.

Next we heard short, quick steps on the pavement before the front door, and a sharp, peremptory ringing of the door bell.

Now the street door stood wide open (it was rarely closed) and only a screen of ornamental ironwork intervened between the patio and the outside world. Through this screen was visible the dapper figure of a man, who had his hand on the bell-handle still, ready to ring again; and from the opposite third-story gallery Christina looked him over before she called out: "Quien? (Who is it?)"

If he had replied with the customary "I," or "The Señor So-and-so," our respectable Christina would have let the screen door swing open. She had only to pull a knob, which would pull a wire, which would pull a spring-bolt, and so on: a very simple contrivance, usually found in large Spanish houses, which saves much running to the door and back.

But this young man began irregularly. "I want to speak to the master or mistress of this house!" he cried in a high-pitched voice; "because—"

Christina withdrew her hand from the talismanic third-story knob and let him stand outside. "What does your grace

desire?" was all she said, resting her elbows on the corridor railing and settling herself in conversational attitude.

The ensuing dialogue was, of course, household property, being shouted from street door to garret, as it were. Curious heads were thrust out into the corridors to catch a glimpse of this stranger and to listen. A little social spasm occurred. Indolent preparation for dinner was transformed into twitching Andalusian excitement.

The stranger continued: "In my person you see" (of course he knew that he was talking to the entire household) "you



THE SERENO.



see a gentleman employed at the city hall in clerical capacity. My uncle it is who is chief judge of the tribunal—a famous lawyer and much of a gentleman (*muy caballero*).

And I—I have been insulted by some person in this house!"

"But—what does your grace desire?" repeated the maid suavely.

"I, who have dressed myself very suitably in order to make a visit to a young lady of my acquaintance in good—yes, excellent—society; I pass your house, when—plash!—water is thrown upon me!—my new hat——"

"What does your grace desire?"

"—for which I paid twelve and a half pesetas only yesterday—eh? You may ask in the *Sierpes* street, No. 94. There you will learn the price of the hat. Now I have sent for the *sereno*; I await him here."

At the mention of the *sereno* a ripple of half-suppressed laughter passed around the corridors. Serenos—night-

watchmen with mediæval equipment of spear, lantern and double-breasted cape—are not exactly awe-inspiring. Apparently there was sport to be had with this young man: he might show pretty tricks if put to it. The household was drawn from its apartments, formed cheerful groups of three or four in each gallery, leaned upon the railings and began to chaff according to ability.

But they only proved, once more, that Spanish "chaff" has too much of ridicule and too little of conciliation.

One told the stranger that he shouldn't mind a wet hat, seeing that he was not only happy in love but actually on his way to his sweetheart. If his rival had seen him pass (this was a reference to a recent well-known incident) and had crushed to the earth all his finery, himself included, with flowerpots hurled from above—ah! that, indeed, would have been different. And so on, through a lot of ill-considered badinage. The dapper young man stood his ground; grew quiet and almost white with angry resolution; waited for the *sereno*.

Now, when the latter appeared he very politely explained that there actually was a city ordinance providing for the severe punishment of any person who threw from the window water, or (as the *sereno* put it) "anything whatever, in itself harmless, in such a manner as to damage the passers-by." Such the unforeseen conclusion. Then, discomfiture in the corridors; triumph at the door.

"Tomorrow your graces shall hear from the law!" cried the chief-judge's nephew.

Anita had been gradually making her way downstairs—shyly for her, with downcast eyes. Passing *el señor pastor* she did, it is true, whisper something about "Your country—very far!" but it was the ghost of a jest.

When the dapper young man cried out his threat and was ready to go away in triumph, she walked quickly to the iron door and stood there, looking at him. Nothing theatrical—no pose; just easily and graciously she said: "I was on my balcony watering my pinks. Will you have one? I spilled a little water that fell on you. What will you do to me?"

"Nada! (Nothing!)" with a quick, deprecating gesture said the stranger. "I kiss your feet, *señorita*!"



JERSEY VILLAS.

BY HENRY JAMES.

IV.

ON the evening of the day of Peter Baron's second visit to Mr. Locket

he had some interesting conversation with Mrs. Bundy, for whose shrewd and philosophic view of life he had more than once expressed, even to the good woman herself, a considerable relish. The situation at Jersey Villas (Mrs. May had suddenly flown off to Dover) was such as to create in him a desire for moral support, and there was a kind of domestic determination in Mrs. Bundy which seemed, in general, to advertise it. He had asked for her on coming in, but had been told she was absent for the hour; upon which he had addressed himself mechanically to the task of doing up his dishonored manuscript—the ingenious fiction about which Mr. Locket had been so stupid—for further adventures and not improbable defeats. He passed a restless, ineffective afternoon, asking himself if his genius were a horrid delusion, looking out of his window for something that didn't happen, something that seemed now to be the advent of a persuasive Mr. Locket and now the re-

turn, from an absence more disappointing even than Mrs. Bundy's, of his interesting neighbor of the parlors. He was so nervous and so depressed that he was unable even to fix his mind on the composi-

tion of the note with which, on its next sad pilgrimage, it was necessary that his manuscript should be accompanied. He was too nervous to eat, and he forgot even to dine; he forgot to light his candles, he let his fire go out, and it was in the melancholy chill of the late dusk that Mrs. Bundy, arriving at last with his lamp, found him extended moodily upon his sofa. She had been informed that he wished to speak to her, and, as she placed on the malodorous luminary an oily shade of green pasteboard, she expressed the friendly hope that there was nothing wrong with his 'ealth.

The young man rose from his couch, pulling himself together sufficiently to reply that his health was well enough, but that his spirits were down in his boots. He had a strong disposition to "draw" his landlady on the subject of Mrs. May, as well as a vivid conviction that it was a theme on which Mrs. Bundy would require little pressure to tell him



"HE PASSED A RESTLESS AFTERNOON."

even more than she knew. At the same time he hated to appear to pry into the secrets of his absent friend; to discuss her with their bustling hostess resembled, too much for his taste, a gossip with a tattling servant about an unconscious employer. He left out of account, however, Mrs. Bundy's knowledge of the human heart, for it was this fine principle that broke down the barriers after he had reflected, reassuringly, that it was not meddling with Mrs. May's affairs to try and find out if she struck such an observer as happy. Crudely, abruptly, even a little blushing, he put the direct question to Mrs. Bundy, and this led, tolerably straight, to another question, which, on his spirit, sat equally heavy (they were indeed but different phases of the same), and which the good woman answered, with expression, when she ejaculated: "Think it a liberty for you to run down for a few hours? If she do, my dear sir, just send her to me to talk to!" As regards happiness, indeed, she warned Baron against imposing too high a standard on a young thing who had been through so much, and before he knew it he found himself, without the responsibility of choice, in submissive receipt of Mrs. Bundy's version of this experience. It was an interesting picture, though it had its infirmities, one of them congenital and consisting of the fact that it had sprung, essentially, from the virginal brain of Miss Teagle. Amplified, edited, embellished by the richer genius of Mrs. Bundy, who had incorporated with it, and now liberally exhibited, copious inter-leavings of Miss Teagle's own romance, it gave Peter Baron much food for meditation, at the same time that it only half relieved his curiosity about the causes of the charming woman's underlying strangeness. He sounded this note experimentally in Mrs. Bundy's ear, but it was easy to see that it didn't reverberate in her fancy. She had no idea of the picture it would have been natural for him to desire that Mrs. May should present to him, and she was therefore unable to estimate the points in respect to which his actual impression was irritating. She had indeed no adequate conception of the intellectual requirements of a young man in love. She couldn't tell him why their faultless friend was so isolated, so unre-

lated, so nervously, shrinkingly proud. On the other hand she could tell him (he knew it already) that she had passed many years of her life in the acquisition of accomplishments, at a seat of learning no less remote than Boulogne, and that Miss Teagle had been intimately acquainted with the late Mr. Everard May, who was a "most rising" young man in the city, not making any year less than his clear twelve hundred. "Now that he isn't there to make them, his mourning widow can't live as she had then, can she?" Mrs. Bundy asked.

Baron was not prepared to say that she could, but he thought of another way she might live as he sat, the next day, in the train which rattled him down to Dover. The place, as he approached it, seemed bright and breezy to him; his roamings had been neither far enough nor frequent enough to make the cockneyfied coast insipid. Mrs. Bundy, of course, had given him the address he needed, and, on emerging from the station, he was on the point of asking what direction he should take. His attention, however, at this moment was drawn away by the bustle of the departing boat. He had been long enough shut up in London to be conscious of refreshment in the mere act of turning his face to Paris. He wandered off to the pier in company with happier tourists, and, leaning on a rail, watched enviously the preparation, the agitation of foreign travel. It was for some minutes a foretaste of adventure; but, ah, when was he to have the very draught? He turned away as he dropped this silent inquiry and, in doing so, perceived that in another part of the pier two ladies and a little boy were gathered with something of the same wistfulness. The little boy, indeed, happened to look round for a moment, upon which, with the keenness of the predatory age, he recognized in our young man a source of pleasures from which he lately had been weaned. He bounded forward with irrepressible cries of "Geegee!" and Peter lifted him aloft for an embrace. On putting him down the pilgrim from Jersey Villas stood confronted with a sensibly severe Miss Teagle, who had followed her little charge. "What's the matter with the old woman?" he asked himself as he offered her a hand, which she treated as the merest detail. Whatever it was, it was

(and very properly, on the part of a loyal *souvante*) the same complaint as that of her employer, to whom—at a distance, for Mrs. May had not advanced an inch—he raised his hat as she stood looking at him from a face that he imagined rather white. Mrs. May's response to this salutation was to shift her position in such a manner as to appear again absorbed in the Calais boat. Peter Baron, however, kept hold of the child, whom Miss Teagle artfully endeavored to wrest from him—a policy in which he was aided by Sidney's own rough but instinctive loyalty; and he was thankful for the happy effect of being dragged by his jubilant friend in the very direction in which he had tended for so many hours. Mrs. May turned once more as he came near, and then, from the sweet, strained smile with which she asked him if he were on his way to France, he saw that if she had been angry at his having followed her, she had quickly got over it.

"No, I'm not crossing; but it came over me that you might be, and that's why I hurried down—to catch you before you were off."

"Oh, we can't go—more's the pity; but why, if we could," Mrs. May inquired, "should you wish to prevent it?"

"Because I've something to ask you first, something that may take some time." He saw now that her embarrassment had really not been resentful; it had been nervous, tremulous, as the emotion of an unexpected pleasure might have been. "That's really why I determined last night, without asking your leave first, to pay you this little visit—that and the intense desire for another bout of horseplay with Sidney. Oh, I've come to see you," Peter Baron went on, "and I won't make any secret of the fact that I expect you to resign yourself gracefully to the infliction and to give me all your time. The day's lovely, and I'm ready to declare that the place is as good as the day. Let me drink deep of these things, drain the cup like a man who hasn't been out of London for months and months. Let me walk with you and talk with you and lunch with you—I go back this afternoon. Give me all your hours, in short, so that they may live in my memory as one of the sweetest occasions of my life."

The emission of steam from the French packet made such an uproar that Baron

could breathe his passion into the young woman's ear without scandalizing the spectators; and the charm which little by little it drew down upon his fleeting visit proved indeed to be the collective influence of the conditions he had put into words. "What is it you wish to ask me?" Mrs. May demanded, as they stood there together; to which he replied that he would tell her all about it if she would send Miss Teagle off with Sidney. Miss Teagle, who was always anticipating her cue, had already begun ostentatiously to gaze at the distant shores of France, and was easily enough induced to take an earlier start home and to rise to the responsibility of stopping on her way to lay in something extra. She had, however, to retire without Sidney, who clung to his recovered prey, so that the rest of the episode was seasoned for Baron by the sense of the importunate grasp of the child's little plump, cool hand. The friends wandered together, with this appendage, with a sufficiently conjugal air, hanging, wistfully, first, over the prolonged spectacle of the Calais boat, till they could look after it, as it moved rumbling away, in a spell of silence which seemed to confess—especially when, a moment later, their eyes met—that it produced the same fond fancy in each. The presence of the boy, moreover, was no hindrance to their talking in a manner that they pretended to consider frank. Peter Baron very soon told his companion what it was he had taken a journey to ask her, and he had time, afterwards, to get over his discomfort at her appearance of having fancied it might have been something greater. She seemed disappointed (but she was forgiving) on learning from him that he had only wished to know if she judged inexorably his not having complied with her request to respect certain seals.

"How inexorably do you suspect me of having judged it?" she asked.

"Why, to the extent of leaving the house the next moment."

They were still lingering on the great granite pier when he touched on this matter, and she sat down at the end, while the breeze, warmed by the sunshine, ruffled the purple sea. She colored a little and looked troubled, and after an instant she repeated interrogatively: "The next moment?"

"As soon as I had told you what I had done. I was scrupulous about this, you will remember; I went straight downstairs to confess to you. You turned away from me, saying nothing; I couldn't imagine—as, I vow, I can't imagine now—why such a matter should appear so closely to touch you. I went out on some business and when I returned you had quitted the house. It had all the look of my having offended you, of your wishing to get away from me. You didn't even give me time to tell you how it was that, in spite of your advice, I determined to see for myself what my discovery represented. You must do me justice and hear what determined me."

Mrs. May got up from her seat and asked him, as a particular favor, not to allude again to his discovery. It was no concern of hers at all, and she had no warrant for prying into his secrets. She was very sorry to have been so absurd, for a moment, as to appear to do so, and she humbly begged his pardon for her meddling. Saying this, she walked on, with a charming color in her cheek, while he laughed out, though he was really bewildered, at the unfailing inconsequence of women. Fortunately the incident didn't spoil the hour, in which there were other sources of satisfaction, and they took their course to her lodgings with such pleasant little pauses and excursions by the way as permitted her to show him the objects of interest at Dover. She let him stop at a wine merchant's and buy a bottle for luncheon, of which, in its order, they partook, together with a pudding, invented by Miss Teagle, which, as they hypocritically swallowed it, made them look at each other in an intimacy of indulgence. They came out again and, while Sidney grubbed in the gravel of the shore, sat selfishly on the Parade, to the disappointment of Miss Teagle, who had fixed her hopes on a fly and a ladylike visit to the castle. Baron had his eye on his watch—he had to think of his train and the dismal return and many other melancholy things; but the sea in the afternoon light was a more appealing picture; the wind had gone down, the Channel was crowded, the sails of the ships were white in the colored distance. The young man had asked his companion (he had asked her before) when she was to

come back to Jersey Villas, and she had said that she should probably stay at Dover another week. It was dreadfully expensive, but it was doing the child all the good in the world, and if Miss Teagle could go up for some things she should probably be able to manage an extension. Earlier in the day she had said that she, perhaps, wouldn't return to Jersey Villas at all, or only return to wind up her connection with Mrs. Bundy. At another moment she had spoken of an early date, an immediate reoccupation of the wonderful parlors. Baron saw that she had no plan, no real reasons, that she was vague and, in secret, worried and nervous, waiting for something that didn't depend on herself. A silence of several minutes had fallen upon them while they watched the shining sails; to which Mrs. May put an end by exclaiming abruptly, but without completing her sentence: "Oh, if you had come to tell me you had destroyed them——"

"Those terrible papers? I like the way you talk about 'destroying!' You don't even know what they are."

"I don't want to know; they put me into a state."

"What sort of a state?"

"I don't know; they haunt me."

"They haunted me; that was why, early one morning, suddenly, I couldn't keep my hands off them. I had told you I wouldn't touch them. I had deferred to your caprice, your superstition (what is it?), but at last they got the better of me. I had lain awake all night threshing about, itching with curiosity. It made me ill; my own nerves (as it were) were irritated, my capacity to work was gone. It had come over me in the small hours in the shape of an obsession, a fixed idea that there was nothing in the ridiculous relics and that my exaggerated scruples were making a fool of me. It was ten to one they were rubbish, they were blank, they were empty; that they had been even a practical joke on the part of some weak-minded gentleman of leisure, a former possessor of the confounded davenport. The longer I hovered about them with such precautions the longer I was taken in, and the sooner I exposed their insignificance the sooner I should get back to my usual occupations. This conviction made my hand so uncontrolla-

ble that that morning before breakfast I broke one of the seals. It took me but a few minutes to perceive that the contents were not rubbish; the little bundle contained old letters—very curious old letters."

"I know—I know; 'private and confidential.' So you broke the other seals?" Mrs. May looked at him with the strange apprehension he had seen in her eyes when she appeared at his door the moment after his discovery.

"You know, of course, because I told you an hour later, though you would let me tell you very little."

Baron, as he met this queer gaze, smiled hard at her to prevent her guessing that he smarted with the fine reproach conveyed in the tone of her last words; but she appeared able to guess everything, for she reminded him that she had not had to wait that morning till he came downstairs to know what had happened above, but had shown him at the moment how she had been conscious of it an hour before, had passed on her side the same tormented night as he, and had had to exert extraordinary self-command not to rush up to his rooms while the study of the open packets was going on. "You're so sensitively organized and you've such mysterious powers that you're uncanny," Baron declared.

"I feel what takes place at a distance; that's all."

"One would think someone you liked was in danger."

"I told you that that was what was present to me the day I came up to see you."

"Oh, but you don't like me so much as that," Baron argued, laughing.

She hesitated. "No, I don't know that I do."



"HE CAME QUICKLY CLOSER."

"It must be for someone else—the other person concerned. The other day, however, you wouldn't let me tell you that person's name."

Mrs. May, at this, rose quickly. "I don't want to know it; it's none of my business."

"No, fortunately, I don't think it is," Baron rejoined, walking with her along the Parade. She had Sidney by the hand now, and the young man was on the other side of her. They moved toward the station—she had offered to go part of the way. "But with your miraculous gift it's a wonder you haven't divined."

"I only divine what I want," said Mrs. May.

"That's very convenient!" exclaimed Peter, to whom Sidney had presently come round again. "Only, being thus in the dark, it's difficult to see your motive for wishing the papers destroyed."

Mrs. May meditated, looking fixedly at the ground. "I thought you might do it to oblige me."

"Does it strike you that such an expectation, formed in such conditions, is reasonable?"

Mrs. May stopped short, and this time she looked at him with all her clouded clearness. "What do you mean to do with them?"

It was Peter Baron's turn to meditate, which he did, on the empty asphalt of the Parade (the "season," at Dover, was not yet), where their shadows were long in the afternoon light. He was under such a charm as he had never known, and he wanted immensely to be able to reply: "I'll do anything you like if you'll love me." These words, however, would have represented a responsibility and have constituted what was vulgarly termed an offer. An offer of what? he quickly asked himself here, as he had already asked himself after making in spirit other awkward dashes in the same direction—of what but his poverty, his obscurity, his attempts that had come to nothing, his abilities for which there was nothing to show? Mrs. May was not exactly a success, but she was a greater success than Peter Baron. Poor as he was he hated shabbiness (he knew she didn't love it), and as an insistent suitor he felt shabby. Therefore he didn't put the question in the words it would have pleased him most to hear himself utter, but he compromised, with an angry young pang, and said to her: "What will you do for me if I put an end to them?"

She shook her head sadly—it was always her prettiest movement. "I can promise nothing—oh, no, I can't promise! We must part now," she added. "You'll miss your train."

He looked at his watch, taking the hand she held out to him. She drew it away quickly and nothing then was left him, before hurrying to the station, but to catch up Sidney and squeeze him till he uttered a little shriek. On the way back to town the situation struck him as grotesque.

V.

It tormented him so the next morning that after threshing it out a little further he felt in his irritation almost injured. Mrs. May's interposition had made him simply uncomfortable, for she had taken the attitude of exerting pressure without, it appeared, recognizing on his part an equal right. She had imposed herself as an influence, yet she held herself aloof

as a participant; there were things she looked to him to do for her, yet she could tell him of no good that would come to him from the doing. She should either have had less to say or have been willing to say more, and he asked himself why he should be the sport of her moods and her mysteries. He recognized that her knack of punctual interference was striking, but it was just this apparent infallibility that he resented. Why didn't she set up at once as a professional clairvoyant and eke out her little income more successfully? In purely private life such a gift was disconcerting; her divinations, her evasions, disturbed at any rate his own tranquillity.

What disturbed it still further was that he received early in the day a visit from Mr. Locket, who, leaving him under no illusion as to the grounds of such an honor, remarked, as soon as he had got into the room, or, rather, while he still panted on the second flight and the smudged little slavey held open Baron's door, that he had taken up his young friend's invitation to look at Sir Dominick Ferrand's letters for himself. Peter drew them forth with a promptitude intended to show that he recognized the commercial character of the call and without attenuating the inconsequence of this departure from the last determination he had expressed to Mr. Locket. He showed his visitor the davenport and the hidden recess, and he smoked a cigarette, humming softly, with a sense of unwonted advantage and triumph, while the cautious editor sat silent, turning over the papers. For all his caution Mr. Locket was unable to keep a warmer light out of his judicial eye as he said to Baron, at last, with sociable brevity—a tone that took many things for granted—"I'll take them home with me—they require much attention."

The young man looked at him a moment. "Do you think they're genuine?" He didn't mean to be mocking, he meant not to be; but the words sounded so to his own ear, and he could see that they produced that effect on Mr. Locket.

"I can't in the least determine. I shall have to go into them at my leisure, and that's why I ask you to lend them to me."

He had shuffled the papers together with a movement charged, while he spoke, with the air of being preliminary

to that of thrusting them into a little black bag which he had brought with him and which, resting on the shelf of the davenport, struck Peter, who viewed it askance, as an object darkly editorial. It made our young man, somehow, suddenly apprehensive; the advantage of which he had just been conscious was about to be transferred by a quiet process of legerdemain to a person who already had advantages enough. Baron, in short, felt a deep pang of anxiety; he couldn't have said why. Mr. Locket took, decidedly, too many things for granted, and the explorer of Sir Dominick Ferrand's irregularities remembered afresh how clear he had been, after all, about his indisposition to traffic in them. He asked his visitor to what end he wished to remove the letters, since, on the one hand, there was no question now of the article in the *Promiscuous* which was to reveal their existence, and, on the other, he himself, as their owner, had a thousand insurmountable scruples about putting them into circulation.

Mr. Locket looked over his spectacles as over the battlements of a fortress. "I'm not thinking of the end—I'm thinking of the beginning. A few glances have assured me that such documents ought to be submitted to some competent eye."

"Oh, you mustn't show them to anyone!" Baron exclaimed.

"You may think me presumptuous, but the eye that I venture to allude to in those terms—"

"Is the eye now fixed so terribly on me?" Peter laughingly interrupted. "Oh, it would be interesting, I confess, to know how they strike a man of your acuteness!" It had occurred to him that by such a concession he might endear himself to a literary umpire hitherto inexorable. There would be no question of his publishing Sir Dominick Ferrand, but he might, in grateful recognition of services rendered, form the habit of publishing Peter Baron. "How long would it be your idea to retain them?" he inquired, in a manner which, he immediately became aware, was what incited Mr. Locket to begin stuffing the papers into his bag. With this perception he came quickly closer, and, laying his hand on the gaping receptacle, lightly drew its

two lips together. In this way the two men stood for a few seconds, touching, almost in the attitude of combat, looking hard into each other's eyes.

The tension was quickly relieved, however, by the surprised flush which mantled on Mr. Locket's brow. He fell back a few steps with an injured dignity that might have been a protest against physical violence. "Really, my dear young sir, your attitude is tantamount to an accusation of intended bad faith. Do you think I want to steal the confounded things?" In reply to such a challenge Peter could only hastily declare that he was guilty of no discourteous suspicion—he only wanted a limit named, a pledge of every precaution against accident. Mr. Locket admitted the justice of the demand, assured him he would restore the property within three days, and completed, with Peter's assistance, the little arrangements for removing it discreetly. When he was ready, his treacherous reticule distended with its treasures, he gave a lingering look at the inscrutable davenport. "It's how they ever got into that thing that puzzles one's brain!"

"There was some concatenation of circumstances that would doubtless seem natural enough if it were explained, but that one would have to remount the stream of time to ascertain. To one course I have definitely made up my mind: not to make any statement or any inquiry at the shop. I simply accept the mystery," said Peter, rather grandly.

"That would be thought a cheap escape if you were to put it into a story," Mr. Locket smiled.

"Yes, I shouldn't offer the story to you. I shall be impatient till I see my papers again," the young man called out, as his visitor hurried downstairs.

That evening, by the last delivery, he received a letter with the Dover postmark which was not from Miss Teagle. It was a slightly confused but friendly note, written that morning after breakfast, the ostensible purpose of which was to thank him for the amiability of his visit, to express regret at any appearance the writer might have had of meddling with what didn't concern her, and to let him know that the evening before, after he had left her, she had, in a moment of inspiration, got hold of the tail of a really musical idea

—a perfect accompaniment for the song he had so kindly given her. She had scrawled, as a specimen, a few bars at the end of her note, mystic, mocking musical signs which had no sense for her correspondent. The whole letter testified to a restless but rather pointless desire to remain in communication with him. In answering her, however, which he did that night before going to bed, it was on this bright possibility of their collaboration, its advantages for the future of each of them, that Baron principally expatiated. He spoke of this future with an eloquence of which he would have defended the sincerity, and drew of it a picture extravagantly rich. The next morning, as he was about to settle himself to tasks for some time terribly neglected, with a sense that after all it was rather a relief not to be sitting so close to Sir Dominick Ferrand, who had become dreadfully distracting, at the very moment at which he habitually addressed his preliminary invocation to the muse, he was agitated by the arrival of a telegram which proved to be an urgent request from Mr. Locket that he would immediately come down and see him. This represented, for poor Baron, whose funds were very low, another morning sacrificed, but somehow it didn't even occur to him that he might impose his own time upon the editor of the *Promiscuous*, the keeper of the keys of renown. He had some of the plasticity of the raw contributor. He gave the muse another holiday, feeling she was really ashamed to take it, and in course of time found himself in Mr. Locket's own chair at Mr. Locket's own table—so much nobler an expanse than the slippery slope of the davenport—considering with quick intensity in the white flash of certain words just brought out by his host, the quantity of happiness, of emancipation that might reside in £100.

Yes, that was what it meant: Mr. Locket, in the twenty-four hours, had discovered so much in Sir Dominick's literary remains that his visitor found him primed with an offer. A hundred pounds would be paid him that day, that minute, and no questions would be either asked or answered. "I take all the risks, I take all the risks," the editor of the *Promiscuous* repeated. The letters were out on the table, Mr. Locket was on the hearthrug,

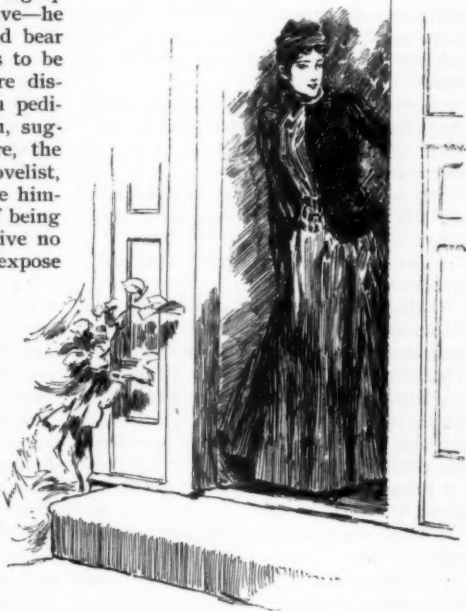
like an orator on a platform, and Peter, under the influence of his sudden ultimatum, had dropped, rather weakly, into the seat which happened to be nearest, and which, as he became conscious it moved on a pivot, he whirled round so as to enable himself to look at his tempter with an eye intended to be cold. What surprised him most was to find Mr. Locket taking exactly the line about the expediency of publication which he would have expected Mr. Locket not to take. "Hush it all up; a barren scandal, an offence that can't be remedied, is the thing in the world that least justifies an airing;" some such line as that was the line he would have thought natural to a man whose life was spent in weighing questions of propriety, and who had only the other day objected, in the light of this virtue, to a work of the most disinterested art. But the author of that incorruptible masterpiece had put his finger on the place in saying to his interlocutor, on the occasion of his last visit, that, if given to the world in the pages of the *Promiscuous*, Sir Dominick's aberrations would sell the edition. It was not necessary for Mr. Locket to reiterate to his young friend his phrase about their making a sensation. If he wished to purchase the "rights," as theatrical people said, it was not to protect a celebrated name or to lock them up in a cupboard. That formula of Baron's covered all the ground, and one edition was a low estimate of the probable performance of the magazine.

Peter left the letters behind him and, on withdrawing from the editorial presence, took a long walk on the Embankment. His impressions were at war with each other—he was flurried by possibilities of which he yet denied the existence. He had consented to trust Mr. Locket with the papers a day or two longer, till he should have thought out the terms on which he might—in the event of certain occurrences—be induced to dispose of them. A hundred pounds were not this gentleman's last word, nor perhaps was mere unreasoning intractability Peter's own. He sighed as he looked unperceivingly at the animated river and reflected that it all might mean money. He needed money bitterly; he owed it in disquieting quarters. Mr. Locket had put it before him that he had a high

responsibility—that he might vindicate the disfigured truth, contribute a chapter to the history of England. "You haven't a right to suppress such momentous facts," the eager little editor had declared, thinking how the series (he would spread it into three numbers) would be the talk of the town. If Peter had money he might treat himself to ardor, to bliss. Mr. Locket had said, no doubt, justly enough, that there were a hundred questions one would have to meet, should one venture to play so daring a game. These questions, embarrassments, dangers—the danger, for instance, of the cropping-up of some lurking litigious relative—he would take over unreservedly and bear the brunt of dealing with. It was to be remembered that the papers were discredited, vitiated by their childish pedigree; such a preposterous origin, suggesting, as he had hinted before, the feeble ingenuity of a third-rate novelist, was a thing he should have to place himself at the positive disadvantage of being silent about. He would rather give no account of the matter at all than expose himself to the ridicule that such a story would infallibly excite. Couldn't one see them in advance, the clever, taunting things the daily papers would say? Peter Baron had his guileless side, but he felt, as he worried with a stick that betrayed him the granite parapets of the Thames, that he was not such a fool as not to know how Mr. Locket would "work" the mystery of his marvellous find. Nothing could help it on better with the public than the impenetrability of the secret attached to it. If Mr. Locket should only be able to kick up dust

enough over the circumstances that had guided his hand his fortune would literally be made. Peter thought £100 a low bid, yet he wondered how the Promiscuous could bring itself to offer such a sum—so large it loomed in the light of literary remuneration as hitherto revealed to our young man. The explanation of this anomaly was of course that the editor shrewdly saw a dozen ways in which he should get his money back. There would be, in the "sensation," at a later stage, the making of a book in large

type—the book of the hour; and the profits of this scandalous volume, or, if one preferred the name, this reconstruction, before an impartial posterity, of a great historical humbug, the sum "down," in other words, that any lively publisher would give for it, figured vividly in Mr. Locket's calculations. It was therefore essentially an opportunity of dealing at first hand with the lively publisher that Peter was invited to forego. Peter gave a thoughtful laugh, feeling really happy that, on the spot, in the repaire he had lately



"MRS. MAY, IN HER BONNET AND JACKET, LOOKED OUT."

quitted, he had not been tempted by a figure that would have approximately represented the value of his property. It was a good job, he mentally added, as he turned his face homeward, that there was so little likelihood of his having to struggle with that particular pressure.

VI.

When, half an hour later, he approached Jersey Villas, he noticed that the house door was open; then, as he reached the

gate, saw it make a frame for an unexpected presence. Mrs. May, in her bonnet and jacket, looked out from it as if she were expecting something—as if she had been passing to and fro to watch. Yet when he had expressed to her that it was a delightful welcome she replied that she had only thought there might possibly be a cab in sight. He offered to go and look for one, upon which it appeared that, after all, she didn't, as yet at least, want one. He went back with her into her sitting room, where she let him know that within a couple of days she had seen clearer what was best; she had determined to quit Jersey Villas and had come up to take away her things, which she had just been packing and getting together.

"I wrote you last night a charming letter in answer to yours," Baron said. "You didn't mention in yours that you were coming up."

"It wasn't your answer that brought me. It hadn't arrived when I came away."

"You'll see when you get back that my letter is charming."

"I daresay." Baron had observed that the room was not, as she had intimated, encumbered—Mrs. May's preparations for departure were not striking. She saw him look round, and, standing in front of the fireless grate with her hands behind her, she suddenly asked: "Where have you come from now?"

"From an interview with a literary friend."

"What are you concocting between you?"

"Nothing at all. We've fallen out—we don't agree."

"Is he a publisher?"

"He's an editor."

"Well, I'm glad you don't agree. I don't know what he wants, but, whatever it is, don't do it."

"He must do what I want!" said Baron.

"And what's that?"

"Oh, I'll tell you when he has done it!" Baron begged her to let him hear the "musical idea" she had mentioned in her letter; on which she took off her hat and jacket and, seating herself at her piano, gave him, with a sentiment of which the very first notes thrilled him,

the accompaniment of his song. She phrased the words with her sketchy sweetness, and he sat there as if he had been held in a velvet vice, throbbing with the emotion, irrecoverable ever after in its freshness, of the young artist in the presence for the first time of "production"—the proofs of his book, the hanging of his picture, the rehearsal of his play. When she had finished he asked again for the same delight, and then for more music and for more; it did him such a world of good, kept him quiet and safe, smoothed out the creases of his spirit. She dropped her own experiments and gave him immortal things, and he lounged there, pacified and charmed, feeling the mean little room grow large and vague, and happy possibilities come back. Abruptly, at the piano, she called out to him: "Those papers of yours—the letters you found—are not in the house!"

"No, they're not in the house."

"I was sure of it! No matter—it's all right!" she added. She herself was pacified—trouble was a false note. Later, he was on the point of asking her how she knew the objects she had mentioned were not in the house; but he let it pass. The subject was a profitless riddle—a puzzle that grew grotesquely bigger, like some monstrosity seen in the darkness, as one opened one's eyes to it. He closed his eyes—he wanted another vision. Besides, she had shown him that she had extraordinary senses—her explanation would have been stranger than the fact. Moreover they had other things to talk about, in particular, the question of her putting off her return to Dover till the morrow, and dispensing, meanwhile, with the valuable protection of Sidney. This was indeed but another face of the question of her dining with him somewhere that evening (where else should she dine?)—accompanying him, for instance, just for an hour in their deadly respectable lives of Bohemia to a jolly little place in Soho. Mrs. May declined to have her life abused, but in fact, at the proper moment, at the jolly little place, to which she did accompany him—it dealt in macaroni and Chianti—the pair put their elbows on the crumpled cloth and, face to face, with their little emptied coffee cups pushed away and the young man's cigarette lighted by her command, became increasingly confident

tial. They went afterwards to the theatre, in cheap places, and came home in "busses" and under umbrellas.

On the way back Peter Baron turned something over in his mind as he had never turned anything before; it was the question of whether, at the end, she would let him come into her sitting room for five minutes. He felt, on this point, a passion of suspense and impatience, and yet for what would it be but to tell her how poor he was? This was literally the moment to say it, so supremely depleted had the hour of Bohemia left him. Even Bohemia was too expensive, and yet in the course of the day his whole temper on the subject of certain fitnesses had changed. At Jersey Villas (it was near midnight, and Mrs. May, scratching a light for her glimmering taper, had said: "Oh, yes, come in for a minute if you like!"), in her precarious parlor, which was indeed, after the brilliancies of the evening, a return to ugliness and truth, she let him stand while he explained that he had certainly everything in the way of fame and fortune still to gain, but that youth and love and faith and energy—to say nothing of her supreme dearness—were all on his side. Why, if one's beginnings were rough, should one add to the hardness of the conditions by giving up the dream which, if she would only hear him out, would make just the blessed difference? Whether Mrs. May heard him out or not is a circumstance as to which this chronicle happens to be silent; but after he had got possession of both her hands and breathed into her face for a moment all the intensity of his tenderness—in the relief and joy of utterance he felt it carry him like a rising flood—she checked him with better reason, with cold, sweet afterthought in which he felt there was something deep. Her slow, thoughtful head-shake was prettier than ever, yet it had never meant so many firm, sad things—impossibilities and memories, independences and pieties, and a kind of inarticulate pain in this ruin of a friendship that had been happy. She had liked him—if she hadn't she wouldn't have let him think so!—but she protested that she had not, in the odious, vulgar sense, "encouraged" him. Moreover, she couldn't talk of such things in that place, at that time, and she begged him not to make her regret her mere good-nature in

staying over. There were peculiarities in her position, considerations insurmountable. She got rid of him with kind words; and afterwards, in the dull, humiliated night, he felt that he had been put in his place. Women in her situation, women who, after having really loved, had lost, usually lived on into the new dawns in which old ghosts steal away. But there was something in his whimsical neighbor that struck him as gently invulnerable.

VII.

"I've had time to look a little further into what we're prepared to do, and I find the case is one in which I should consider the advisability of going to an extreme length," said Mr. Locket. Jersey Villas the next morning had had the privilege of again receiving the editor of the *Promiscuous*, and he sat once more at the davenport, where the bone of contention, in the shape of a large, loose heap of papers that showed how much they had been handled, was placed well in view. "We shall see our way to offering you £300, but we shouldn't, I must positively assure you, see it a single step further."

Peter Baron, in his dressing gown and slippers, with his hands in his pockets, crept softly about the room, repeating, below his breath and with inflections that, for his own sake, he endeavored to make humorous: "£300! £300!" His state of mind was far from hilarious, for he felt poor and sore and disappointed; but he wanted to prove to himself that he was gallant—that he was made, in general and in particular, of undiscourageable stuff. The first thing he had been aware of, on stepping into his front room, was that a four-wheeled cab, with Mrs. May's luggage upon it, stood at the door of No. 3. Permitting himself wan glances from behind his curtain, he saw the mistress of his thoughts come out of the house, attended by Mrs. Bundy, and take her place in the modest vehicle. After this his eyes rested for a long time on the sprigged cotton back of the landlady, who kept bobbing at the window of the cab an endlessly moralizing old head. Mrs. May had really taken flight—he had made Jersey Villas impossible for her—but Mrs. Bundy, with a magnanimity rare in her profession, seemed to assure her that she

could put herself in her place. Baron felt that his own parting had, for the present at least, been enacted; every instinct of delicacy advised him to remain invisible.

Mr. Locket talked a long time, and Peter Baron listened and waited. He reflected that his willingness to listen would probably excite hopes in his visitor—hopes which he himself was ready to contemplate without a scruple. He felt no pity for Mr. Locket and had no consideration for his suspense or for his possible illusions; he only felt sick and forsaken and in want of comfort and of money. Yet it was a kind of outrage to his dignity to have the knife held to his throat, and he was irritated above all by the ground on which Mr. Locket put the question—the ground of a service rendered to historical truth. It might be—he wasn't clear; it might be—the question was deep, too deep, probably, for his wisdom; but at any rate he had to control himself not to interrupt angrily such dry, interested palaver, the false voice of commerce and of cant. He stared tragically out of the window and saw the stupid rain begin to fall; the day was duller even than his own soul, and Jersey Villas looked so sordidly hideous that it was no wonder Mrs. May couldn't stand them. Hideous as they were, he should have to tell Mrs. Bundy in the course of the day that he was obliged to seek humbler quarters. Suddenly he interrupted Mr. Locket; he observed to him: "I take it that if I should make you this concession the hospitality of the Promiscuous would be by that very fact unrestrictedly secured to me."

Mr. Locket stared. "Hospitality—secured?" He thumbed the proposition as if it were a hard peach.

"I mean that of course you wouldn't—in courtesy, in gratitude—keep on declining my things."

"I should give them my best attention—as I've always done in the past."



"JOLLY LITTLE PLACE IN SOHO."

Peter Baron hesitated. It was a case in which there would have seemed to be some chance for the ideally canny aspirant in such an advantage as he possessed; but after a moment the blood rushed into his face with the shame of the idea of pleading for his productions in the name of anything but their merit. It was as if he had stupidly said evil of them. Nevertheless, he added the interrogation: "Would you, for instance, publish my little story?"

"The one I read (and objected to some features of) the other day? Do you mean—a—with the alteration?" Mr. Locket continued.

"Oh, no, I mean utterly without it. The pages you want altered contain, as I explained to you very lucidly, I think, the very *raison d'être* of the work, and it would therefore, it seems to me, be an imbecility of the first magnitude to cancel them." Peter had really renounced all hope that his critic would understand what he meant, but, under favor of circumstances, he couldn't forbear to taste the luxury, which probably never again would come within his reach, of being really plain, for one wild moment, with an editor.

Mr. Locket gave a constrained smile. "Think of the scandal, Mr. Baron."

"But isn't this other scandal just what you're going in for?"

"It will be a great public service."

"You mean it will be a big scandal, whereas my poor story would be a very small one, and that it's only out of a big one that money's to be made."

Mr. Locket got up—he too had his dignity to vindicate. "Such a sum as I offer you ought really to be an offset against all claims."

"Very good—I don't mean to make any, since you don't really care for what I write. I take note of your offer," Peter pursued, "and I engage to give you tonight (in a few words left by my own hand at your house) my absolutely definite and final reply."

Mr. Locket's movements, as he hovered near the relics of the eminent statesman, were those of some feathered parent fluttering over a threatened nest. If he had brought his huddled brood back with him this morning it was because he had felt sure enough of closing the bargain to be able to be graceful. He kept an oblique gaze on the papers and remarked that he was afraid that before leaving them he must elicit some assurance that in the meanwhile Peter would not place them in any other hands. Peter, at this, gave a laugh of harsher cadence than he intended, asking, justly enough, on what privilege his visitor rested such a demand, and why he himself was disqualified from offering his wares to the highest bidder. "Surely you wouldn't hawk such things about?" cried Mr. Locket; but before Baron had time to retort cynically, he added: "I'll publish your little story."

"Oh, thank you!"

"I'll publish anything you'll send me," Mr. Locket continued, as he went out. Peter had before this virtually given his word that for the letters he would treat only with the Promiscuous.

The young man passed, during a portion of the rest of the day, the strangest hours of his life. Yet he thought of them afterwards not as a phase of temptation, though they had been full of the emotion that accompanies an intense vision of alternatives. The struggle was already over; it seemed to him that, poor as he was, he was not poor enough to take Mr. Locket's

money; he looked at the opposite courses with the self-possession of a man who has chosen, but this self-possession was in itself the most exquisite of excitements. It was really a high revulsion and a sort of noble pity. He seemed, indeed, to have his finger upon the pulse of history and to be in the secret of the gods. He had them all in his hand, the tablets and the scales and the torch. He couldn't keep a character together, but he might easily pull one to pieces. That would be "creative work" of a kind—he could reconstruct the character less pleasingly, could show an unknown side of it. Mr. Locket had had a good deal to say about responsibility; and responsibility, in truth, sat there with him all the morning, while he revolved in his narrow cage, and, watching the crude spring rain on the windows, thought of the dismalness to which, at Dover, Mrs. May was going back. This influence took, in fact, the form, put on the personality, of poor Sir Dominick Ferrand; he was as present, as perceptible in it, as coldly and strangely pressing, as if he had been a haunting ghost and had risen beside his own old hearthstone. Peter Baron was conscious of his company, and, indeed, had spent so many hours in it of late, following him up at the museum and comparing his different portraits, engravings and lithographs, in which there seemed to be conscious, pleading eyes for the betrayer, that this queer impression was largely vivified with detail. Sir Dominick was very dumb, but he was very terrible in his dependence, and Peter would have felt too uneasy to stay in a room of which he had taken such intense possession had it not been for the young man's complete acceptance of the impossibility of getting out of a tight place by exposing another. It didn't matter that the other was dead; it didn't matter that he was dishonest. Peter felt him sufficiently alive to suffer, and perceived the rectification of history so conscientiously desired by Mr. Locket to be somehow for himself not an imperative task. It had come over him too definitely that, in a case where one's success was to hinge upon an act of extradition, it would minister most, on the whole, to an easy conscience to let the success go. No, no—even should he be starving he couldn't make money out of Sir Dominick's disgrace. He was almost surprised

at the violence of the horror with which, as he shuffled mournfully about, the idea of any such profit inspired him. What was Sir Dominick to him, after all? He wished he had never come across him.

In one of his brooding pauses at the window—the window out of which never again, apparently, should he see Mrs. May glide across the little garden with the step for which he had liked her from the first—he became aware that the rain was about to intermit and the sun to make some grudging amends. This was a sign that he might go out; he had a vague impression that there were things to be done. He had work to look for, and a cheaper lodging, and a new idea (every idea he had ever cherished had left him), in addition to which the promised little word was to be dropped at Mr. Locket's door. He looked at his watch and was surprised at the hour, for he had nothing but a heart-ache to show for so much time. He would have to dress quickly, but as he passed to his bedroom to do so his eye caught the disordered heap of letters which Mr. Locket had deposited on his davenport. They startled him and, staring at them, he stopped for an instant, half-amused, half-annoyed at their being still in existence. He had so completely destroyed them in spirit that he had taken the act for granted, and he was now reminded of the distinct stages of which an intention must consist to be sincere. Baron went at the papers with all his sincerity, and at his empty grate (where there lately had been no fire, and he had only to remove a horrible ornament of tissue paper dear to Mrs. Bundy) he burned the collection with infinite method. It made him feel happier to watch the incineration of each precious individual—if happiness be the right word to apply to his sense, in the process, of something so crisp and crackling that it suggested the death rustle of bank notes.

When, ten minutes later, he came back into his sitting room, he seemed to himself, oddly, unexpectedly, in the presence of a bigger view. It was as if some interfering mass had been removed so that he could see more sky and more country. Yet the opposite houses were, naturally, still there, and if the grimy little place looked lighter it was doubtless only because the rain had indeed stopped and the

sun was pouring in. Peter went to the window to open it to the altered air, and in doing so beheld, at the garden gate, the humble "growler" in which, a few hours before, he had seen Mrs. May take her departure. It was unmistakable—he remembered the knock-kneed white horse; but this made the fact that his friend's luggage no longer surmounted it only the more mystifying. Perhaps the cabman had already removed the luggage—he was now on his box smoking the short pipe of repose. As Peter turned into the room again his ears caught a knock at his own door, a knock explained, as soon as he had responded, by the exhilarated image of Mrs. Bundy.

"Please, sir, it's to say she's come back."

"What has she come back for?" Baron's question sounded ungracious, but his heartache had given another throb, and he felt a dread of another wound. It was as if he had been played with.

"I think it's for you, sir," said Mrs. Bundy. "She'll see you for a moment, if you'll be so good, in the old place."

Peter followed his hostess downstairs, and Mrs. Bundy ushered him, with her company flourish, into the apartment she had fondly designated.

"I went away this morning, and I've only returned for an instant," said Mrs. May, as soon as Mrs. Bundy had closed the door. He saw that she was different now; something had happened that had made her kinder.

"Have you been all the way to Dover and back?"

"No, but I've been to Victoria. I've left my luggage there—I've been driving about."

"I hope you've enjoyed it."

"Very much. I've been to see Mr. Morrish."

"Mr. Morrish?"

"The musical publisher. I showed him our song. I played it for him, and he's delighted with it. He declares it's just the thing. He has given me fifty pounds. I think he believes in us," Mrs. May went on, while Baron stared at the wonder—too sweet to be safe, it seemed to him as yet—of her standing there again before him and speaking of what they had in common. "Fifty pounds! fifty pounds!" she exclaimed, fluttering at him her hap-

py check. She had come back, the first thing, to tell him, and of course half of the fifty pounds would be for him. She was rosy, jubilant, natural, she chattered like a happy woman. She said they must do more, ever so much more. Mr. Morrish had practically promised he would take anything that was as good as that. She had kept her cab because she was going to Dover; she couldn't leave the others alone. It was an infirm and languid vehicle, but Baron, after a little, appreciated its pace, for she had consented to his getting in with her and driving, this time in earnest, to Victoria. She had only come to tell him the good news—she repeated this assurance more than once. They talked of it so profoundly that it drove everything else for the time out of his head—his duty to Mr. Locket, the remarkable sacrifice he had just achieved, and even the odd coincidence, matching with the oddity of all the others, of her having alighted in the house again, as if with one of her famous divinations, at the very moment the bothersome papers, the origin really of their intimacy, had ceased to exist. But she, on her side, also had evidently forgotten the bothersome papers; she never mentioned them again, and Peter Baron never boasted of what he had done with them. He was silent for a while, from curiosity to see if her fine nerves had really given her a hint; and then, later, when it came to be a question of his permanent attitude, he was silent, prodigiously, religiously, tremulously silent in consequence of an extraordinary conversation that he had with her.

This conversation took place at Dover, when he went down to give her the money for which, at Mr. Morrish's bank, he had exchanged the check she had left with him. That check, or rather certain things it represented, had made somehow all the difference in their relations. The difference was great, and Baron could think of nothing but this confirmed vision of their being able to work fruitfully together that would account for so rapid a change. She didn't talk of impossibilities now—she didn't seem to want to stop him off; only when, the day following his arrival at Dover with the fifty pounds (he had, after all, to agree to share them with her—he couldn't expect her to take a pres-

ent of money from him), he returned to the question over which they had had their little scene the night they dined together—on this occasion (he had brought a portmanteau and he was staying) she mentioned that there was something very particular she had it on her conscience to tell him before letting him commit himself. There appeared in her face as she spoke of this duty a light of warning that frightened him; it was charged with something so strange that for an instant he held his breath. This flash of ugly possibilities passed, however, and it was with the gesture of taking still tenderer possession of her, checked, indeed, by the grave, important way she held up a finger, that he answered: "Tell me everything—tell me!"

"You must know what I am—who I am; you must know especially what I'm not! There's a name for it, a hideous, cruel name. It's not my fault! Others have known, I've had to speak of it—it has made a great difference in my life. Surely you must have guessed!" she went on, with the faintest quaver of irony, letting him now take her hand, which felt as cold as her hard duty. "Don't you see I've no belongings, no relations, no friends, nothing at all, in all the world, of my own? I was only a poor girl."

"A poor girl?" Baron was mystified, touched, distressed, piecing dimly together what she meant, but feeling, in a great surge of pity, that it was only something more to love her for.

"My mother—my poor mother," said Mrs. May. She paused with this, and, through gathering tears, her eyes met his as if to plead with him to understand. He understood, and drew her closer, but she kept herself free still, to continue: "She was a poor girl—she was only a governess; she was alone, she thought he loved her. He did—I think it was the only happiness she ever knew. But she died of it."

"Oh, I'm so glad you tell me—it's so sweet of you!" Baron murmured. "Then—your father?" He hesitated, as if with his hands on old wounds.

"He had his own troubles, but he was kind to her. It was all misery and folly—he was married. He wasn't happy—there were good reasons, I believe, for that. I know it from letters, I know it

from a person who is dead. Everyone is dead now—it's too far off. That's the only good thing. He was very kind to me; I remember him, though I didn't know, then, as a little girl, who he was. He put me with some very good people—he did what he could for me. I think, later, his wife knew—a lady who came to see me once after his death. I was a very little girl, but I remember many things. What he could he did—something that helped me afterwards, something that helps me now. I think of him with a strange pity—I see him!" said Mrs. May, with the faint past in her eyes.

"You mustn't say anything against him," she added, gently and gravely.

"Never—never; for he has only made it more exquisite to care for you."

"You must wait, you must think; we must wait together," she went on.

"You can't tell, and you must give me time. Now that you know, it's all right; but you had to know. Doesn't it make us better friends?" asked

Mrs. May, with a tired smile which had the effect of placing the whole story further and further away. The next moment, however, she added quickly, as if with the sense that it couldn't be far enough: "You don't know, you can't judge, you must let it settle. Think of it, think of it; oh, you will, and leave it so. I must have time myself, oh, I must! Yes, you must believe me."

She turned away from him, and he remained looking at her a moment. "Ah, how I shall work for you!" he exclaimed.

"You must work for yourself; I'll help you." She had faced toward him again, and she added, hesitating, thinking:

"You had better know, perhaps, who he was."

Baron shook his head, smiling confidently. "I don't care a straw."

"I do—a little. He was a great man."

"There must indeed have been some good in him."

"He was a high celebrity. You've often heard of him."

Baron wondered an instant. "I've no doubt you're a princess!" he said with a laugh. She made him nervous.

"I'm not ashamed of him. He was Sir Dominick Ferrand."



"HE BURNED THE COLLECTION WITH INFINITE METHOD."

Baron saw in her face, in a few seconds, that she had seen something in his. He knew that he stared, then turned pale; it had the effect of a powerful shock. He was cold for an instant, as he had just found her, with the sense of danger, the confused horror of having dealt a blow. But the blood rushed back to its courses with his still quicker consciousness of safety, and he could make out through this

momentary blur that his emotion struck her simply as a violent surprise. He gave a muffled murmur: "Ah, it's you, my beloved!" which lost itself as he drew her close and held her long, in the intensity of his embrace and the wonder of his escape. It took more than a minute for him to say over to himself often enough, with his hidden face: "Ah, she must never, never know!"

She never knew; she only learned, when she asked him casually, that he had in fact destroyed the old letters she had had such a fantastic anxiety about. The sensibility, the curiosity they had had the queer privilege of exciting in her had

lapsed with the event as capriciously as they had arisen, and she appeared to have forgotten, or rather to attribute now to other causes, the agitation and several of the odd incidents that accompanied them. They naturally gave Peter Baron rather more to think about, much food, indeed, for clandestine meditation, some of which, in spite of the pains he took not to be caught, was noted by his friend and interpreted, to his knowledge, as depression produced by the long probation she succeeded in putting him to. He was more patient than she could guess, with all her guessing, for if he was tested she herself was, for months, not left unstudied. It came back to him again and again that if the documents he had burned proved anything, they proved that the sins of Sir Dominick Ferrand were not all of one order. The woman he loved was the daughter of her father, he couldn't get

over that. What was more to the point was that as he came to know her better and better—for they did work together under Mr. Morrish's protection—his affection was a still less negligible quantity. He sometimes wondered, in the light of her goodness—their marriage had brought out even more than he believed there was of it—whether the relics in the davenport were genuine. That piece of furniture is still almost as useful to him as Mr. Morrish's patronage. There is a tremendous run, as this gentleman calls it, on several of their songs. Baron, nevertheless, still tries his hand also at prose, and his offerings are now not always declined by the magazines. But he has never approached the Promiscuous again. This periodical published in due course a highly appreciative study of the remarkable career of Sir Dominick Ferrand.



AFTER LONG ABSENCE.

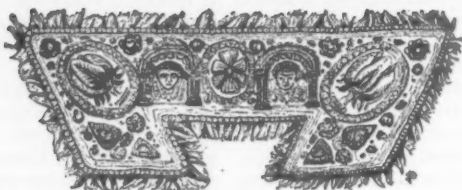
BY LILLA CABOT PERRY.

HERE, in this room where first we met,
And where we said farewell with tears,
Here, where you swore, "Though you forget,
My love shall deeper grow with years!"

Here, where the pictures on the wall,
The very rugs upon the floor,
The smallest objects you recall—
I am awaiting you once more.

The books that we together read
From off their shelves they beckon me;
All here seems living—what is dead?
What is the ghost I fear to see?

Unchanged am I; did you despise
My love as small?—it fills my heart!
You come, a stranger from your eyes
Looks out, and meeting first we part!



CUFF OF GLOVE WORKED BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, FOR LORD DARNLEY.

THE ROMANCE OF GLOVES.

BY S. WILLIAM BECK.



IGHTLY regarded, there are few things more full of interest than a genuine old glove. Some of the specimens still preserved may seem to have no more merit than any other article of fine manufacture on which all the art and skill of bygone days have been spent without stint; while others have, besides, some distinction in asserted association with notable people. There are, for instance, two separate pairs treasured by their present owners in the belief that Shakespeare himself has owned and worn them, of which one, now in the possession of Mr. Horace Furness of Philadelphia, proves that it was possible once for men to have their "hand-shoes," as gloves are called in Germany, ornamented with fine stitching in bright colors and decorated with fringes and openwork patterns—beautiful enough, it is true, but such as would make the wearers of them uncomfortably conspicuous in these days. It may be said without hesitation

that these gay gloves undoubtedly belong to the period at which they are said to have been in such eminent keeping, and that they are supported by claims of long descent which go far to set them above suspicion. But beyond handicraft excellence or relic worship there cluster around any such social salvage so many traditions, so much of incident and story, as to afford a fresh historical standpoint. So fully has research enlarged our acquaintance with other days, that the past is studied in epochs and the growth of nations written in eras. Science, art, manners and commerce each require to be severally traced through centuries of progress, and we are learning more and more that the true history of a people must be sought in their social evolution. Man was not the roaming animal which railways and steamboats have made him, and before scribes and lawyers increased, or banks with their branches were multiplied, he had to employ rough-and-ready methods in carrying out any dealings with his neighbors. Notches cut in a stick, afterwards cleft in two, kept an account between debtor and creditor, and such tallies, as they were called, once served the national exchequer of Great Britain. Very much reliance had to be put in man's word and promise, and various ordeals were instituted as tests for

perjury where interests and evidence were in conflict. Under such elementary conditions gloves had full play, for the simple but sufficient reasons that they could be easily identified, and that they were taken as



BUFF LEATHER GAUNTLET OF CHARLES II.

representing the hand which gave them. One of the most common appeals in disputes was to the wager of battle, by which a cause was put to the hazard of a fight between plaintiff and defendant or between champions engaged by them.

In this a glove or gauntlet was thrown down as a challenge, and picked up to bind the engagement. The duel which ensued was a legal process carried out with prescribed formalities, and there was no doubt whatever about the verdict, since that was given by defeat, often by death. This custom, although it lingered long, declined with the decay of chivalry, and had finally been left in abeyance for close upon 200 years, when it was suddenly brought forward again in 1817 in a trial for murder. The accused, Abraham Thornton, had been acquitted by a jury, much to the dissatisfaction of the public, and was already set free, when William Ashford, the brother of the murdered girl, entered an "appeal for murder" under the mouldy old statute which had been tacitly but not formally repealed, and Thornton was again arrested. At the hearing before the Court of King's Bench it was the prisoner's turn to create a sensation, after he had pleaded "Not guilty," by throwing down a gauntlet on the floor of the court in the old form of challenge, adding, "I am ready to defend the same with my body." The judges, and there were four of them, after much discussion decided that the accused could claim to put his innocence to the proof of combat, and the proceedings would have had to be carried out in all their antiquated absurdity but for the withdrawal of young Ashford, who was physically inferior to his opponent and does not seem to have been very willing to brave the perils which, according to old Butler, "environ the man who meddles with cold iron." There the case ended, but when another appeal was put in within a few months it became necessary to interfere before respectable courts of law were brought to the level of a prizefight, and an Act of Parliament put an end at last to all judicial duels.

The gloves, being thus intrusted with solemn issues, and invested, as they were,



LEATHER GLOVE OF CHARLES I.

with personal honor, became an important factor in the affairs of the community. They were not only "the manual seals of death," as Aumerle calls them in Richard II., but were constituted pledges of faith between man and man, or between prince and people, as other passages in Shakespeare would testify, and it was common to swear by the gloves when an assertion required to be substantiated. There are cases on record in which a glove was deposited, like a deed, to ratify a grant of land, although such instances do not often occur; the glove was put off as a token of renunciation of privilege, and taken off from one unworthy, as a sign of degradation. It was a visible embodiment of law, like a policeman. An annual fair, which was often, for country places, the only means of trading communication with the world outside, was held either by virtue of a glove sent to authorize it, or under the protection of a glove which was displayed as a guarantee of good treatment to all who came to transact business there. While time has wrought such havoc with glove customs, even to the abolition of the Royal Champion, who used to ride into Westminster hall after each coronation banquet to



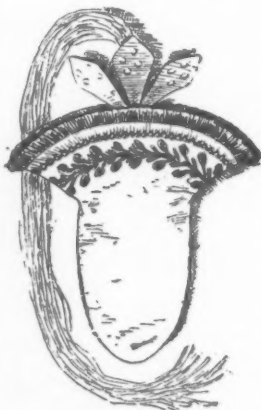
challenge any opposition to the throne, it is good to know that a great white glove is to this day suspended at every recurring fair, from the Guild-hall of some Devonshire towns, although the practice was, within recent years, common to many other counties.

With so much importance attaching to gloves in momentous concerns, it is not to be wondered at that they had a large share in the courtesies and compliments of life. They were given by universities and other corporations to distinguished visitors, and generally offered as timely presents on the old festival of New Year's day; while we are but now giving up, without regret, all that excessive display at funerals which demanded, among other pomps and vanities of mourning, the free distribution of gloves among those in attendance. If a maiden had died, the gloves were white, like those still offered to the judge at any session or assize at which no cases occur to be heard. In other respects they served purposes more direct than mere ceremonial civility. They were binding gifts in courtship, "seales to the truth of hearts," says the Countryman in 1618, when the respective advantages of Court and Country were debated in that rare pamphlet, "when a payre of Gloves & a handkirchiffe are as good as the best obligations." Handkerchiefs, we know, were ordinary tokens with seventeenth-century lovers, and were frequently worn as favors, in the hat or on the arm. Gloves, again, were gifts



THE GLOVES WORN ON THE SCAFFOLD BY JAMES, EARL OF KILMARNOCK.

of welcome at the weddings, which, if the course of true love belied the old proverb by running smoothly, followed in due time and, in less sentimental matters, they could be converted into receipts for rent or plead for pardon for a political offence. Perhaps as a reminder of their own hold upon the land, the bursars of New College at Oxford were accustomed to give to each of the tenants at Christmas a pair of gloves "which the receiver was sure of displaying on the Sunday following at church, by hanging his hands over the pew, signifying to his neighbors that he had paid his rent." So much, on the testimony of Sir Francis Eden, for one use to which they were put; and, for the other, the State Papers contain a letter, dated March 29, 1563, sent by the Earl of Hertford to Lord Robert Dudley, telling of the grief he endures by lying under the queen's displeasure, and how much he desires a reconciliation; adding, by way of postscript: "I am bold to beseeche yo^r L: to



THE GAUNTLET WORN BY ABRAHAM THORN"ON IN COURT, NOVEMBER 17, 1817.

do me ye honnour to present on my behalfe this poore token of gloves. I told yo^r I: I thought myselfe most happy I might make for her Ma^y, desiring lyke-wise (if it may please you to do me so muche favour) to send me word of her liking or finding fault wth ye same y^e I may mend it in ye next."

All these accepted affirmations of gloves touched very closely the welfare of the people, high and low, and they affected the fortunes of princes too. There are at least four pairs of gloves preserved which are credibly declared to have belonged to Charles II., and they are all strikingly suggestive. Two of them are finely embroidered in silks and silver thread, of which one is finished with a fringe of silver, but both were such as kings would then be expected to wear. People of any position had their gloves richly ornamented. "These are to desire you," writes one Owen Lloyd, in 1580, from some town in France, "to shew that curtuousye as to procure me 16 paires of

horse for the service and restoration of the king, who, meeting him at the head of his men, drew the gloves from his hands and gave them as a memento."

Then there is the glove truly fit for a king in its elaborate needlework and deep silver fringe, and none the less fit for a king when, even though defeated and brought to the scaffold, he would fain show a bold front to the last before his enemies. It was a desire with Sir Walter Raleigh that he should not be in any way slovenly in appearance on the morning of his execution; and so said Charles, on the morning which was to end his life, "I would be as trim as may be;" and then, as

Herbert records, appointed what clothes he would wear, these gloves, in all probability, among them.

Similar interest may be found in the gloves of that sturdy old Jacobite, the Earl of Kilmarnock, as well as those of Mary, Queen of Scots, now in the Saffron Walden museum, given by her, on the morning of her execution, to a gentleman of the Dayrell family who was in attendance upon her, and so kept in uninterrupted descent since "Mar Darel" wrote, in the superfluous and capricious orthography of



GLOVE OF
CHARLES I.



GLOVE WORN BY CHARLES I. ON THE SCAFFOLD.

yo^r Oxford gloves of the finest, of 5 or 6 grotes a payre, of double chevrell, 6 for women and six for men, and 4 for very ancient & grave men spirituall, without any gourgewssness but a gold lace in such wise as they use them."

When gold lace was not considered any gorgeoussness, a king might have in common use such embroidered gloves as these. But when trouble came and simple necessity was all that could be thought of, there were plain buff leather gauntlets for the king's majesty, and of these a pair has been kept until now. As the account of them runs, they were "Presented to Edmund Lovel, the great-great-grandfather of the present owner, by Charles I. Mr. Lovel had raised a troop of



his day, "ffrom ffather-
ingae Castle, viijth of
februarye, 1587," his ac-
count of what he had
seen that sorrowful
morning. It is evident
at once from these old
examples that even the
gloves of the wealthy,
however dainty in de-
sign and splendid in
materials they might be,
were not cut with much
regard to fit, and the
liberal proportions in
which they were made
render it certain that
sizes, except a rough
division between men's
and women's, as in Owen
Lloyd's order, had not
been thought of.

Of far more impor-
tance then was the mean-
ing of gloves, the mes-
sages they brought, the
reports they conveyed.
So much trust was placed
in them, as representing the hands which
wore them, that two women, Margaret and
Phillis Flower, were executed at Lincoln
in 1618 for having bewitched the eldest
son of the Earl of Rutland, using, among
other diabolical devices, one of his lord-
ship's gloves, which they buried in the
ground, and "as that glove did rot and
waste, so did the liver of the said Lord
rot and waste." We find the personal
connection between gloves and their
wearers quite as clearly, if not so tragi-
cally established, in the report by Whar-
ton and Lennox to Cromwell in 1547, still
preserved among the State Papers, giving
an account of the success of their raid
across the border. They came first to
Castlemilk, and, as their narrative runs,



GLOVE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"sent summons to the
captain, called James
Stewart, to render up
the hold, whose answer
was that if he could see
the face of the Earl of
Lennox he would deliver
the same to him: and
sent request to send him
his gloves in token that
he was there, upon sight
whereof he came forth
from the castle, and de-
livered the keys to me,
the Earl of Lennox."

It is hardly possible to
pass by old gloves with
indifference when such
incidents as these are
connected with them,
and in the purely per-
sonal romance which is
as inseparable from them
there is yet more lively
interest. It ranges over
all human nature, from
the attempt of Colonel
Blood to steal the crown

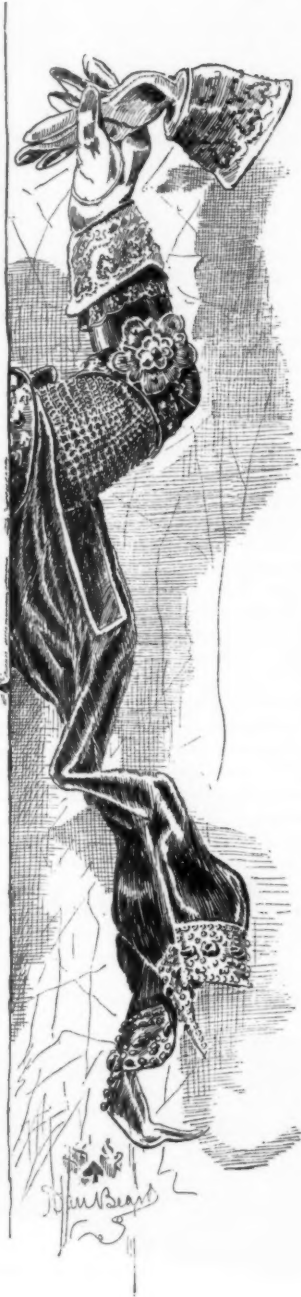
in the reign of Charles II., in which the
present of a pair of gloves to Mrs. Ed-
wards, wife of the man whose business it
was to exhibit the jewels, was an impor-
tant preliminary, or the famous quarrel
over another pair of gloves, which brought
the bickering between Queen Anne and
the Duchess of Marlborough to an open
rupture at last, to the detection of Richard
the Lion-hearted as he returned from the
Holy Land, through the incautious glove
hung at the girdle of his squire, too rich
in ornament to belong to any other than
a man of mark; or to the diplomatic en-
deavor of the first wife of the much-mar-
ried Henry VIII. to turn him from his
evident partiality for Anne Boleyn, by
getting her to play cards before him, and



so, by putting off her gloves, disclose a deformed finger; or, once more, to the coquettish restlessness with which Elizabeth would pull her gloves off and on, so as to call attention to her beautiful hands.

So did gloves touch the life of Mary of Scots. Apart from the ordinary occasions on which gloves suitable to her dignity were presented to her, for one purpose or another, she had rueful cause to remember how hard and heavy was the glove of iron—*cirothecarum ferris*, as old inventories style them—when she was a prisoner at Loch Leven in 1567, and Lindesay gripped her arm fiercely with his gauntlet on, leaving the mark deep on her flesh, to enforce his demand that she should sign the deed of abdication which he and Ruthven had brought already prepared for the purpose. Two years before she had wrought, with all the patient skill in "needle-painting" for which she is famed, a pair of gloves for Darnley, of which one cuff still remains to tell of that brief period of quiet in the long and dreary years of trouble in a life which, whatever else may be thought of it, must be pleaded as unusually sorrow-laden. That the needle which was to be her chief resource and solace during so many after years of captivity should be hopefully plied for a churl like Darnley is a pitiful commentary upon the fanciful derivation of "glove" by early etymologists from gift-love, or the Belgic *ghelooove*, faithfulness, because, as one of these practical old students was moved to write, "gloves signify fidelity, since they are in a certain sense the witness of constancy and truth in love"—a truth of which the Queen of Scots was destined to learn very little.

It must not be thought that the associations of gloves are nothing more than so many anachronisms, only on a level with rusty old antiquities which are fit for nothing better than an out-of-the-way corner in a museum. It is true beyond dispute that glove usages are declining. In time to come, when *Pickwick* is printed with foot notes, and *Nicholas Nickleby* with a glossary, the editor of the new issue will have to explain, if he can, why Mr. Kenwigs should tie one of a pair of fourteenpenny white kid gloves to the knocker of his door when another little Kenwigs had been brought into the world. That is one of the glove customs which have slipped into the gulf of time, and others which remain are wearing away. If the gift of white gloves to a judge who presides at a "maiden" assize or sessions is still scrupulously kept up, there have been jocose remarks about the number of pairs which his honor accumulates and the difficulty he finds in knowing what to do with them. The ancient and really commendable requirement, that the glove should be removed by



a witness when taking an oath, has been appealed against and ruled to be immaterial. First, one judge intimated that there was no authority for insisting that the glove should be taken off before giving evidence; then another reproved a court official for telling a lady to take off her gloves, and this was quoted as a precedent by counsel in another place in asking that his client need not take off her gloves either.

It did not matter, said the judge, and so another loophole was left for thick-skinned consciences to creep through; while there is, at the same time, stress laid upon the strict watch which has to be kept upon some witnesses to prevent them kissing their thumbs instead of the binding book. The obligation that a contracting hand shall be uncovered is enforced by the church during the service of matrimony and at the administration of the sacrament. The right-hand glove is always required to be removed at the English court by all who enter the presence of the queen, for which it is easy to know the cause when the old-time offensiveness which could be given to the gauntlet is borne in mind. With the thought of preventing the rupture of a desirable peace, eastern rulers have stipulated that long sleeves should be worn in their presence, or have made



their subjects keep in a prostrate position while within striking distance; and the rule of court etiquette in England, as well as the unwritten law that a glove should be taken off before shaking hands, which used to be observed everywhere until very tight gloves interposed, is undoubtedly a survival of an equally simple, but once necessary, precaution.

With these instances in mind, and the casting of the gauntlet still in constant use as a figure of speech, it can hardly be said that the romance of gloves has entirely departed, although it must be admitted that there is a great gulf fixed between the passionate aspiration of Romeo:

"O that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek!"

and the payment of bets in gloves by the dozen. It is not by any means satisfactory to exchange the sonnets of Petrarch, to the glove which he ventured to steal but did not venture to keep, for dull particulars of modern manufacture which state that gloves pass through the hands of twenty-two different workpeople, are made in eighteen distinct pieces, and contain, on an average, 3000 stitches. To calculations of this kind there is, as to the making of books, no end, and the statistics are carried on to show that gloves of

four-button length cover 172 square inches, while the seams extend to 180 linear inches, so that all there is left to be thankful for is that somebody else does not compute how many gloves



GLOVE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

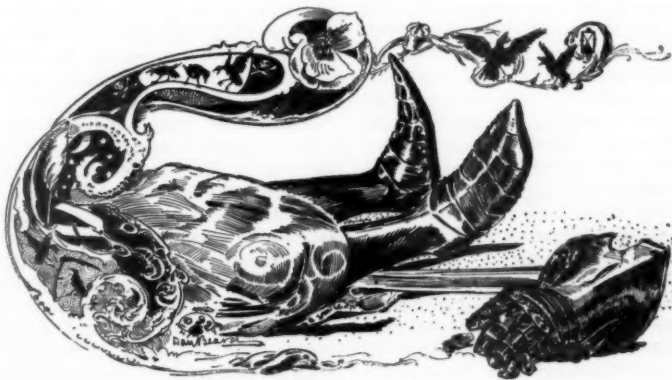
would go to an acre, or reckon the length of stitching in hundreds and thousands of miles of all the pairs estimated to be used annually. But if it may seem that gloves have become too general to be highly prized, and are now little more than "articles of comfort and marks of good breeding," as a distinguished Frenchman wrote of them, their hold upon history under ripened aspects of study is sure to be maintained, and their part in the progress of civilization certain to be recognized.

There is something, too, of simple sentiment still left to them, even in our prosaic workaday generation. For on the glove depends the fate of Dutch maidens, after young Jan Van der Veere has gone to India to make his stolid progress towards fortune. For all his seeming calm, he soon desires a plump little Dutch wife to solace his exile and smooth away the cares and trials of his new-found life. Whereupon he writes to a friend to select for him a bride of many rounded graces and more virtues, not averse to share Jan's fate and foreign home. The friend finds out a suitable and not unwilling young woman and sends her photograph by post, on approval, when, if all goes well, the mail brings back a



GLOVES OF SHAKESPEARE.

left-hand glove and a power of attorney from amorous Jan, on whose behalf the friend goes through the ceremony of marriage by proxy with the bride, and despatches her to the East by the next steamer. Such a circumstance as this goes far to remove the reproach of neglecting glove observances and traditions, to which this generation would have to plead guilty.





BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

IT is more than a century since the Frenchman gravely propounded the question, "Can a German have wit?" When Father Bouhours put this query he could not foresee the birth of a Henry Heine, who should have more wit than any Frenchman ever had, more even than M. de Voltaire. But there is no denying that Heine was an exception, and that even now the Germans are not as witty as the French, although a comparison of the comic papers of Munich today, and of the comedies of Berlin, with those of twenty-five years ago will reveal a wonderful advance toward the lightness of touch and the swiftness of stroke which we are wont to regard as especially characteristic of Paris. Yet even now, in prose fiction—perhaps the most popular department of literature—Germany lags sadly behind, being barely abreast of England, while France holds the foremost position, hard pressed only by Russia, if indeed by her.

"If I were to sum up in a single paragraph the development of the German novel," says Professor Boyesen, "I should say that it commenced with the miraculous, progressed to the possible, thence to the probable and the normal; though I

am forced to admit that this evolution is, as yet, by no means completed."

And then Professor Boyesen adds this pregnant criticism of modern fiction: "The novelist of the seventeenth century asked himself, in regard to the incidents of his plot: 'Could they have happened?' The novelist of today puts the question: 'Are they likely to happen?' The novelist of the future will not be satisfied unless he can prove to himself that, his premises given, nothing else could have happened. The German novelists, however, have not yet caught up with this modern movement; they linger yet on the borderland of the sensational."

I take these two quotations from an acute and interesting paper on The Evolution of the German Novel, contained in the volume of Essays on German Literature which Professor Boyesen published last spring and which may be recommended heartily to all who are interested either in German literature or in literary criticism. They will find within the pages of this volume half a dozen essays on Goethe, one on Schiller, three on the German Novel and three on the Romantic School in Germany, so curiously different in aim and in result from the

Romantic School in France. Professor Boyesen is an enthusiastic lover of letters and a conscientious student of literature. He has a wide and deep knowledge of his subject and he has strong and individual opinions about it, which he expresses boldly and vigorously. In reading these essays collectively we note now and again repetitions of sentiment or of illustration which are the result of writing on the same subject at different times and in different places: perhaps it would have been better if these had been eliminated when the volume of essays was revised for publication, as a whole. And certainly the book ought to have been provided with an index, for it abounds with facts, with figures of speech, with fragments of criticism, to which the interested reader will wish to refer more than once.

From the group of essays on the German Novel I have already quoted and from the kindred group on Romanticism I should like to quote at length, for Professor Boyesen has said on this subject many things which it is well to have phrased as succinctly and as sharply as he has here put them. Of all the words in the terminology of criticism, none is more liable to misunderstanding than the word romantic. As Professor Boyesen reminds us, "Romanticism not only means different things in different countries, but it means different things at different times," even in the same country. What it means to us nowadays, for example, depends whether we set it off against Classicism or against Realism. Yet there is a unity behind all these varying uses of the word; and this Professor Boyesen suggests when he tells us that there is "but one fundamental note which all Romanticism has in common, and that is a deep disgust with the world as it is, and a desire to depict in literature something that is claimed to be nobler and better" (p. 357).

In the paper on Novalis and the Blue Flower, Professor Boyesen translates for us a handful of the apothegms of Novalis, which he called Flower Dust and which he termed "literary seed corn." Here are a few of them, the Teutonic flavor of which may be compared with the Gallic salt of Joubert's aphorisms:

"Death is the romantic principle of life. Death is life. Through death life is intensified."

"The epigram is the central monad of Old French literature and culture."

"Every Englishman is an island."

"Klopstock's works give the impression of being free translations of some unknown poet by a very talented but unpoetical philologist."

"Poetry is absolute reality. This is the kernel of my philosophy. The more poetic, the truer."

"Goethe is the true steward of the poetic spirit on earth."

No one of the essays which make up Professor Boyesen's book surpasses in interest the group devoted to Goethe; and perhaps the most interesting of all are the paper in which the relations of Goethe and Carlyle are considered, and the other which follows this on *The English Estimate of Goethe*. There is no doubt that such renown as Goethe has in England is due largely to the advocacy of Carlyle, and that it was Carlyle who first revealed and expounded Goethe to the English. The idea of the calm, serene, Olympian German poet being interpreted to the British public by the shrieking Scotch humorist would be comic if it were not pitiful. No wonder is it that as Professor Boyesen considers the appreciation of Goethe by Carlyle, by Matthew Arnold and by the later British critics he is moved to quote Hegel's bitter gibe, when he declared that "of all living men there is but one who has understood me," adding, after a moment's reflection, "and he misunderstood me." Mr. R. H. Hutton's essay and Professor Blackie's preface to the stimulating volume of extracts called *The Wisdom of Goethe* are singled out for hearty praise, as revealing an insight into Goethe's mind and an appreciation of his real greatness not to be found elsewhere in British criticism. Toward George Henry Lewes's *Life of Goethe* Professor Boyesen is still unforgiving, and perhaps he is a little harsh in his treatment of a book which—whatever its demerits and whatever its shortcomings as an estimate of the greatest figure in all German literature—has undeniable charm and is ordered with indisputable art.

A book which compares most unfavorably with Professor Boyesen's *Essays on German Literature* is the volume on *The Literature of France*, by Mr. H. G. Keene, Hon. M. A., Oxon. Professor Boyesen

has opinions of his own, and he writes out of the fulness of knowledge with a thorough grasp of the whole subject; while Mr. Keene has no original views and declares that he has not "obtruded his own opinions"—so his book is obviously little more than a compilation. It is a volume in Professor Knight's series of University Extension Manuals. Of late there has been not a little vague talk about University Extension, not very profitable, since University Extension is an imported British fad, not likely to take root in America, partly because it is not suited to our conditions and partly because its method, a combination of the popular lecture and of the written examination paper, does not commend itself to American educators. Of course, it is nothing against the merit of an elementary book that it belongs to an imported and unnecessary series; and I have been told by experts that other volumes in this very series are excellent, notably those on *The Fine Arts* and on *The Philosophy of the Beautiful*.

The hopelessness of Mr. Keene's book can be indicated by a single statement: nowhere does he mention Rousseau's *Confessions*, one of the half-dozen greatest autobiographies ever written. His sense of proportion allows him to give one page to Molière and four to Victor Hugo, whom he praises for having banished "the immoral tone which was so prevalent in the theatre of his time"! He believes that the elder Dumas was only the foreman of a novel factory. He tells us that George Sand "published a number of novels which endeavored, not without success, to interest the public in the sufferings of unappreciated females"! He dismisses Flaubert and that wonderful study, *Madame Bovary*, in a foot-note of three lines. He suggests that "for purposes of study Racine may be divided into three classes." He discusses the morality of contemporary French fiction, and he declares "we will hope that the examples sometimes set by About, Feuillet and Cherbuliez may find competent followers. If they do, it will be in no small degree attributable to the warm and loving influence of Victor Hugo." If Novalis was right when he said that every Englishman is an island, "we will hope" that it is only an occasional Englishman

who is as small an islet as the writer of the sentences I have just quoted.

Mr. Keene's style is, as these quotations will show, feeble and slovenly. His acquaintance with his subject is on a level with his style. Nowhere does he reveal any appreciation of French literature or any insight into French character. Everywhere is he inaccurate and uncritical; and what makes his pretentious chapters doubly offensive is the insularity of his attitude and his tone of patronizing condescension toward great writers whom he wholly fails to understand. Those of us who are fond of the French, and who delight in their exquisite literary art, had supposed it impossible for a poorer book to be written about French literature than Mrs. Oliphant's unspeakable life of Molière in the series of *Foreign Classics for English Readers*; but Mr. Keene has achieved this impossibility.

A careful perusal of Mr. Keene's book has had an unexpected effect upon one reader at least; it has increased his respect for Mr. George Saintsbury's *History of French Literature*, and for the *Primer* which preceded it, careful and conscientious works, both of them, but eminently uninspired. Mr. Saintsbury is a Tory of the Tories, and his Toryism is of the most archaic type. He is British beyond belief; he erects insularity into a principle; but he is at least an honest workman, sparing no labor to accumulate facts, and reading diligently all the books of all the authors of whom he gives an account. This erudition does not modify or moderate his original reactionary views of life and of literature; he remains always one of those Tories who, in Sir Aubrey de Vere's phrase, wish "to uninvent printing and to undiscover America." Mr. Saintsbury is, in short, a literary Bourbon, in that he has read everything and learned nothing. If he had lived in the day of the smooth stone hatchet he would have denounced the maker of the first chipped stone hatchet as a radical ready to sap the foundations of the state. Therefore is it that his two books about French literature, useful as they are and valuable as they are, lack charm not only, but also authority, for they are the production of a writer who has failed to perceive the principles of French literary art and to surprise the secrets of French character.

It is unfortunate that there is no wholly satisfactory history of French literature either in English or in French, just as there is also no wholly satisfactory history of English literature. M. Taine's most stimulating work is incomplete and one-sided; it is rather the argument for a theory than a disinterested investigation of the facts. After all, the least unsatisfactory book on the subject is perhaps Mr. Stopford Brooke's marvellous little *Primer of English Literature*. Of all histories of French literature in our language, Mr. Saintsbury's is the most solid and trustworthy; but its deficiencies are quite as marked as its merits. In French there is Nisard's monumental work, hopelessly vitiated by the classical bias of the author. (Characteristically enough Mr. Keene does not mention Nisard in his list of authorities used, although he cites both Gêruzez and Demogeot.)

Perhaps as good a biographical history of English literature as we can hope for is to be found in the excellent series of *English Men of Letters* edited by Mr. John Morley and now extending to some forty volumes. It would need, of course, to be supplemented by the equally excellent series of *American Men of Letters* edited by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, of which there are now a dozen volumes. Oddly enough, there is not yet in the English series any book about Shakespeare—although we learn from Mr. Cross's biography that the publishers urged George Eliot to prepare this volume—nor in the American series is there yet any book about Hawthorne—although there would have been one by this time if Lowell had been spared to us so long. In emulation of the English and American series there is now in course of publication a French series called *Les Grands Écrivains Français* and edited by M. Jusserand; and in this again it is odd not to find a volume on Molière. That there should be a series of *English Men of Letters* without a Shakespeare volume, a series of *American Men of Letters* without a Hawthorne volume, and a series of *Grands Écrivains Français* without a Molière volume, shows how much easier it is to get writers able to depict the secondary personages of literary history than it is to find critics capable of portraying the great central figures. Probably, when a

series of *German Men of Letters* is begun, the volume on Goethe will also be wanting—unless questions of precedence among the German students of Goethe were solved adroitly by committing the preparation of this monograph to Professor Boyesen, here in New York.

Although it is much younger M. Jusserand's series already outnumbers Mr. Warner's and it bids fair to attain the size of Mr. Morley's. A score of volumes have already appeared, of excellent workmanship all of them and all possessing the two great French qualities, symmetry and clearness. Perhaps no single monograph of the series is quite the equal of Professor Lounsbury's life of Fenimore Cooper, which is simply the perfect model of a literary biography. Certainly no one of them sinks to the level of Mrs. Oliphant's life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, than which there is no lower depth.

Among the writers are at least half a dozen members of the French Academy, half a dozen distinguished professors of literature and half a dozen of the younger generation—M. Édouard Rod, for example, who has prepared the volume on Stendhal, and M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Anatole France, who have in preparation monographs on more modern men of letters. Among the great writers whose lives have already been written for the series are Rutebœuf, Madame de Sévigné, Madame de la Fayette, Boileau, Montesquieu, Turgot, D'Alembert, Vauvenargues, Mirabeau, Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Stendhal, Alfred de Vigny, Cousin, Théophile Gautier, George Sand and Thiers. Among the volumes not yet ready are those on Rabelais and Montaigne, on Corneille, Molière and Racine, on Rousseau, Voltaire and Beaumarchais, on Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset and Sainte-Beuve; so it will be obvious that perhaps the best half of M. Jusserand's enterprise is still to see the light.

Two or three years from now, when these missing monographs have all been published and when there are but few breaks in the roll of famous French writers, the series as a whole, and taken in strict chronological order, will serve as a history of French literature and perhaps the best to be had; having, of course, the obvious disadvantage that authors of very

varying value are treated each at about the same length, and having the equally obvious advantage that every author has been treated by a sympathetic critic. This last quality it is impossible to hope for in a history of literature which is the work of any one man, for there must be authors to whom the historian is attracted and authors by whom he is repelled; and it cannot be said too often that the only fertile criticism of literature is that inspired by sympathy. The criticism of those we dislike is sterile and discouraging.

Pending the completion of *Les Grands Écrivains Français*—and perhaps even after that event—the best history of French literature is to be sought in the three series of Sainte-Beuve's collected criticisms. Last summer a Parisian professor had a happy thought; he published in a single inexpensive volume a selection of extracts from the vast mass of Sainte-Beuve's essays on French literature, some fourscore salient passages, in which the opinion of the greatest of French critics on the great French authors was expressed concisely and yet amply. He arranged these extracts chronologically, so that we can read in order from Geoffroy de Villehardouin and Froissart down to Nisard and Scherer and M. Taine. It is greatly to be wished that similar books might be prepared in this country, containing selections, one from Matthew Arnold and the other from Lowell, chronologically arranged like this book of extracts from Sainte-Beuve, and like it accompanied by a brief biography of the critic and a statement of his theory of criticism. From the writings neither of the English critic nor of the American could a book be made up as comprehensive as has been selected from the essays of the French critic, but none the less would both the books be most valuable to all lovers of literature. Probably no two volumes now in the hands of teachers of English literature would be more invigorating than these two, and none would be more useful in awakening and in quickening the interest in letters.

Sainte-Beuve was the first of French-

men to appreciate Wordsworth. It is only of late years that Shelley has been discovered by the countrymen of Lamartine and Alfred de Musset. To the student of comparative literature nothing is more curious than the esteem in which an author is held in a country which is not his own. The British, for example, value the prose of Artemus Ward and the verse of Mr. Joaquin Miller far more highly than we Americans do. And when we cross not merely the limits of a nation, but also the boundaries of a language, the variation of opinion increases immediately. When we find, for instance, that the French do not know Hawthorne and set great store by Poe, we doubt the trustworthiness of a judgment by those who know the two authors only through translations; and our doubt is intensified when we discover that Sterne is cherished by the French to this day while Fielding is now wholly neglected.

It is facts like these which give us pause when we pride ourselves on our appreciation of a French author—still more when we go not only out of our own language but also out of our own century and try to estimate a Latin writer or a Greek. When the young Philadelphian declared that foreign nations were a contemporaneous posterity, he made a remark more interesting than it is valuable. Very few authors would be willing to abide the test. The fact is that there are writers who appeal to the subtle, unformulated feelings of their own race and of their own time, and whose works shrink pitifully when the reader does not vibrate in unison with them. Yet the opinion of the intelligent foreigner is always to be weighed carefully and without prejudice. Taine's *History of English Literature* has its obvious deficiencies, but, nevertheless, it is a work which one could ill spare; and perhaps Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* strikes the Spaniards in much the same way. What I should find really most interesting just now would be a *History of English Literature* written by an Alexandrian Greek, a contemporary of Theocritus. And if Omar Khayyam were alive today what would he think of Goethe's poetry?



THE CONFESSION OF AN ACCOMPLICE.

BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

IT was the afternoon of one of those numerous public holidays, fasts or thanksgivings which President Lincoln so liberally appointed during our civil war. Good society in Baltimore did not in general go to church on such occasions, but a holiday that is not a semi-Sunday is always acceptable, and we have but few of them in the general calendar.

The morning—it was early summer—had been very pleasant, and my husband, Jack Baxter, had driven me and my young cousin, Polly Pembroke from Virginia, to the park of Druid Hill, then the new plaything of Baltimore. Jack had procured for Polly a pass back to her home in West Virginia. That home was on debatable ground, lying sometimes within the federal lines and sometimes within the temporary limits of the Confederacy. The pass had been procured for Polly without much difficulty, for Jack was a director of the Tenth National bank in Baltimore, and though I was an eager sympathizer in the southern cause he never could be made a convert to the reasonableness of seces-

sion. He said he was an Old Line Henry Clay Whig, and that the battles that the South should fight were in the halls of Congress. He therefore curbed as far as possible any compromising manifestations of my southern feeling, but at the same time by that silence which is supposed to grant consent I was assured that he would not be displeased by any acts of benevolence I could do for southern prisoners. In this way things worked smoothly. It was understood that I was not to compromise him, while in return I might if I pleased deny myself everything in the way of dress or pleasure, like other Confederate women, nay, even stint my household, to enhance my private funds; and I am still proud to think that no application made to me for help for southern prisoners ever had to be unanswered. In return the prisoners at Elmira, Fort Delaware and Point Lookout sent me fans carved out of shingles and gutta percha rings made out of coat buttons and chains fashioned from knitting needles, the rings sometimes inlaid with mother of pearl

furnished by the shirt buttons of those who had any. We thought it mean and cruel when a great gutta percha manufacturer broke up this little industry on the ground that such a use of coat buttons and knitting pins was an infringement of his patent in some way.

One of these gutta percha circlets I wore habitually as the guard of my wedding ring, partly because a black ring is becoming to white fingers, and partly because it stamped me as a Confederate sympathizer, when any other emblem or device would not have been allowed.

As I was saying, Jack, being known to be a



"THEN HE LEANED BACK AS IF GOING TO SLEEP AND DRAGGED HIS HAT DOWN OVER HIS EYES."

man of very moderate opinions, had some influence with the authorities, and Cousin Polly's pass was easily procured. She, however, gave her solemn promise that she would take nothing contraband with her into the Confederacy.

After our drive and an early dinner Jack lighted his cigar, saying to me as he did so: "I shall have plenty of time, Ginnie, to go down to the bank for a few moments. I shall be back before it is time to start. I have ordered the carriage for six o'clock—the train leaves at six forty-five from Camden station. Have your things all ready, Miss Polly, and again I say be so good as not to compromise me by anything you say or do upon your journey. I am answerable for your behavior until you are beyond the federal lines."

"You won't have time to go to bank, Jack," I remonstrated. "You must put Polly on the train. The railroad stations nowadays are full of soldiers, and the police are apt at any time to make themselves obnoxious to southern ladies. Polly has to go today, because it says so on her pass, and—"

"What a blessed little fidget you are, Virginia!" he answered, not unkindly. "I shall be back here in good time. I bet a hat now, if you like, that Miss Polly keeps me waiting."

An hour passed and Polly went upstairs to get ready for her journey. Another half hour passed. Polly's trunk was on the carriage. Jack had not come home. Polly, myself and the two maid servants stood together on the doorstep watching down the street. The minutes passed till I was sure that there would be barely time to catch the train. I rushed upstairs, seized my hat and veil, hustled Polly into the hack, gave the order to drive at a tearing pace, and we were just in time. The starting bell was ringing as Polly was pushed upon the car platform. Her trunk was flung aboard as the train was in motion, and I was left standing breathless in the crowded station. There were plenty of soldiers and policemen loitering about whom I endeavored to avoid, or passed with an assumption of southern dignity as I walked down the long platform, hurrying my steps, however, as I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten to tell the hack driver to wait outside the station.

As we kept a bill at the livery stable I reflected with dismay that he might possibly have driven off without waiting for his fare.

And so it was. The shades of night were falling fast and I felt very uncomfortable. I had been married eight years to a more than ordinarily attentive husband. Jack was one of those men who think it touches their prerogative when a woman does anything in public to help herself, and here I found myself alone, in an unfamiliar part of Baltimore, surrounded by strange men and all the bustle of a great railroad station. I would not make inquiries from the police. Confederate women in those days mistrusted and detested them. I ought to have taken a hack, but it occurred to me that if I did so I should have to pay for it out of my housekeeping allowance, and that thus in the end it would be subtracted from the next box of food and clothing sent to southern prisoners. So I determined to economize and to take the street cars, though with the car routes and street corners in that part of Baltimore I was wholly unacquainted. I therefore addressed a group of colored draymen, and asked them how to find what were called in those days the city passenger cars. They may have directed me all right; they had no motive for misleading me; but I have never had the organ of locality, and I went wrong. I walked on in the direction pointed out to me till I came to some car tracks, and then I got on the first street car that passed me.

I kept my veil down, a thick crape veil, for I was then in mourning for a brother killed at the first battle of Bull Run. The car was full of roughly dressed, rough-mannered men, and I sat among them revolving in my mind the reproaches with which I would greet Jack for his unpunctuality and inattention. I knew that the car must proceed some way before it reached any part of the town with which I was familiar, but at length one after the other of my fellow passengers dropped off, until I was left alone with only one of them. The conductor lit his lamps, the gas was lighted in the streets, and there was that confusion of cross lights which to a woman passenger after dark is so bewildering.

"Put me out when we are near Mount Vernon place," I said to the conductor.



"SOMETHING SEEMED TO HAVE GONE WRONG INSIDE THE CAR."

He only stared at me.

"I want to get out near Washington's Monument," I went on. Here the working man who was the only passenger left in the car besides myself took up his dinner pail. "The lady," he said, "must have mistook the car. You are nigh down about Fort McHenry, lady."

"Good heaven, conductor!" I cried, "what am I to do? My husband will be waiting for me—he will be frightened at my absence. Fort McHenry! Why, I was never near Fort McHenry in my life. It is miles from where I wanted to be set down."

"I don't know nothing better you can do, lady, than to stay where you are. This car is going to turn soon, and you'll get back, if you stick to us, faster than you could in any other way."

So I remained, working myself almost into a nervous fever, and laying all the blame of my mishap upon the war and upon the "federal" police, to whom I had not ventured to address myself at the station.

Presently the car turned. The conductor left his platform to report himself in the office and to stretch his legs. The driver left his stool. I am timid about horses, and all my fears concentrated themselves in the dread lest anything should start the car without a driver. I was gazing out of the front window, whence the utmost I could see was that "the tails of both hung down behind," and I was

not aware that I was no longer alone in the vehicle until I turned and saw a man beside me. He was dressed in dark clothes, carried a light overcoat over his arm and had a small satchel. He was not a working man, and I judged him by his dress to be a gentleman.

I had pulled off my gloves, as I generally do when I am nervous, and I drew out my watch to see how soon it would be time for the car to start. Now one of the minor follies of Confederate sympathizers in those days was to have a little Confederate flag painted on their watch dials, which was done in England; and my watch being of that kind, I was cautious in general how I took it out when in mixed company. However, I was now so worried that my caution was suspended.

I had no sooner put my watch back into its place than the gentleman, first looking cautiously out of the car window and then as cautiously through the door, leaned forward and, touching the gutta percha ring upon my finger, said in a low voice: "Madam, I see you belong to the good cause." I laughed and nodded slightly. "I knew it at once," he said; and in my foolishness I was flattered that he should have divined my politics from my bearing. "I am trying to avoid the federal soldiers and the police," he said hurriedly. "I have just come through the lines——"

"From Richmond?" I said. "Oh! tell me——"

He pressed his foot on mine to stop me. "Madam, for the sake of the cause," he whispered, "let me pass for a family man connected with yourself till we get out of this car. I am going to take the night express from Camden station."

I was not a little startled by such a proposition, but all kinds of queer things at that time were done under cover of southern sympathy, and before I had time to object the conductor had come up to the new passenger, holding out his hand.

"I pay for two—myself and wife—this lady," said the gentleman. The conductor looked surprised.

"The lady," he said, "need pay no fare this time. She made a mistake. She is going back with me."

"Oh, no—it has turned out no mistake," said the man smiling, "she came here to meet me—her husband."

The conductor looked at me inquiringly. "It is all right," I said in a low voice.

He must have suspected mystery, but it was not his business to unravel the private affairs of his passengers. Besides, he made six cents by the affair, so he pocketed the coins offered him and stepped back to his platform. The car filled up immediately. There were several soldiers from Fort McHenry, a captain from the Brooklyn Zouave regiment, then quartered upon Federal hill, and one or two of his Zouaves, who accompanied him. I saw at once that I could not make a fuss, for that any contradiction upon my part would deliver the Confederate refugee into the hands of his enemies. As the passengers were taking their seats amid some confusion he drew up close beside me and whispered as he laid his satchel in my lap: "Despatches—important. Must be put into the post at once if they arrest me." Then he leaned back as if going to sleep and dragged his hat down over his eyes.

All this made me one of the most uncomfortable women in the city of Baltimore. "What," I thought, "would Jack say if he knew of the part I am playing at this moment?" Jack! a man of strict old-fashioned, starched propriety, to whom the dash of Bohemianism that was in his wife had always been anathema.

I hate the pent-up feeling that one has when riding on a dark night inside a lighted car. The glare from the street

lamps mingles with the unsteady light within. By this time, too, it had begun to pour. The pavements glittered where the gaslight fell upon them. To be sure, gas lamps were few and far between at that time in South Baltimore.

All of a sudden there came a rush, a crash, shouts, curses, cries and general confusion. A steam fire engine dashing down a cross street at full speed had thrust its pole through the side of our street car, displaced the truck, and tumbled the passengers into a heap together.

The soldiers were soon upon their legs. The young captain of Zouaves caught hold of me and broke my fall. Under ordinary circumstances I should have resented the touch of a man who wore the federal uniform, but now my first thought was for the preservation of the despatches, which in the confusion had dropped out of my hand. He found and restored to me the satchel, and by his care I was landed safely on the sidewalk. The car had been smashed to pieces; the horses lay kicking on the sharp cobblestones. Something, too, seemed to have gone wrong inside the car. In a few moments the Zouave captain and the conductor came up to me.

"Your husband is a little hurt, madam," said the young officer, "but we hope not seriously. We are going to take him up this street to our regimental hospital on Federal hill."

"Oh," I exclaimed, "please get me a hack immediately."

"Our surgeon must see him first. I hardly think as yet he is fit to be moved. Let me give you my arm, madam. Won't you trust me with your satchel?"

What on earth was I to do? I could not get away from the complication in which I had now involved myself, and get home to Jack and to my supper. I could not turn a Confederate who had come through the lines from Richmond over to the federals. I dared not refuse to go up to the hospital. But what would Jack think of my absence? What would he say of the whole affair? How should I ever be delivered from this dreadful complication? When would this abominable adventure come to an end?

The rebel gentleman's hurt, so far as I could ascertain, was in his head. He seemed unconscious—worse and worse.

If he did not come to himself what was I to do with his property?

I made no pretence of looking after the man they called my husband. By that time I was wholly unheroic, and so worried because of Jack that the mere fact of the man's being a Confederate seemed an offence and an aggravation. Even his aspect seemed changed to me. He no longer looked the specimen of southern chivalry that my fancy at first had painted him, but a somewhat vulgar, ordinary fellow.

As I leaned upon the arm of the young captain I began to feel thankful that I was at least under the protection of a gentleman. A walk of about 100 yards up a steep street brought us to the sentry who was guarding the hospital. After us came soldiers bringing the Confederate stretched out upon a shutter. One man had kindly put his coat under his head, and I remember wondering with some anxiety whether his superiors would be angry with him when they saw that it was stained with blood. Anyhow, I was glad that the Confederate despatches might be considered safe, and that I held them tightly grasped in the satchel in my hand. I now made up my mind that I must take them home with me, and, concealing their existence, tell the rest of my story to Jack. The man must take his chances. If they found out that he was a Confederate I could not save him.

"I think, if you could get a hack for me——" I began again to my conductor.

"He will not be able to be moved just yet," was his answer.

It was all I could do to refrain from crying out: "What do I care?" but I only said, rather peevishly, "Oh, I want to be at home with friends. Can't I leave him?"

The young captain looked at me as if in my character of wife I were some sort of moral monstrosity.

"Wait for the doctor's opinion," he said, in a tone that left me no alternative but to obey him.

The doctor's opinion was very vague. He could not say much at present as to the extent of the injury.

"Oh, please," I said to the young officer, laying my hand pleadingly upon the embroidery upon his sleeve, "let me go home

at once. They will be so anxious about me." Then, comprehending by his look that he thought me unaccountably selfish and indifferent, I pulled out my portemonnaie. "You must not let him be any expense to you," I said. "Here is enough for the present, and I can send you more; let me only keep enough to pay a hack, or perhaps you could direct me to a street car."

The doctor came up to us. "We shall know more of the case, madam," he said, "by morning. Perhaps, as you are agitated and seem to have had no experience in sickness, and as our hospital is very full, with no accommodation for a lady, you had better trust your husband to our hospital steward for the night. You will come round early in the morning?"

"Oh, certainly," I cried, with a mental resolution that never again in my life would I set foot on Federal hill. I was turning to take the arm of the young captain when it struck me that the man I was abandoning seemed to watch me with some consciousness, and that he might have something to say to me. I had kept down my thick crape veil, being too much ashamed of myself to show my face, and under cover of its folds I now stooped over him. He breathed almost inaudibly: "Post immediately."

With care and kindness my federal friend saw me safely into a car at the street corner. The officers of federal regiments (if gentlemen) saw few women of their own class in those days in Baltimore. They were shunned as if plague-smitten. Ladies even drew their skirts close round them when they met, or crossed over the street to avoid them. At least I had never comforted myself in that fashion. Even had I not known by instinct how much Jack would disapprove of such behavior, I had early in the war adopted for my motto: "I dare do all that may become a lady; who dares do more is none."

As the captain put me in the car he said, in answer to my thanks: "Will you not tell me your name and let me know your address, in case it should be necessary to send for you?"

"Not I!" I exclaimed internally. "What! give my address and risk having Jack roused up in the middle of the night by an orderly sent to communicate to him the death of his wife's husband?"

I had some blank cards in my cardcase. I took one out and gave it to the captain in the darkness as the car started. Then, well pleased with this piece of diplomacy, I turned all my attention to thinking what excuses for my absence I could make to Jack, and what he was likely to say to me. Absorbed in speculations as to my private affairs, I forgot even the Confederate despatches.

But Jack was not at home when I arrived, so that it was not necessary I should say anything.

"Has not Mr. Baxter come in yet? Has he not been home all the time that I have been away?" I cried, greatly surprised.

"No, Miss Ginnie, not been home all de time you's been out," said my maid Lyddy, thinking to give emphasis to her assertion by repeating my words.

I went up to my own chamber. I dared not leave the house again that night. I could not buy postage stamps, have letters weighed and posted at that late hour. I found a key that opened the man's satchel. It contained some keys, a pack of cards, some shirt collars, and three packages of considerable size. Before I could examine them I heard Jack's latch-key in the lock. I thrust satchel and papers into my wardrobe hastily, locked it, put the key in my pocket, and ran downstairs. I was prepared either to make the first attack or else to hold my tongue, and face his reproaches.

But Jack had no attention to give to my adventures. He made no inquiries, he offered no apologies and my tale remained untold. He was worn out by his own pressing anxieties. He flung himself into an armchair and loosened the laces of his boots as he told me his story.

There had been a robbery at his bank—a most ingenious, a most rascally robbery. It had probably been some time in preparation. Two men, gentlemen in appearance, had taken an office in a house that adjoined the bank building. They had moved in handsome office desks and plush-covered chairs. They had carpeted the rooms they occupied. They had had packing cases delivered to them daily by express. They could any day be seen writing in big ledgers. They were rather troublesome neighbors, having a habit of coming at all hours into the bank to bor-



"I PUT FRESH COVERS OVER THEM AND RE-DIRECTED THEM."

row matches, to look at the Directory, or to get a five-dollar greenback changed.

"Surely you saw one of those fellows, Ginnie," said Jack, "the last time you came to the bank to speak to me. A tall man with a black beard. I remember thinking him an impudent cad for the way he stared at you."

"If he did I did not notice him," I answered. "You never like me to look at any man, Jack."

"I don't like to have such rascals looking at you," he replied, "especially when it is all I can do to prevent you from talking secesh. Well, part of the furniture put into their office was an immense map of the United States, which covered half one side of the wall that was next to our building. Virginia, those rogues have been night after night working away at a hole they have made right through into our bank parlor, just back of the safe in which we keep our valuables. Every morning, before they opened their place of business, they cleared up all their dust

and hung up their big map over their hole. Today being a legal holiday, they finished their job. Outwardly our safe appeared not to have been touched, but when I opened it I saw daylight through the back of it from the window in their room. They had cut out a bit of iron, about six inches square, as clean as—a whistle. Every greenback, every bond, every dollar, every certificate in the safe was gone. These are the main facts briefly. I sent for the bank officers and the police. By the way, what have you done with Polly? The police found out that the men were seen coming out of their office in the building next our bank not very long before I went down. Detectives are in close pursuit. It was as clever a piece of work, they say, as ever was done by such gentry. Great Scott! to think of all the energy and industry and enterprise and perseverance of a professional cracksmen!"

"Energy, industry, enterprise and perseverance are the devil's virtues. Who ever heard of a lazy or a stupid devil?" I replied, taking my seat at the tea table.

"Such things make me understand the story of the great lord in the parable who could not help admiring the rascally contrivances of the steward who robbed him," replied Jack. "But give me my tea, Ginnie, and after that I'll go to bed. The police expect to be at work all night, and they may come and report here very early in the morning."

So with Jack in the bed, which stood opposite my wardrobe, I had no chance to examine the Confederate despatches until after he had been called up at dawn by a detective.

I always have believed that a see-saw is a good thing for women in their troubles. My worry about Jack's bank robbery seemed to balance my Confederate worry.

As soon as Jack was out of our front door I rushed to my wardrobe. The packages were wrapped up in coarse paper, tied with red tape, and sealed with black sealing wax in several places.

Now I knew very well that anything put into the postoffice the paper of which looked as if it might have been manufactured in the Confederacy, was detained for examination. The paper that covered the despatches looked dangerously coarse and

the packages were all alike, though directed to three different people.

I put fresh covers over them and re-directed them. I thought it would be best to have them weighed and stamped at three different places, and to put them into three different letter boxes. I set out upon this errand as soon as possible. It embarrassed me to have the Confederate gentleman's keys in my possession and I cast about in my own mind how to return them to him. "But one thing at a time," I thought, as I gathered up my treasonable packages.

One package was directed to Mr. John A. Barker, Post Office, Philadelphia; the others to Mr. Thomas Wilkenson, Harrisburg, and to Mr. Eli Harrison, Newark, New Jersey, respectively.

As I went upon my errand, striving to post my packages in different parts of the city, I was accosted by a Brooklyn Zouave who inquired respectfully if I were Mrs. Stapleton?

Now Mrs. Stapleton was one of the most actively secesh ladies in Baltimore. She had a husband who had gone down South, a man of wealth and influence, and two brothers who were marching almost barefoot through the mud of Old Virginia.

I denied being Mrs. Stapleton, and of course did not offer to give him her address, but as I turned my head at the corner of the street I saw him on her doorstep. His appearance must have caused her heart to give a great leap, for she had forwarded many letters to and from the Confederacy, and had sent down South a doll stuffed with quinine, besides other comforts and necessities. Out of the multitude of her sins of this description one was but too likely at any moment to find her out.

She paused to recover some composure and then she went into the hall where the Zouave orderly was awaiting her. He saluted like a soldier and handed her a card, one of her own visiting cards, with her name and address engraved upon it, and said: "Your husband, madam, is at our hospital on Federal hill. Our colonel and the doctor desire me to say they would like you to come at once to him."

Before Mrs. Stapleton could recover from this shock the soldier had departed.

Her husband! Federal hill! He must have tried to cross the lines! He must

have been captured by the enemy ! They would send him to the dungeons at Fort McHenry, or at the best to Fort Warren!

Meantime, as I walked from letter box to letter box, I made up my mind what to do concerning the personal property of the injured Confederate. I rang at the door of a house well known to southern sympathizers, and asked if Miss Isabella Armstrong were at home? She was, and I was shown into the parlor. Belle Armstrong was a young lady who had risked so much to serve the cause of the Confederacy that she might well be called upon to risk a little more.

"Dear Belle," I said, "I am in such a scrape; and I have come to you, dear, to help me out of it."

"Sit down. Recover yourself," said Belle, who did her treasons with great calmness. And then she added, for she held the morning paper in her hand, "I see there has been a robbery at your husband's bank. I hope it does not involve you much, Virginia? And a city passenger car was run into last night by a fire engine, and they do say that McClellan has ordered 80,000 pairs of stilts, and that as soon as they can be furnished him his army is to march through the mud on Richmond."

"It's about the city passenger car that I want to speak to you," I said, and then I poured out my tale, or most of it, into Belle Armstrong's ears, ending with: "And now, Belle, you don't mind doing all kinds of things for Confederates and the Confederacy. I never have been suffered to do much, you know. I am obliged to be careful, in deference to Jack. Won't you go up to that place and see the man? Give him his keys and his satchel and, if he has his senses, whisper to him that I have posted his packages. You won't mind passing for his wife, will you? It will be only for a few moments. I am quite certain that no one saw my face while I was there. You are in black and can wear my bonnet and veil. Belle dear! do, do this for me! If I take no notice of him they may suspect something, and it may end in his being found out and sent to Fort McHenry or Point Lookout for want of a little diplomacy. I dare not go back to that place, Jack would be so very angry, and just now Jack has as many worries as he can bear."

"All right," said Belle after a pause; "I have been mother and aunt and sister and sister-in-law and cousin to so many of our men at Fort Delaware and Point Lookout that I suppose it does not make much odds if for half an hour I pass for one poor fellow's wife. But indeed, Virginia," she added, "I do not like the idea."

"You dear, kind, generous, good Belle! I don't see how it can harm you," I said, kissing her, and in a few moments she had set out on her adventure alone.

On alighting from the horse car at the corner of the steep street that leads up to Federal hill Belle was surprised to see a Zouave officer step forward from the shelter of some high steps, and come towards her.

"Mrs. Stapleton, I think?" he said, lifting his cap.

Belle made no answer. She was not inclined to talk to federal officers. However, it struck her that she had better not make a foe unnecessarily just as she was entering a den of enemies, so she collected herself and bowed. "I see no use in undecieving him," she thought, "I may as well answer to the name of Stapleton. The gentleman from Richmond may be a Stapleton. There are several of them in the South."

"I have been waiting here to advise you, Mrs. Stapleton," the Zouave captain said, coming close up to her, "to walk quietly along the street and to take the next car home. I had no idea I should bring you into trouble when I gave the card that you presented me last night to the doctor, and, under the circumstances, I think you had better not see Mr. Stapleton. The colonel and others are around him in the guardroom and from what I have learned I am afraid—that is, I think, there may be danger for you personally. I feel responsible for your safety since your being here at all is my fault. The police charge you with treasonable practices. You might be subjected to some painful interrogatory. You can do nothing to help Mr. Stapleton, who has already owned himself to be from Richmond, and whom, I fear, they will send to Fort McHenry. You are alone here with no one to protect or counsel you. Take my advice, Mrs. Stapleton, and walk quietly away."

"Good Heaven!" thought Belle, "how comes he to address me as Mrs. Stapleton? Well—yes, I must be Mrs. Stapleton if I am Mr. Stapleton's wife."

For a moment she hesitated. Then she said: "Thank you, I am not——" But here she paused, for to own that she was not Mrs. Stapleton might do the Confederate an injury.

At that moment a policeman stepped up behind her. "You will have the goodness," he said, "to come with me to the hospital."

Belle flung back her long veil the better to look at him—to confound him with a southern woman's indignant glance. It had no effect on him. He stood impassive. Then her look altered. She felt her helplessness. She burst into tears.

Belle was a beautiful girl—a girl with all the grace, freshness and fairness of a daughter of Baltimore. Her beauty and her distress touched the heart of the young captain. Hesitating lest he should offend her by proffering her the assistance of a federal officer, he offered her his arm. She took it, for she could hardly stand, and his protection gave her comfort. Indeed, though it was the fashion to flout uniforms, soldiers were always looked upon by the women of Baltimore as far less objectionable than their city police. And thus, without speaking a word, she was led past the sentries into a little "one-eyed house" converted into a hospital, the lower floor of which was a guardroom. The policeman followed her close, ready to put his coarse hand at any time upon her shoulder.

The little guardroom was now full of people. On an iron bedstead, bandaged and flushed, lay the captured Confederate. The colonel of the regiment, the major, the doctor, and several other officers were all there, together with the marshal of police, several of his men in uniform and some detectives in plain clothes. In the midst of them, to Belle's unutterable surprise, stood the real Mrs. Stapleton. Her

face was flushed and angry; an altercation with the marshal of police was evidently going on.

The man upon the bed was propped up on his elbow. The moment Belle appeared all eyes were turned upon her, and several voices said, simultaneously: "That is she!"

"Mrs. Stapleton?" the colonel said, interrogatively, to Belle. She made no answer, only bowed.

"Is that man your husband?"



"MRS. STAPLETON, I THINK?"

"The lady is my wife," said the man eagerly. "My name is Stapleton. I come from Richmond, and this lady is my wife. She won't deny it. If she does, through fear for me, she will do wrong. I am a Confederate soldier just come through the lines. I belong to the Second Maryland cavalry. I own it. Now send me if you like to Fort McHenry."

The genuine Mrs. Stapleton stood simply aghast. In those days, however, feminine presence of mind was so well developed that she comprehended some mystery in the situation, and ceased to defend her own identity.

"Two Mrs. Stapletons!" the colonel said, with rather a queer smile. "Which,

ladies, are we to accept as the real wife?"

With a contemptuous gesture the real Mrs. Stapleton drew her shawl over her shoulders and replied: "Whichever you think proper, sir."

The colonel exchanged a few words with the marshal of police, then he and his officers and the policemen went out and stood upon the sidewalk round the hospital door. The ladies were left with the sick man, who, exhausted, closed his eyes and lay back upon his pillow. Both instinctively withdrew as far from him as possible.

There were two windows in the room, the house being on the corner of the street. Belle and Mrs. Stapleton, not knowing by whom they might be overheard, nor by whom they might be watched, looked in silence, each standing by herself, out of an open window.

Belle was crying quietly. This humiliation was not what she had expected. A voice beside her said, softly: "I am sure that some of us have made some great mistake. Can I help you to get out of this perplexity?"

She turned, and looking at her compassionately was the young captain. With a sob she whispered, "Oh, sir, I thank you."

"Tell me," he said, "and you may trust me—I am acting as your friend—are you the lady who gave me her card and who came here with that man last evening?"

Belle hesitated a moment, then she looked up in his face and saw that it was full of pitying sympathy.

"I don't know what to do," she said. "I know it is always imprudent to trust anybody." Here she gave a sob. "And you are a Union officer. But you seem very kind—and indeed I really know nothing of this affair of my own knowledge. I am afraid to speak for fear I should do harm to that man yonder. But now, I suppose, since he has told you who he is, that what I say will be of no consequence. Why he denied Mrs. Stapleton to be his wife I do not know, unless he was afraid of getting her into the Old Capitol prison. I never before saw Mr. Stapleton."

"Then you are not the lady who was here last night?—the lady who gave me her card as Mrs. Stapleton?"

"As Mrs. Stapleton?" exclaimed Belle.

"Mrs. Baxter did not wish to give you her name and address and thought she had given you a blank card."

Then, perceiving that she had betrayed me, she raised her eyes pleadingly to her companion.

"Don't give us away. Don't make it worse for me," she said. "I am bowed down with the shame of my position; I am standing here, a living falsehood. I have passed often in letters for the aunt or sister or cousin of Confederate prisoners, but that, you know, is connived at by the prison authorities. But when I promised to pass for that man's wife I did not realize—I did not think—how painful it would be, you know."

At this moment the door opened. The officers and the police came back and with them a man whom Belle Armstrong did not recognize, but who had been the conductor on the wrecked street car. He at once pointed to Belle, who, as the officers entered, had drawn her veil over her face.

The marshal of police put his hand upon Belle's shoulder. "I arrest you," he said.

"What for?" she cried. "What for?"

"For being an accomplice in a bank robbery," was the answer. "You have disposed of the bonds and other valuables taken from the safe of the Tenth National. They were all in the satchel that you took away."

Belle's heart quailed. Her courage died within her. She leaned against the white-washed wall for support. As all these men, with cold and mocking eyes, looked at her it was a comfort to feel that one face expressed compassion.

"And this man—your husband, if he really is your husband," continued the marshal of police, pointing to the supposed Confederate, "is a common burglar—a clever cracksman—for whom we have been for some time on the lookout. He and another have stolen \$180,000 from the Tenth National in notes and bonds."

Belle stood as if stunned.

"Have you no friends whom I can summon for you?" said the voice of the young captain.

A chair was placed for Belle. He made her sit down in it, and called a soldier to bring her a glass of water. He put a card and pencil into her hand. She wrote on it to me:



"TWO MRS. STAPLETONS!" THE COLONEL SAID, WITH A QUEER SMILE."

"DEAR VIRGINIA,—I did not mean to bring your name or Jack's into this business, but I cannot help it. I am here at the hospital on Federal hill. The police have arrested me for robbing the Tenth National. B. A."

Jack and I were together when the young captain, on horseback, followed by his orderly, dashed up to our door.

"Oh, Jack, what does this mean?" I cried, as the Zouave officer dismounted, and entering the room put Belle's note into my hand.

"It means," cried the young captain, indignantly, for he was angry with the woman who had brought Belle into this trouble, "it means, madam, that the man who you thought last night was a rebel spy from Richmond is a New York burglar. He was eluding the police when he met you."

"What is all this?" cried Jack indignantly.

"Oh, Jack," I exclaimed, "I must speak to you alone;" and disregarding the young captain, I led him out of the room, not, however, before the officer had had time to say: "The proceeds of the bank robbery were in that man's satchel."

"Now, Ginnie, make a plain statement," said Jack sternly. "What can the robbery of our bank have to do with federal officers and Belle Armstrong and secession?"

"I cannot tell you all the story now," I cried; "I am so nervous and confused that indeed I cannot. But, Jack, you must know this: I met a man in a street car last night. I thought he was a Confederate officer, but he was really the bank robber. He had some papers in a satchel. He said they were Confederate despatches. I put them in the post for him. Maybe they were—I think they must have been—all your certificates and bonds."

"And you posted them?" cried Jack. "You posted them?"

"I posted them this morning."

"And to whom were they addressed?"

"I know that much," I replied, taking a paper from my pocket eagerly. "I re-directed them and put a line inside of each, asking them if they were received to put some advertisement that I could understand into the New York personals."

In a few moments Jack was in a hack driving fast to the postoffice, which he meant to take on his way to Federal hill. Having a good deal of political influence,

which in those days untied red tape, he got possession of the three packages, which had just been brought in.

Meantime the Zouave captain, returning to the hospital, found Belle still sitting on her chair, watched by policemen. Mrs. Stapleton, in the confusion, had managed to slip away. The bank robber had been removed to the police station. He had played his last card when he had tried to pass off for that well-known Confederate, Mr. Stapleton. On the strength of the name of Mrs. Stapleton on the card that I had given the young captain, the colonel had addressed him as Mr. Stapleton and, to use a schoolroom vulgarism, he had at once "caught on." He knew that that gentleman, if captured, would be sent at once to a military prison, and once there he would doubtless have hastened to take the oath of allegiance, would have enlisted in the army of the United States and have regained his liberty. In any event, Elmira or Point Lookout were better than the penitentiary.

There was nothing proved against Belle, and on Jack's arrival she was at once dismissed. As the young captain put her into the hack their hands met, and hers returned the pressure.

"I can never thank you enough," she said.

"May I call on you?" he answered.

"No," she replied. "Between us and

you there is a great gulf fixed until this war is over. I dare not pass it. Social intercourse between us would never do."

* * * * *

Belle Armstrong has long since been married. Her husband is a good man but does not half appreciate her value.

She was looking over her old desk the other day, and I was alone in the room with her. Among the bygone memories laid up in it—locks of her children's hair in babyhood, letters from old schoolmates, etc.—was a scrap of newspaper. Belle sighed as she held it in her hand.

"What have you got there, dear?" I asked, seeing her face clouded.

Belle read the paper slowly: "Of the Brooklyn Zouave regiment, so long stationed at Fort Federal hill in Baltimore, which, when organized, contained 1200 men, only sixty of those originally enlisted have returned home safe and sound. The rest have been either killed, disabled or discharged."

"Yes," resumed Belle, pursuing her own thoughts, "I behaved very badly to him, but I could not help it. In those days it would not have done—"

"No, of course not," I said confidently.

"He was killed soon after they left Baltimore, at Chancellorsville," said Belle softly. "If he had lived and had come back after the war was over—perhaps—who knows—?"

SONNET.

"He shall not boast who puts his armor on
As he who puts it off, the battle won."—LONGFELLOW.

He boasts who dauntless puts his armor on,
Seeking with burning eyes the burning sun,
Where his heart's flame ascends. His soul soars high
With glorious faith. Sweet poet, let thy pen
Forbear to chide youth's glad audacity.
When shall he boast, alas! who boasts not then,
In his own arm deliverance of men?
He shall not boast who sees the battle done,
Though laurelled fame oppress his jaded brow.
With calm intensity the changeless sun
Serves but the faces of the dead to show.
Ay! let the victor cast his armor now.
It was not so he dreamed. Within closed doors
Let him forget. Mock him with no applause.

A REVOLUTION IN ENGLISH SOCIETY.

BY HENRY ARTHUR HERBERT OF MUCKROSS.

FOR fully forty years London has been the world's social centre. It is alike the shrine of the pilgrim seeking after social recognition and the oracle which utters the gospel of "society." Its salons, filled by men whose policy controls the destiny of empires; by those who set the pace in letters, art and fashion; by beautiful, brilliant women, represent a society criticised and imitated in about an equal degree upon this side of the Atlantic. It was the writer's lot to enter that society at a period when it was undergoing a certain process of transition. To review briefly the causes and the effect of this transition is part of his aim.

In this article are chronicled anecdotally some facts regarding a number of "women of society" who come from both the titled and the untitled classes of the United Kingdom.

Beautiful, distinguished and surrounded by all the temptations incidental to a life of luxury and leisure, not once has the breath of scandal stirred to wither the freshness of their fair fame. A society with such products cannot be as bad as it is often painted.

There is no more notable period in London's social history than that which dawned with the year 1861. It was also the eve of an event having a vitally important bearing upon the approaching change in manners. From 1840 to 1860 the influence of her majesty Queen Victoria had been paramount in forming the tone of society. The gross excesses of the Georgian period had prepared people

for reform. There was a natural reaction, and the sated appetite of society, fed upon husks for more than half a century, welcomed a change. The queen's domestic and simple life, together with her distinct discouragement of anything in the shape of fast tendencies in others, had created in the upper circles of English society a state of affairs which, during twenty

years, had been uniformly moral and, in contrast to that which preceded it, actually puritanical. The British matron, strict and uncompromising in her insistence upon the observance of a rigid propriety, had had it all her own way. Suddenly an event occurred destined to play a large part in changing all this. The prince consort, pure of mind and lofty of purpose, had ably seconded the queen's efforts to promote the moral welfare of her subjects. Amid the

regrets of a nation he was prematurely taken off during the last days of the year 1861, and his royal widow, grief-stricken, retired from public gaze into the seclusion of a protracted retirement. Next year the Prince of Wales was married, and upon him henceforth devolved, for many years, the performance of the social functions of royalty. As leader of society the prince had, of course, the power to form its tone. His example would of necessity be followed, and his mistakes, as readily as his wise actions, be zealously noted and emulated. He entered upon his task with a very young man's natural desire to make the most of life, whetted, possibly, by the fact that



LADY ARDILAUN.

hitherto he had been subject to certain restraints which the atmosphere of the court imposed upon all who came within its influence. Society, too, was just about this time beginning to show signs of a reactionary feeling in favor of freer manners. The sway of the British matron, autocratic as it had been for many years previous, was about to be imperilled. High life was soon to be invaded by a less refined type of woman, inferior in mind and in the capacity for carrying herself through the vortex of fashion.

The effect of the Prince of Wales's accession to the foremost position in England was to render admission to the charmed inner circle possible to many who would formerly have sought in vain to attain such a privilege. This was due to the prince's naturally easy temper and bonhomie, and to his disposition to regard less seriously the unwritten laws of class exclusiveness. There were also two other causes which tended to support the royal policy in addition to that already referred to—the wave of reaction which was slowly advancing over society. These two causes were the wonderfully increased facilities for rapid transit throughout the United Kingdom, and the operation of the Parliamentary Reform acts.

It may be wondered how such things could affect the leisure class of a country. It is easily explained. The railroads brought London within reach of every section of the provinces, and the manufacturers in the great provincial cities, who had of recent years rapidly acquired wealth, cast their eyes toward the metropolis. In the past they had been content to remain local magnates and receive the homage of local society. But

easy access to London altered the spirit of their dreams. Desire for distinction in the grand centre followed fast upon the acquisition of wealth. It need not be said that they received considerable spur to their ambition from aspiring wives and daughters.

The Reform acts had meantime brought about changes in the system of parliamentary representation, and placed the distinction of M. P. within reach of many who in the old days would have found the halls of St. Stephen's absolutely barred

against them. This new element in the House of Commons was the indirect means of bringing into upper society many ladies of the *nouveaux riches*. And how? Simply in this wise. Wealth was growing daily more and more of a factor in social life, and it speedily became an entering wedge for the ambition of those who sought social advancement. The rich men from the provinces, many of whom had been elected members of parliament, now had the privilege of attending many functions to which



MRS. EVERETT.

the mere fact that they wrote M. P. after their names secured them admission. Their wives shared this privilege with them. Then they began to maintain splendid establishments in London, and their costly entertainments soon attracted the biggest kind of people. The greatest swells were not above accepting the hospitality of these rich men, who vied with one another in lavish expenditure, and whose daughters, frequently possessing no small share of wealth and personal charms, thus came in contact with the upper ten thousand and obtained an entrée into the houses of the great. To aid in this general result came the liberal social policy of the Prince of Wales, in

whose hands now rested, consequent upon the queen's retirement, censorship over the personnel of the attendance at those Open Sesames to recognition in society—the royal levees and drawing rooms.

The chief causes of the social revolution which first gave faint signs of its approach during 1861, and began to take definite shape about the spring of 1862, thereafter steadily gaining ground until its mission was accomplished, have each been recited in turn, and before proceeding to speak of the gradual change in the personal manners of the fair fashionables of England which followed in the wake of the new order of things, it will be interesting to glance briefly at the relations at this period of American society with that of England. Fifth avenue and Mayfair had not then established the entente cordiale which now prevails. No modern ocean greyhounds were scouring the Atlantic, which, viewed as a separating gulf between the two countries, was not yet reduced to the minor importance of a ferry, but still retained its pristine grandeur as a dividing waste of waves. Hardly any Americans were seen in London society, and the comparatively small number who visited England did not seem to trouble themselves about its beau monde. Leaving aside the fact that the civil conflict had just been precipitated in America, the changes which have led up to our present possession of what is practically a leisure class were not as yet accomplished facts. Nor did Englishmen visit America then as they do now. For either nationality a trip across the Atlantic meant a serious undertaking not to be lightly risked. Neither people were in any real sense properly or intelligently acquainted with the other, and the effect was seen in the mistaken popular ideas which prevailed on both sides of the ocean. English people really used to believe in the pistol-carrying, tobacco-chewing American who "guessed" at all things, as a pure national type; while in the United States the notion prevailed regarding Englishmen, that the typical



LADY MUSGRAVE.

Briton was an aggressive, domineering individual who dressed like John Bull.

When the heir apparent assumed the leadership of English society, temporarily delegated to him by his royal mother, who, it was then generally surmised, would never again appear in public, there ensued, after the usual period of mourning for the prince consort had expired, a marked increase in the number of entertainments and the gayety of each successive season was largely augmented. From thence may be dated the slow but sure decadence of Almack's. Almack's was for years the English counterpart of the Patriarch balls in New York, the dances given there being subscription affairs of a similar character. Here, however, the comparison ends. The ballroom at Almack's was twice as large as the best room in Delmonico's establishment in New York. The attendance was always immensely large and brilliantly representative of London's highest circles. Perfect as the arrangements usually were, the writer recalls one rather ludicrous incident that occurred during the height of a brilliant night at Almack's. At one end



LADY ARDILAUN.

of the ballroom several tiers of seats had been placed and upon these were ensconced in solemn state a number of ancient dowagers. During the height of the revelry there suddenly rose above the gay music of the band a series of shrill screams accompanied by a crashing noise. The startled dancers, turning in the direction of the sounds, were astounded to observe that the seats containing the dowagers had collapsed, leaving their recent occupants in peculiarly awkward and undignified attitudes, from which they had to be extricated as delicately as was practicable.

Almack's suffered more and more as the number of private dances multiplied. People began to fall away from it, as there daily remained less inducement to pay for a kind of amusement which could be had for nothing. In the course of a few years this species of semi-private ball died a natural death.

The great houses of London about this time were those of the late Earl of Derby, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lansdowne, and last, but greatest, Lord Palmerston. To be seen at a reception at one of these houses was sufficient firmly to establish the social position of any man or woman. It was well understood that no one could possibly be admitted there upon whom rested the slightest suspicion of being in the least "off color."

The receptions at Lady Palmerston's, however, completely outshone those elsewhere. The splendid mansion on Piccadilly—now the quarters of a military club—was the focus of all the wit and rank and beauty of the world's metropolis. Prime minister and politician though he was, the life and centre of an illustrious administration and the leader of a great party, Lord Palmerston, so far as his social affiliations were concerned, recognized no limits either to his acquaintance or his hospitality. You met everyone at his house—that is, everyone who was anybody or was worth meeting. There was no distinction of politics, creed or nationality in the crowd that thronged the spacious suite of rooms every Saturday night, when the charming presence of Lady Palmerston shed radiance around as she moved among the company as hostess. This was the *salon par excellence* of that day in Europe. There you heard all the *bon mots*, anecdote and gossip of the hour. The universal query upon Sunday afternoon, when people casually met one another, would be: "Were you at Pam's last night?" And to admit that you were not at "Pam's" was to admit that you were not "in it" at all.

It was altogether a notable period in English contemporary life, and had it been only distinguished as marking the



LADY WALDEN.

revolt of British maidenhood against the staid primness of the British matron, it would deserve to be specially remembered. Fashion was already changing the old order of things, and a new code of "form," regulating the actions of women in society, was being adopted. Hitherto certain things had not been fashionable and certain others had regulated the conduct of ladies with an iron hand. The hours for riding in the Park were between twelve and two P. M., but soon it got to be equally correct to appear in the Row from five to seven P. M. It was not admissible to join a lady you might meet, either upon horseback or afoot, unless some other member of her family was riding or walking with her. As few ladies rode out alone, this rule was not difficult to observe, but ere long it became customary to dispense with the family escort, and substitute a groom, who followed at a respectful distance, while the privilege was tacitly accorded gentlemen of joining the lady in the ride. No lady ever was seen alone upon the street with any gentleman unless she were engaged to him and, in fact, the appearance of the twain together in public unaccompanied by others was looked on as an actual announcement of their engagement. This rule was also doomed to become very much modified. The etiquette of hunting was materially changing. Attendance upon horseback at the various meets was always affected by ladies. But any woman who followed the hounds across country was considered decidedly fast. By degrees women grew to be as enthusiastic hunters as men ever were, and dashing, spirited riding over fence and brook was as characteristic of Diana as of Nimrod. The formation of country clubs for indulgence in various kinds of sports was growing in favor. Women were admitted into these clubs, and this innovation was one of



LADY DUDLEY.

the most important signs of the prevailing spirit of change. The diversion of pigeon shooting, being a most popular outdoor sport, called for the organization of a leading country club. Hitherto it had been indulged in at Hornsey Wood, but was eventually moved to a better location, nearer to London and affording improved facilities. The new clubhouse and grounds at Hurlingham were now gay and ani-

ated with the presence of ladies, and tea parties became an annex to the sport at the traps. Polo and lawn tennis were also played. The Prince of Wales was one of the patrons of Hurlingham, and he, with his distinguished following, established the place in the front rank of fashionable resorts.

Driving four-in-hand coaches to the great race meetings was not a new thing to the fashionables of the early sixties, but before the decade was over twenty coaches could be seen along the course at Ascot,



MRS. VERSCHOYLE.

Goodwood or Epsom for every one that was visible formerly. Ladies' attendance at races immensely increased, and the coach tops were gorgeous with female raiment and female beauty. Nowhere else in the world could then, nor can there now, be seen so splendid a sight of its kind as the royal inclosure at Ascot Races on the Cup Day. The array of magnificent drags and coaches, the bright costumes and rare loveliness of the women, and the general gathering

of rank and fashion, form a combination of color and social distinction which has no counterpart on earth. The galaxy of beauty on such occasions is now enhanced in brilliancy by the presence of the many fair Americans who have made their homes in England.

That part of the famous Hyde Park—known the world over as Rotten Row—which has received the name of the "Ladies' Mile" presents a splendid appearance when thronged with riders during the fashionable hours on each day during the season. In its own way it is as unique as Ascot, for its display of skilful equestriennes is larger and finer than any city in any other country can boast. The women who throng the Ladies' Mile on horseback are, most of them, absolute mistresses of their art. So gracefully do they carry themselves, so firm is their seat and so thorough their control over their steeds, that one might almost fancy they had been born in the saddle. No matter what the horse's pace—whether he be cantering, trotting or walking, the perfect grace and mastery of the fair rider are alike apparent. There seems no end to the gay procession of these ladies, who appear in countless numbers in "the Row" during the hours appointed by society, and



THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

with their handsome faces, becoming high hats and well-fitting habits, delight the onlooker and

"Witch the world with noble horsemanship."

Love of outdoor exercise was at all periods a special characteristic of Englishwomen, as well as of their Scotch and Irish sisters. To walk ten or fifteen miles a day was considered no extraordinary feat for one of them to accomplish, and powers of this sort enabled them to take kindly and readily

to the growing fashion for open-air sports. Rowing was fast coming forward as a desirable recreation for ladies. About twenty-two miles from London, on the banks of the Thames near Maidenhead, was, and is still situated, a fine old inn dating from the posting days, when her majesty's mails were carried over the country in red-painted coaches, and railroads were unknown. This inn, known as Skindle's, was for years a favorite meeting place for select parties from London, and from private country houses along the river. People of society came down there to dine and enjoy a few hours' boating. The lawn of the old house sloped to the river edge, and there, under shady trees, pleasure boats of all kinds were moored to a slip. Later on the Brigade of Guards had its boat clubhouse right across the road from the inn, the catering for the club being done by the latter. In 1861, and for some years after, an old-time simplicity distinguished the arrangements at Skindle's. The bill of fare did not run above roast and boiled joints, ducks and green peas, bacon and beans, whitebait and gudgeon, chickens, etc. There was no elaborate menu, and no stronger liquids than cider cup or sherry. The inn was conducted as it always had been, and

this fact constituted its great charm. The river reaches above and below Maidenhead are of surpassing beauty. Near by are Taplow and Clifden woods. There the river bank is fully 300 feet in height and covered with grand trees hundreds of years old. The beautiful residence at Clifden is now owned by the Duke of Westminster. Gay boating parties were constantly fitting out from the slip at the old inn, and it was an ordinary thing to come upon a fair damsel rowing alone in a skiff or to encounter a crew of robust girls skimming over the water in a four-oared shell.

Skindle's has greatly changed since those days. All sorts and conditions of Londoners have replaced the former small parties of society men and women, and great mixed crowds affect the place, which has lost all its ancient simplicity. The old bill of fare has given place to an elaborate menu of many courses; and instead of cider cup the guests call for champagne and even stronger drinks. The great attraction is still, of course, the river, rowing being more than ever a favorite pastime with the fair sex. Nowadays, when a fleet of pleasure boats is passing through the locks, it is common for a society queen to find herself compelled to rub shoulders over the gunwale with a lady star of the music halls.

In addition to their adoption of rowing, hunting, going to Hurlingham, and the great advance in favor of coaching to the race-courses, ladies began to give occasional evidence of their ability to handle successfully a fishing rod. The laborious sport of deerstalking was sometimes indulged in, and as regards salmon fishing—a sport requiring very considerable skill and untiring patience as well as a strong arm—the writer has gone fishing on the Laune river at Killarney with a lady who, in his sight, killed eight large salmon during one day, and this notwithstanding that she was a stranger to the pools in which she fished—a very important matter to an angler of either sex.

The changes in ballroom manners and etiquette which began

during the period to which this article refers were sufficiently radical to justify reference to them. It had always been an invariable rule that unmarried ladies attending balls and dancing parties should never leave their chaperons during the intervals between the numbers. If a man wished to secure a partner he was obliged to go to the chaperon for his fair lady, and immediately upon the cessation of the dance was expected to lead his partner straight back to her seat beside the duenna. Wandering off indefinitely into distant parts of the room was out of the question. We all know how these things are ordered now. But in this connection, as in every other to which allusion has been made, the authority of the British matron was relaxing. She, in company with the British duenna, was, before the clamor of the juniors, being relegated, with her sway, to the dim background. The appearance upon the social stage of the professional beauty, that peculiar product which was not indigenuous to the beau monde, but owed its introduction therein to its merits as an "ar-



LADY E. WHITE.

ticle," so to speak, which contributed to the entertainment of the great, was an event somewhat later than 1861, but still within the period written of here. Previously society had been content with its own beautiful grandes dames, and upon the introduction of the professional beauty what struck the writer most was the lack of real dignity about the position of the latter. The fact that she seemed to depend on her beauty for her introduction—that it was her stock in trade, bereft of which her presence in those dazzling halls would cease to have any *raison d'être*—hopelessly prevented, in the writer's eyes and in those of many others, the professional beauty's position from being other than anomalous. There is no intention to assert that any well-bred woman should not be received in high life without criticism—whether she be born to it or not—but in the case of the professional beauty it seemed so much a question of her being "on exhibition," and that she was sought after solely because of her physical advantages, without any reference to those of either her mind or birth.

As straws serve to show the way the wind blows, so did the various little changes in etiquette and the adoption of new forms of recreation by women, concurrently with the extension of their participation in the more masculine forms of sport, afford a sure indication of a gradual revolution in manners. The wheel revolved, until finally English society completed the revision of its code—the code which has guided it for years and directs it today.

In recalling the glories of the beautiful women whose portraits grace these pages, and the majority of whom continue to the present day cherished ornaments of English society, the writer is irresistibly led to reflect upon the contrast between them and the professional beauties to whom allusion has been already made. In the former instance prominence in the gay world came to our heroines naturally and easily, as a part of their birthright. If they were not all of purely aristocratic origin each was connected, either



LADY ILCHESTER.

by ties of relationship or through the enjoyment of a certain social standing, with the higher circles. They bore their honors with the easy grace of people used to their surroundings and secure in their position. In actual physical beauty they quite outranked the professional favorites of society, while distinguished manners added to their other attractions a peculiar charm. Nor were they lacking in virtues of head and heart.

As regards the other picture, when one turns to it he is differently impressed. The spectacle of the professional beauty, whose position has been already defined, is a very tawdry one. Pushed forward into notice by the fast set for their own delectation, the professional beauty was simply inferior in all respects to the grande dame, whose place, indeed, she never really usurped.

A tender romance is interwoven with the life story of more than one of these fair faces. While we survey them with an admiring interest, it is good to remember that in several instances they call also for our sympathy. Some of them are examples of the truth that beauty, wealth and station will not always suffice to satisfy the longings of the heart. For some the simple, oft-told tale had potency to shape their lives, while more ambitious

sisters could whisper in the statesman's ear and make or mar a policy. But what of unrequited love or disappointed ambition?

The fame of the lovely daughters of Sir Thomas Moncrieff is European. One of them was specially prominent as the presumed fiancée of the Marquis of Waterford, the present wearer of that great Irish name. Lord Waterford, then Lord Tyrone, was one of the most dashing and gallant figures in English society, and naturally attracted the fairest of the other sex, many of whom would gladly and proudly have borne his name. His attentions to Miss Moncrieff were the subject of considerable comment, and it was understood that she regarded him with more than ordinary favor. One morning society was startled by the news that Mrs. Vivian, wife of a younger brother of Lord Vivian, had left London with Lord Waterford. She lived but one year after her subsequent marriage to the latter. Miss Moncrieff soon consoled herself by wedding the middle-aged Earl of Dudley. Few men could well have been more opposite in their general characteristics than Lord Waterford and he. Earl Dudley was heavy and prosaic, his personal advantages being typical rather of the bourgeois than the peer, and up to the date of his marriage was supposed to be subject to delusions. Waterford was a preux chevalier, the representative of a race historically picturesque in war, in sport and social conquest. Lady Dudley has figured since as one of the fairest of English high-born dames. Her unrivalled complexion, wonderful eyes, perfect figure and indescribable charm of manner gained her an enviable celebrity as just as it was universal.

Frances, Countess Waldegrave, who, at her suburban seat of Strawberry Hill, maintained the most notable open-air salon of the day—her garden parties being the rendezvous of wits, *littérateurs* and political notables—was a social arbiter of the highest class. She was married four times, her last husband being Chichester Fortescue, afterwards Baron Carlingford. When Mr. Fortescue was Chief Secretary for Ireland his wife and he were one night among the occupants of a box on the occasion of a Command night at the Dublin theatre. The house was packed, and during an interval the usual chaffing was being indulged in among the gods, those noisy but witty denizens of the theatre gallery. Suddenly the words rang out in clear tones from the region of the ceiling: "Lady Waldegrave, which of the four did you like best?" Her ladyship promptly rose and readily responded, "The Irishman," her reply being greeted with an enthusiasm more easily imagined than described.



MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE.

There used to be no more charming house in London than that in which the Countess of Dartrey held her salon, frequented by the most distinguished people in politics, art and literature. Her bosom friend, the Countess of Donoughmore, had also a salon, which enjoyed about an equal prestige, and was remarkable for the same features as Lady Dartrey's. Leaders of society both these ladies were, in the truest, best and highest sense. Their rare tact and unflinching *savoir faire* enabled them to acquire an unusual social, and it was strongly suspected, political influence. Lady Dartrey's daughter married Lord Ilchester, who owns the exquisite country seat of Abbotsbury, in the south of England. This delightful residence,



MRS. CORNWALLIS WEST.

centuries old, remains unaltered, and with its ancient gardens and unique swannery, the native abode of wild swans, is one of the most interesting places in England. Its mistress can wear an opera cloak trimmed with down from her own swans, a fact which, if not very important, is certainly remarkable, for a swannery, peopled with wild swans, is a very uncommon thing indeed, and the Earl of Ilchester's is one of the few in England. Lady Ilchester possesses the famous black pearls of the Empress Eugénie, besides unusually magnificent family jewellery which she, however, curiously enough, displays little desire to wear in public places.

One of the fairest daughters of the noble house of Anglesey was Lady Florence Paget, who broke the hearts of innumerable swains from the night she first made her appearance in a London drawing room. She finally became engaged to Henry Chaplin, an extensive landowner, at present Minister of Agriculture under Lord Salisbury's government. But when the young Marquis of Hastings sought her hand, which he did in spite of the fact that she was already betrothed, she jilted her fiancé to wed this later love. All is fair in courtship as in war, and Chaplin set

out to have his revenge. The battlefield was the racecourse. The rivals were each very prominent on the turf, and during one particular year both had horses which were favorites for the Derby. The evening of the Derby day in that year, which saw the vast crowds returning to London from Epsom Downs, found the Marquis of Hastings a ruined man. Chaplin's horse had won the Derby, and from that hour began the downward course of the rival who had won in love only to lose in war. Lord Hastings's melancholy career, which terminated in a premature grave, is a sad chapter in the social chronicles of England.

The handsome widow of Lord Londesborough, who afterwards married Lord Otho Fitzgerald, a scion of the illustrious Geraldines of Ireland, was happy in the possession of an immense fortune, a splendid house in Carlton House Terrace, and one of the rarest and

most valuable collections of bric-à-brac and articles of vertu in the world, among which was the original of Landseer's great picture, *The Monarch of the Glen*.

The Duke of Marlborough, who married Mrs. Hamersley in New York a few years ago, had for his first wife a sister of the present Marchioness of Lansdowne. This lady, who divorced the duke, is the only woman in England who, having passed through the ordeal of divorce, will be received at court by Queen Victoria. So great was her reputation for amiability and virtue that the queen insisted upon thus honoring her.

Politeness to their equals was not the invariable rule with society women. An unpublished anecdote of Lady Egerton of Tatton will illustrate this. The Earl of Ranfurley, an officer in the Guards, was present one night at a reception given by Lady Egerton. Her ladyship, meeting him in the midst of the crowded rooms, remarked that she had not invited him to be present. Lord Ranfurley, after saying that he had been invited, withdrew, and next day sent to Lord Egerton a letter reverting to his experience of the previous night and inclosing the invitation he had received to attend the reception.

This was met with profuse apologies from the Egertons, coupled with an invitation to dinner, which Lord Ranfurley declined. At the next ball given by Lady Egerton that season the officers of the Brigade of Guards were conspicuous by their absence, thus resenting the rudeness offered to their comrade in arms.

A favorite expression of Lady Egerton's shows the spirit of give and take which prevailed about this period and tended to further the social ambition of newcomers who had ample means to entertain. "With us," remarked her ladyship, "it is cutlet for cutlet."

Lady Musgrave and Mrs. Cornwallis West occupied the throne of the professional beauty for some years. Both, undeniably, were exceeding fair, and it is proper to add that they deserve distinction from the professional beauties of their time. Of course they are still prominent in society. Mrs. Cornwallis West had many delightful accomplishments which served to increase her popularity. She was a charming singer, and the writer has often listened with infinite pleasure to her wonderful rendering of old Irish songs. At a bazaar which was held on the grounds of Muckross House to raise funds for the Killarney



LADY EMILY HAMILTON.

church, Mrs. Cornwallis West, after exerting herself all day at her stall, held up her hat and offered it to the highest bidder. The fair auctioneer was at once surrounded by an enthusiastic group of men, who bid hotly against each other for the prize, which was finally knocked down for five-and-twenty pounds and immediately returned to the owner as a gift.

The ladies White, daughters of the Earl of Bantry, who respectively married Mr. Egerton of Leigh and Sir Arthur Guinness, now Lord Ardilaun, head of the great Dublin brewing firm, were remarkable for the contrast in their personal appearance, one being of the dark Iberian type, and the other a pure English blonde. Lady Ardilaun's vast hospitalities at Cong Abbey and at St. Anne's, her splendid country seat near Dublin, remove her family from the accusation of absenteeism.

Miss Weir-Hogg, daughter of Sir James Weir-Hogg, who maintained a handsome residence in Carlton House Terrace, which had been irreverently nicknamed "The Piggery," had a capacity for repartee which she used to advantage on occasion. One day in the Park, while conversing with a gentleman who was unaware of her identity, Miss Hogg was asked if she were going that evening to a ball at "The



LADY DOWNSHIRE.

Piggery." Not a whit disconcerted, she naively replied: "Oh, yes; and I'm one of the litter, you know."

A daughter of Bernal Osborne, who was a very rich Irish landowner and celebrated as the joker of the House of Commons, was a great society favorite. She wedded an officer of the Royal Irish Constabulary named Blake. As her sister had married the Duke of St. Albans, Mrs. Blake was considered by her parents to have contracted a mesalliance, and their great fortune was bequeathed solely to her sister,

the entrance to Hyde Park. Being left a widow, she re-married, her second husband being Tom Hohler, the great tenor singer.

Miss Edith Montgomery, who became Marchioness of Queensberry, was always referred to as "a very pretty woman," and, curiously enough, this was always insisted upon as a subtle distinction, and if you ventured to call her "handsome" you were sure to be corrected.

The Duchess of Montrose, now re-married, is an active patron of the turf. No race meeting of any importance is complete without her presence. Her turf name is "Mr. Manton." She is a heavy bettor and possesses one of the finest racing stables in England. Her horses have from time to time won great stakes. Her dress and ensemble suggest a fondness for the turf.

The Duchess of Wellington, daughter-in-law of the Iron Duke, had a salon of considerable pretensions. Her sister is Lady Emily Peel, wife of Sir Robert Peel, son of the statesman. Madame de Persigny, wife of the French ambassador at St. James, was chic, popular and clever. The Countess of Shannon was a great beauty and a horsewoman of extraordinary skill.

These, selected at random from a vast acquaintance, are a few of the noble women who, perpetually living in the blaze of fashionable life and exposed to all the temptations which such a life implies, were at once distinguished for their virtue and their beauty. Many fair Americans have, through marriage, joined their ranks of recent years, and sharing with their adopted sisters all the advantages of wealth and station, share with them also the priceless guerdon of untarnished reputation won and sustained by spotless lives. Let us hope that in the generations which succeed our own their bright example will be emulated.



LADY LANSDOWNE.

the duchess. But Mrs. Blake's sympathies were altogether with her native Ireland and she did not repent her choice. Her loyalty was rewarded by the advancement of her husband to high rank in the colonial service, and he is now Governor of the Island of Jamaica.

The Duchess of Newcastle was a famous heiress. Her father owned and occupied Halford House, the largest residence in London, situated at Stanhope Gate, beside





EVOLUTION AND CHRISTIANITY.

THIRD PAPER.—THE CAUSES OF EVOLUTION.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART.



THE grave difficulty concerning the problem of evolution—the difficulty of determining what agency has the better claim to be regarded as the most efficient in effecting it—now presents itself. The arguments brought forward in our last article seem to us amply sufficient to show that the simultaneous and successive actions of the destructive powers of nature, i.e., “natural selection,” do not suffice as any adequate explanation. We saw that plain evidence exists of each organism being the theatre of some active innate power which governs its development and results in the manifestation of those various forms of symmetry we there brought to the notice of our readers.

Now the difficulty which attends this sort of inquiry arises from the fact that persons are little accustomed to pay attention to what goes on in their own minds. Yet, in order to be able to judge about other organisms we must understand our own mental nature. But while we all of us easily enough apply ourselves to whatever is external to us—and in infancy and early childhood the mind is exclusively so occupied—it needs many efforts and much perseverance in order to obtain facility in observing our own internal mental acts and to scrutinize and analyze our own feelings.

An inquiry into the genesis of species is an inquiry in which such scrutiny has necessarily an important place, for it is, in fact, a philosophical inquiry, and not one which merely regards physical science. It concerns only indirectly such things as we can see and handle, and is

directly occupied about things invisible and intangible, the existence of which can be known to us by inference and reasoning only.

Such is necessarily the case, because a species is itself a thing which, as such, has no real existence at all, save as exemplified in the various concrete individual creatures which, by their characters, bring back that idea to our minds. We all learn what we mean by “ox, horse,” and that many individuals of such kinds exist; but we also know that the species horse can neither be caught or stabled or groomed or ridden.

Thus we are compelled to deal not merely with physical science, but with what may be termed the “science of science” or philosophy. A little patience and perseverance are, however, all that is needed for our purpose, for just as “science” is nothing more than common sense used with special care, so philosophy is nothing more than plain reason used in a careful way.

And no educated man should rest satisfied without trying to understand it, for otherwise his knowledge, sufficient as it may be for many purposes, would nevertheless be without a solid, logical basis, since such questions underlie all physical science and are implied in every scientific truth which has ever been established. Thus, in fact, every man must, consciously or unconsciously, have some system of philosophy whether he will or no; but a reasonable man will try and get as reasonable a view of things as he can, and to such a man it may seem worth while to spend a little time and take a little trouble with respect to questions which constitute the foundations of all his knowledge.

In the first place such a thing as cer-

tainty exists and cannot be denied, for to deny it is necessarily to affirm it. If anyone were to affirm nothing is certain, he would thereby affirm the certainty of uncertainty and so refute himself. Secondly, it is most certain that we can perceive our own feelings, our present and past continuous existence and the universality and necessity of certain principles—notably the principle of contradiction, which affirms that nothing can at the same time both "be" and "not be."

To deny any of these truths necessarily leads at once to a scepticism which is absurd because self-refuting, and they are also vouched for by the most certain of all characters—their own "self-evidence."

I have not space at my disposal here to go into the arguments which support these fundamental truths, but must content myself with referring my readers to my work *On Truth*; there they are gone into at length.

Assuming, then, the absolute verity of these fundamental truths, we would here call attention to the fact that what is thus supremely true is not anything to be apprehended by the senses, but by the reason.

What the senses have experienced—many of the sights we have seen and the sounds we have heard, as well as past sensations of touch—will often appear before the mind again. We can imagine them (as it is called) and the imagination is continually made use of by us in all our most abstract reasoning, and our imaginations depend on our past sense-experiences. Nevertheless the intellect is not tied down to the faculty of sense; for though nothing can be imagined which has not been experienced by our sensitive faculty, many things can be conceived of which have never been thus experienced. That our power of mental conception is not tied down to experience is shown by the fact that we can conceive of our possessing additional senses to those we have.

We can conceive of the act of sight (which most certainly itself was never produced by the senses) and even of our own annihilation.

Thus it is intellect and not sense which is necessarily influenced. Even in performing physical experiments, when we have done observing and experimenting,

how do we know that we have obtained such results as we may have obtained, except by our intellect? How are we otherwise to judge between what may seem to be the conflicting indication of different senses—impressions? Nothing could be more foolish than to undervalue the testimony of the senses, and the senses plainly serve as tests and causes of certainty, but they are not and cannot be the test of it.

Certainty belongs to thought and to thought only. Self-conscious, reflective thought, then, is our ultimate and absolute criterion. It is by thought only—by the self-conscious intellect—that we know we have "feelings" at all. Without that, we might indeed feel, but we could not know that we felt or know ourselves in feeling. Our ultimate court of appeal and supreme ambition is the intellect and not sense. It is the intellect perceiving truth, and perceiving that such truth is self-evident and neither needs nor can receive proof.

Our purpose in calling our readers' attention to some of the wonderful characteristics of the human intellect is to get him the better to appreciate the nature of that power which our consciousness recognizes as energizing in our own intellectual activity.

By reflection we recognize that we know intimately, by and in our consciousness, a continuously existing something which is conscious of successive objects and events and is capable of holding them before it in one conception, as parts of a series which it transcends. Such a principle, aware of the kinds and directions of its activities, present to them all, and capable of reviewing its own internal states and external objects and events in various orders, cannot itself be multitudinous but must be as much of a unity as anything we can think of. If then there are such things as material substances and physical forces (as we should be mad to doubt) it is simply certain that this principle is neither the one nor the other, but stands out in the strongest contrast with both.

Thus, since each man knows that it is he who merely feels as well as he who thinks, he may be certain, if he reflects upon it, that his body and his thinking principle are one unity. He knows that he is a unity with two sets of faculties, material

and mechanical in one aspect, immaterial and non-mechanical in the other aspect. No certainty we can attain to about any other objects can be nearly so certain as this certainty which we know about our own being ; first, its active, immaterial aspect, and secondly, its material, mechanical aspect. That each man is a substantial, definitely organized substance in one unity, with a dynamic, immaterial principle which is revealed in consciousness, is the first truth of physical science. It is emphatically the fundamental truth of the science of living things, for of no living thing can any man have so complete a knowledge as he has of himself.

By causing us to recognize in our consciousness this innate, internal energy which permeates our material body and forms one with it, science reveals to us a sufficient cause for all other powers and activities—for we are bound not to call in the aid of a second principle when one is sufficient to account for all clear phenomena.

This active principle, then, acts with intelligent consciousness in certain actions, with mere sensitivity in many other actions, such as respiration, vegetation, etc., but mainly in a manner which is unfelt—as in the intimate processes of nutrition, growth and the repair of injuries.

We have already considered the wonderful process whereby the individual animal embryo is developed and formed. But no less essentially wonderful is that process of self-generation which is continually taking place in all of us during healthy life—I mean the ordinary growth of nutrition. Nutrition could not be effected were not fresh nutritive material conveyed all over the body to replace its wear and tear, and it is so conveyed by the circulating system—or system of blood vessels and other vascular canals. Yet, however copious and persistent may be this supply of nutriment, nutriment could not take place had not the various substances of the body the power to extract nutritious material from the blood and build it up, each into its own kind of substance—nerve, muscle, skin or what not. These various substances do not, of course, exist as such in the blood ; it is the different kind of living substances which have the power to tear from the blood what they

respectively need and change the substance thus appropriated into their own substance.

Thus the living particles which form the ultimate substance of the body exercise a certain power of choice with respect to the contents of the fluids which come in contact with them. Such particles are not mere passive bodies, they are active, living agents. And it is not, indeed, the blood exclusively which is the direct agent in nutrition, since the blood has the power of replenishing itself and repairing its own losses out of the fluids obtained from the food. In this way the ordinary, natural growth of the healthy body is a sort of self-generation, as is also the wonderful process of repair after injury. Thus, after a wound has been inflicted, a perfectly structureless fluid will be poured forth from the parts about it. Therein cells will soon arise and produce an incipient structure which will by degrees (under favorable circumstances) transform itself into vessels, tendons, nerves, bone and skin, according to the circumstances of the case. When a bone is broken its two edges will soften, while an intermediate substance is formed which is at first jelly-like, then gristle-like, and at last bony. Sometimes very complex structures may be reproduced. Thus, a railway guard met with an accident which necessitated the removal of his elbow. Yet a new joint was afterwards formed almost as good as the old one. The arm was almost as useful as ever and the poor fellow was able, as before, to swing himself by it from one carriage to another while the train was in motion. Nine years after the operation the patient died and the arm was then carefully examined. It was then found that new structures had been formed which in a general way replaced those which had been lost, by analogous, though different, structures.

Many of our actions, which we have at first to perform with laborious attention—as in learning to read—come afterwards to be performed without any conscious effort whatever, and it is so with very many of our bodily activities. Yet all our activities, from the first formation of the germ to the most abstruse act of study, are parts of our one life—the life of our whole organism—the various activities of the different parts and organs of which

are merged, sustained and unified in one dominant activity. This immaterial principle, then, is not distinct from our body, but together with it forms one unity. Its existence is needed to account for the regulation of our nervous system (which is itself the regulator of other systems) for processes of adaptation to new conditions; for processes of repair and development, as well as for those distinctive activities noticed in our last article. This principle then, as before said, evidently acts with intelligence in some actions, with mere feeling in other actions, but constantly in an unperceived and unfelt manner. Its existence cannot be denied. The existence of our body we may deny (absurd as such a denial would be) and has been denied by idealists; but the existence of this active principle of our nature it is absolutely impossible to deny, since the very act of denying it implicitly affirms its existence. It does so because, without the presence of this principle, our different mental acts could not be united so as to form a judgment. But without our explicit judgment, its existence cannot be denied, even in thought.

Such being the nature of that living organism we call "Ourself," when we look out upon the world about us we find a multitude of living beings, the world of animals, more or less like us, some of them so evidently like us we cannot but deem it probable that each such being is also the seat of an immaterial dynamic principle, however different in kind and in power it may be from our own. Common sense assures us that there must be in animals (which resemble us in so many of our powers) a certain resemblance likewise in the source of those powers. We have seen that our nature is that of a dual unity, consisting of a dominant, directive, active principle informing a material structure; and we cannot reasonably doubt but that each living creature must be also a two-sided unity with an immaterial, active, sustaining principle as its dominant aspect of its one body. Who can doubt but that a tiger has the power to exercise all its five senses simultaneously while in the act of tearing its living prey? More than this: such sensations call up in it more or less distinct reminiscences of similar feelings and emotions formerly experienced, and these will give

rise to appropriate actions, so that past and present sensations of very different kinds have been united in one dominant activity. Such a tiger, then, must be the seat of a unifying power and directing immaterial principle more or less similar to that which we are conscious of as dominant and directive in our own being.

But in each case this principle is one which it is impossible for the senses to perceive. It is invisible, inaudible, intangible. It was on this account we thought it needful to make the appeal we have to philosophy and to endeavor to point out to our readers that whatever is the most certain is beyond the reach of our senses. Nevertheless, reason and common sense combine to assure us of the existence of such a principle. For what common sense affirms is that each animal can move itself; that it is, in its own essence, a centre of immanent activity or internal force. We cannot, strive as we may, get rid of the perception that there must be such a thing as "internal force." To conceive of the universe as consisting of atoms acted on by external forces, but having in themselves no power of response to such actions, is a manifest absurdity. No one thing can possibly act upon any other unless that other has an innate capacity to be acted on. As to living things, we may find resemblances between their separate activities and mere physical forces, but the union, the synthesis of such forces as we find in living creatures is certainly nowhere to be met with in the inorganic world. To deny this would be to deny the plainest evidence of our senses.

All analogy is in favor of this view of nature and no one fact in nature is in contradiction or out of harmony therewith. The acceptance throws light on the phenomena of growth, repair, reproduction and the development of the individual, and, we believe, throws the greatest light as yet attainable on the evolution of species also.

The German philosopher Lotze, once a noted opponent of such views as these we here advocate, has come round entirely to them. In his great work, entitled *Microcosmus*, he distinctly attributes such an immaterial principle of individualism to every living animal, affirms it to be that principle which concentrates into a

unity the multitude of impressions received, and so feels pain or pleasure and makes use of its sensations as starting points for future action.

Surely, then, that energy to which is due the generation, development, nutrition, growth, repair and all the physical activities of the individual must be the energy to which is due the initiation and carrying through, with the aid of the environment, of those changes which result in the formation of new individuals that exemplify a fresh phase of the world's life—a new species. In the life-activity of the individual all is orderly, all is harmonious and proceeds along a plainly preordained plan. And such order pervades the whole of nature. As we said some years ago, the transformations, the successive embodiments of new ideas of all ranks and degrees, which are daily taking place in countless myriads on all sides of us, take place harmoniously and in due order.

However singular or surprising must be the power of individual evolution in certain cases, however roundabout its course or unexpected its intermediate steps and ultimate outcomes, it is to each and every case a process carried on according to definite natural laws to fulfil a precise and predetermined end.

What we find to be the case now, we ought, if we are to take experience as our guide, to regard as having been the case antecedently.

But the evolution of new species means the appearance of new individual animals possessing certain novel characters and powers, and this again means the presence of some new activity on the part of the parent organisms to which is due such modification of their offspring. This activity must pertain to the nature, or intimate principle of individuation, of each animal, and cannot be the mere result of any external agency or agencies, since in all cases "*quicquid recipitur ad modum recipientis*." In order that the actual world we see about us should ever have been possible, its very first elements must have possessed those definite essential natures, and have had implanted within them those internal laws and innate powers, which reason declares to be necessary to account for the subsequent outcome.

Certainly, then, specific change or evolu-

tion must, above all, be due to the innermost nature of that which changes. This is what we meant when, one-and-twenty years ago, we affirmed that the genesis of species must take place mainly through the agency of an "internal force," and this mode of origin may—as opposed to the hypothesis of natural selection—be fully termed *psychogenesis*. By this we mean to affirm that the genesis of species is best understood by us as being due to the action of the nature of the parent organism—that is, through the energy of its immaterial principle of individuation, stimulated, no doubt, by appropriate action on the part of its environment—that is, by the ultimate influence of all surrounding agencies upon it.

We offer this explanation as the best attainable one, yet certainly not as one entirely satisfactory. The one consideration, however, which mars its completeness is one which mars the completeness not only of any other explanation of evolution, but also of the proof of evolution as a fact. It is the consideration that no actual process of evolution has yet been demonstrated to have actually taken place. We believe that it does take place and that it must have taken place, for the reasons given by us in our first article. But we are still quite unable to say that, to our knowledge and under our careful scientific observation, a new species has in fact been actually evolved. But if on that account we do not hesitate to say that such a process must nevertheless have taken place, so also we may say that a consideration of the facts of individual development, nutrition, growth, organic symmetry, instinct and the processes of repair after injury show us that the most efficient factor in that process must be the "nature of the organism," that is, its active, dominant, unifying and pervading "immaterial principle of individuation" (which is indeed a *vera causa*) stimulated by the action of the environment upon it—by the action of the conditions of its existence. But what of those "conditions of its existence"? They, at least, cannot be the result of any process of "natural selection," nor are the physical forces of the universe (light, heat, gravitation, etc.) themselves subject to any process of evolution, or the universe would soon come to an end. Neither

could the primary laws, properties and evolutions of matter, nor the incipient stages of the first living organisms, have been due to such a cause; nor could the action of "natural selection" itself have been educed by "natural selection." It was therefore preordained, and it follows that everything the evolution of which its action helps on, must have been preordained likewise. The Darwinian hypothesis is alike inapplicable to the lowest and to the highest, the simplest and the most complex phenomena of the universe.

Evolution, therefore, if our view of its cause be correct, is and must be a process full of purpose and replete with design, which exists not only at its root and origin, but accompanies it at every step of its progress.

And why should it not so accompany it? If the primary powers and constitution of the material world speak to us of a supreme conditional and preordaining will, why should it be less likely that some power has called into being, by means of ordinary secondary causes, all the varied species of animals and plants we see about us?

We will now briefly recapitulate the substance of this chapter.

Careful introspection shows us that our complex being includes an active, dominant, immaterial and individual energy, capable of knowing abstract and universal necessary truths as well as of experiencing emotions and feeling sensations, down to the merest sensation of touch.

There is no reason to suppose that we possess any other innate energy, since the presence of this (the existence of which is absolutely undeniable) is sufficient to account for those activities of our being in which neither intellect nor sensation have any share, as in the intimate processes of bodily nutrition, growth, repair of injuries, etc.

Analogy points out the practical certainty that the animals most like us are also animals with a more or less similar active, dominant, immaterial energy, which is at once their principle of individuation and bodily life, and constitutes their "innermost nature."

Whatever influence external circumstances may bring to bear upon any organism, they can only affect it according to the innate laws of its own innate active

energy and "nature," and therefore if, through the action of such circumstances, the origin of new species is induced, it must be such innermost nature which is the most efficient cause of the result so produced.

There are six ways in which it is conceivable that new specific forms may have been evolved.

1. Entirely by the action of surrounding agencies on organisms having a merely passive capacity for being indefinitely varied in all directions, and with no positive, inherent tendency, to vary, whether definitely or indefinitely.

2. Entirely by an innate tendency in each organism to vary in certain definite directions.

3. Partly by an innate tendency to vary indefinitely in all directions, and partly to the limiting action of surrounding agencies, checking all variations save those which happen accidentally to be favorable to the organisms which vary.

4. Partly by an innate tendency to vary indefinitely in all directions, and partly to external influences which not only limit, but stimulate and promote variation.

5. Partly by an innate tendency in organisms to vary definitely in certain directions, and partly to external influences acting on variation only in the way of restriction and limitation.

6. Partly by an innate tendency to vary definitely in certain directions, and partly to external influences, which in some respects act restrictively, and in other respects act as a stimulus to variation.

Our contention is that new species are evolved in the last of these six modes; in other words, that they are evolved by the "nature," or "immaterial principle of individuation," of organisms which possess tendencies to vary in definite directions under certain conditions, the action of that tendency being partly stimulated and partly restrained by the action of surrounding agencies.

Having now passed in review the arguments which support the fact of evolution, and the hypotheses which have been put forward to explain it, it remains to consider, in our next and final article, the bearing of evolution, according to these different hypotheses, on the grave question of religious belief and, above all, its relation to Christianity.

CURIOSITIES OF MUSICAL LITERATURE

BY ALFRED VEIT.

IT has been said that genius works upon no settled principles and produces the finest combinations by some happy accident. The truth of this statement is frequently demonstrated by great musicians. Verdi is known to have been inspired to write some of his loveliest melodies by watching the urchins playing in the streets. Beethoven is said to have composed the movement of a sonata after seeing a horseman gallop over the road. Domenico Scarlatti, the greatest player upon the harpsichord in Italy, and one of the most skilful of Europe in the first half of the seventeenth century, one day observing his favorite cat climbing complacently over the keyboard of his instrument, was struck by the combination of tones produced by the paws of his pet, which were the following :



Using these notes as a theme, he composed the piece of music known as The Cat's Fugue. This composition has been played by almost all pianoforte virtuosi, including Liszt and Rubinstein, which fact alone is sufficient to prove its intrinsic value.

A contemporary of Scarlatti, J. P. Rameau, endowed musical literature with probably the first "morceau caractéristique" ever written. It is a curious specimen of imitative music, and is entitled *La Poule* (The Hen), the opening notes indicating the cackling of the hen.



The charm which nature exercises upon poetic spirits is nowhere more clearly manifested than in the works of the great masters. Of these none appeal more readily to the masses than those creations of their genius which were inspired by nature, and of which we find an excellent illustration in Wagner's *Sounds in the Forest*. The young hero Siegfried hears the warbling of the wood bird—



from the leaves of the tree under which he is resting. He does not comprehend its meaning until he has slain the dragon Fafner, and moistened his lips with Fafner's blood.

A parallel to this immortal painting of sounds on a smaller scope can be found in Schumann's *Prophet Bird*. In this composition the great German musician has given us one of the most exquisite bits of illustrative music ever penned for the piano. Is there anything more indicative of the flitting of the bird from bough to bough than

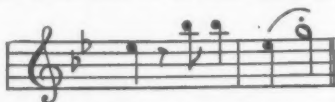


and the bird's prophecy? In conceiving this beautiful composition, especially the second part of it in G, was it suggested to Schumann by Goethe's lines?

"Hushed on the hill
Is the breeze.
Scarce by the zephyr
The trees
Softly are pressed;
The wood-bird's asleep on the bough.
Wait then and thou
Soon wilt find rest."

(Translation by Edgar Alfred Bowring.)

Musical literature has been enriched by another curious example of descriptive music, from the pen of the French composer, Saint-Saëns. In his tone poem, *The Dance of Death*, the great Frenchman illustrates one of those weird subjects which Holbein and Orcagna have put upon canvas. Midnight, announced by twelve strokes from the harp, ushers in the revelry of the departed spirits. The clattering bones, the discordant sounds of the violin, suggest their frolics. The carousal grows louder and louder, and the strains wilder and wilder, when suddenly,



the crowing of the cock breaks the spell, and the shadows vanish before the light of day.

"Only the poet can comprehend the poet; only genius, consecrated in the temple of art, can understand that which the ordained utters in his moments of inspiration; only a romantic spirit can fully appreciate romanticism."—E. T. A. HOFFMAN.



THE truth of these words seems almost self-evident when applied to music; however, they sound like sarcasm when showing the lack of appreciation on the part of celebrated musicians fully to comprehend and grasp the greatness of their brethren in art. History has preserved several curious instances where genius was either powerless to recognize genius in another, or was actuated by motives of a lower nature. Weber, the glorious author of *Der Freischütz*, did not understand Beethoven's symphonies; and still more curious is Schumann's depreciation of Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*. "With what repugnance the performance of the opera has affected me I cannot express. Everything is artificial, false and insincere. If a pupil of mine were to bring me such work as the counterpoint to the 'choral' I should simply tell him to improve upon it the next time."

Schumann does justice to the beauties of several numbers, among them the page's air, the duo between Marcel and Valentine, the sextet, and especially the duo

between Raoul and Valentine; but concludes with the remark: "What is all this, however, in comparison to the vulgarity, the insincerity, the trickery, the charlatanism, the immorality and the unmusical qualities of the whole opera?"

I cannot refrain from quoting Richard Wagner's remarks on *Les Huguenots* in connection with the above. Wagner's antipathy towards Meyerbeer and Meyerbeer's music is too well known to require any further comment; but the following words will show that at times even he bowed to the genius of the man whose aid, during his early career, he solicited with as much zeal as he employed in his later days to undermine and dethrone the popularity of the author of *Robert* and *The Prophet*:

"We notice that in spite of the most pronounced incompetence of Meyerbeer to show the least artistic independence by reason of his own musical ability, nevertheless, in some parts of his operatic music, he rises to the highest, to the most undisputed, the greatest artistic plane of achievement. This circumstance is the result of real inspiration, and if we examine closely we will discover the source of this inspiration; namely,

the poetical situation. There, where the poet forgot his binding obligations toward the musician; where he struck a moment in which he could inhale and give forth the rebreath of life, he suddenly touches the musician with this invigorating breeze, and the composer finds at the most noble and soul-stirring musical thoughts. I re-features in the scene of the *Huguenots*, and, invention of the ing melody in *G*ding forth as a from a situation, fibre of the hu-its thrilling pared to very lit-only to the most master works. I these sentiments sincere joy and siasm, because art is demon-



SIGNOR MASCAGNI.

strated in such a clear and irrefutable manner that we must discover with ecstasy that the capability of sincere art creation may even be possessed by the most depraved 'music maker,' as soon as he approaches a necessity which is stronger than his selfish, arbitrary will."

With the immediate appreciation of Chopin's great gifts, Schumann has counterbalanced to a great extent his unjust criticism on Meyerbeer.

The music lovers of today are indebted to Chopin, that matchless prince of sounds, for a collection of works which have rarely been equalled in the history of pianoforte music, as to sensuous beauty and originality. Chopin has given the world his musical treasures with lavish hand. His preludes, impromptus, études, mazurkas and concertos are models of beauty which succeeding generations will study with ever-increasing delight and pleasure. In the month of November 1838 he accompanied George Sand (Madame Dudevant), the celebrated French novelist, to

the island of Majorca. In the history of her life Madame Sand relates that, returning one evening from a visit to Palma, where she had been detained on account of the inclement weather, she found Chopin in a state of great excitement. During her absence he had composed the beautiful Prelude in B minor, one of the most melancholy pages of the great tone-poet :

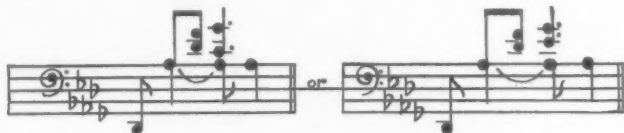


He told her later that while improvising it he imagined himself at the bottom of the ocean, the cold drops of water falling on his breast in regular cadence.

One of Chopin's most curious compositions, considered from a purely technical point of view, is his *Étude on the Black Keys*, Op. 10, No. 5. As the name implies, every note of the eighty-five bars forming the unique composition is played by the right hand on black keys.



A pendant to the *Étude* may be found in the same author's *Berceuse*. Here we find the bass, indicating the rocking of the cradle, during fifty-four measures (the whole composition contains but seventy), either



while the right hand sings a sweet melody, blending into the most exquisite kaleidoscopic arabesques as the composition proceeds. Those who have heard the velvet fingers of Joseffy or Pachmann whisper this admirable bit of musical lace-work can fully appreciate its delicate texture. The *Étude on the Black Keys* and the *Berceuse* stand as the remarkable examples of a master-mind whose sensuous beauty had its only precursor in Mozart.



It is worthy of note that musicians, men understanding the technique of their art, should entertain different views as to the rhythmical structure of a musical composition. Such was the case, however, shown by two such illustrious masters as Chopin and Meyerbeer. One day, while Chopin was giving a lesson to one of his pupils, the celebrated composer of *Les Huguenots* entered and implored Chopin, who was seated at the piano, to play some of his (Chopin's) compositions. Delighted with the presence of the celebrated maestro, Chopin played some of his matchless mazurkas, and among them Op. 33, No. 3, which gave rise to a heated discussion between the two artists. Meyerbeer declared that the little gem was conceived in a rhythm of $\frac{3}{4}$ time; whereas Chopin insisted that the mazurka was in the ordinary mazurka rhythm, namely, $\frac{3}{4}$ time. It is related by a witness to the scene that Chopin turned pale, and excitedly played and repeated the composition several times, until finally Meyerbeer decided the question by declaring that if

Chopin would concede to him (Meyerbeer) the authorship, he would use the theme in one of his operas as a ballet, and by his treatment of it prove the justice of his argument.

The image shows two musical staves side-by-side. The left staff is labeled 'CHOPIN'S VERSION.' and the right staff is labeled 'MEYERBEER'S VERSION.' Both staves are in 4/4 time and feature a complex, rhythmic melody with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The notation is dense and intricate, typical of 19th-century piano music.

Rhythm is one of the most important means by which the great composers produce interesting contrasts. Weber, in his pianoforte music, frequently resorts to effective rhythmical changes; more recently Schumann fairly revels in the enjoyment of rhythmical intricacies. An interesting example, showing a dual rhythm grafted, as it were, upon a triple time, we find in the scherzo of Chopin's B flat minor Sonata, Op. 35.

The image shows a musical score for a piano piece. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. The music features a complex, rhythmic melody with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes, characteristic of Chopin's style.

This is decidedly a rhythm of a dual nature, and will be played by every pianist as follows:

The image shows a musical score for a piano piece, similar to the one above. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. The music features a complex, rhythmic melody with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes, characteristic of Chopin's style.

Visitors to concert-rooms have often witnessed the following scene. The first violin regards his troops with a quick look, suggesting the command "Attention!" The viola player grasps his instrument with a nervous clutch. The 'cellist and the second violin rivet their eyes upon their leader, observing him closely, while the pianist, throwing his locks back with the little movement à la Liszt, sets his feet upon all the pedals at once with firm determination, every muscle strained, every glance expressing "Danger ahead!" A short silence—and on they go.

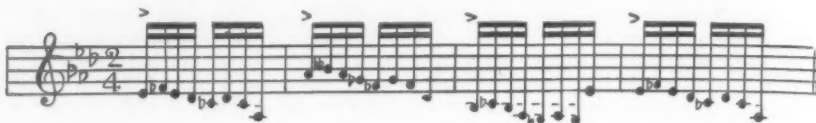
What is the cause of this unusual excitement? Something of extraordinary interest seems to agitate the minds of the players.

Why, it is simply Trio II. of Schumann's immortal Quintet.



The uncertainty in the execution of this piece consists in Schumann's accentuation and notation, which go against the grain.

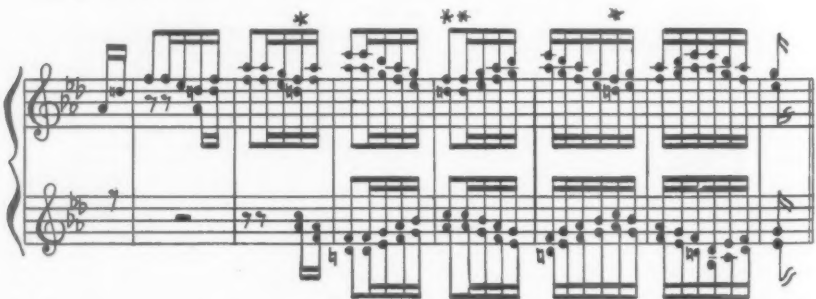
By writing and accenting



the difficulty would be removed, at the same time facilitating the performance to a great extent.



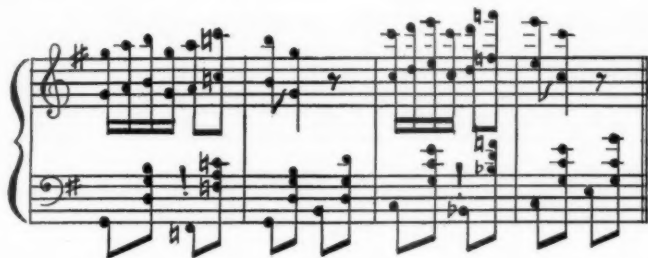
ENIUS recognizes no law. Fétis, the learned scholar and Director of the Conservatory of Brussels, must have forgotten this fact when taking exception to a phrase in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. I will quote the illustrious scholar's own words: "The most sublime artist cannot violate the laws of tonality without disfiguring his work. The first time Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was performed at one of the Conservatory concerts, obtaining an enthusiastic success, the audience experienced a most disagreeable sensation in a phrase of the adagio. Artists and amateurs looked at each other with surprise, with a sort of stupor. With the exception of two or three scholars, there was certainly no one present who knew what had occurred, namely, that a certain rule of harmony had been violated; but the instinct, the sentiment of tonality, acquainted everyone with the mistake, or, better, bravado of the composer. Following is the unhappy phrase, which spoils one of the most beautiful of Beethoven's conceptions, the inversion* which produces such a bad effect being marked by an asterisk.



* The objection of Fétis is based upon the theory that the ninth (in this case c) should always be placed above the leading tone (in this case d) and not below, as the quoted example shows. The position of the intervals in the chord $\begin{smallmatrix} c \\ d \end{smallmatrix}$ at the beginning of the fourth bar, according to Fétis, is correct.

"Since the time I speak of we have become accustomed to this effect in harmony, as we become accustomed to faults of speech which we frequently hear repeated ; but to habituate the musical sentiment to a violation of the law will never be considered a progress in art, by men of culture and taste."

What would be the thoughts of the learned doctor were he to see the efforts of our modern iconoclasts, such as the latest aspirant to fame, young Mascagni? Picture the horror of the savant professor in listening to such passages as the following, which to him, no doubt, would appear as a musical atrocity.



This passage, which at the first glance appears to be a misprint, turns out to be one of those daring caprices a young talent occasionally indulges in, laughing silently to himself, as if he desired to say : "There now, old pedants, what think you of that? Is it against the rules? I know it is. Well, and supposing it is?"

The success of the *Cavalleria Rusticana* is probably due to the brio and youthful vigor which pervade the whole work. Some of the characters of the drama appear to us to bear a strong family resemblance to the heroes and heroines of the society plays of the younger Dumas, those Sicilian peasants having a surprisingly "fin de siècle" air about them. However that may be, the author of the *Cavalleria* endowed his personages with such dramatic fervor and clothed his musical ideas in such passionate language that the prediction may not be groundless that the young Italian will at some future day add another to the gallery of ideal popular operas, the types of which to us are *Don Giovanni*, *Lohengrin*, *Carmen* and *Faust*.

Liszt, in one of those wonderful inspirations he characteristically named *Rhapsodies* (in this case the 14th), has the following bass :



violating one of the elementary rules of harmony by the introduction of a progression of parallel fifths. He closely imitates the music of the *Tziganes*, those Hungarian gypsy musicians whose untutored playing comprises the most varied forms of musical expression, from the solemn strains of a funeral dirge to the inspiring rhythms of a triumphant pean.



ONE of the most curious phenomena in the domain of thought is the similarity between the ideas of different authors. Lord Beaconsfield's father, Isaac Disraeli, from whom the title of this article has been partially borrowed, gives, under the heading of "Poetical Imitations and Similarities," several examples taken from well-known writers, in which the ideas, in some cases absolutely identical, are expressed in almost the same language.

These marked similarities find their parallel in the literature of music. It could be explained that, as a striking simile or metaphor, a brilliant antithesis or a well-rounded phrase will impress itself upon the recollection of a poet, the mind of a composer absorbs a certain melody, a rare change of harmony, a beautiful modulation, keeping it hidden in the inmost recesses of his memory for years, until his own creative faculties are called into play. It is then that he unconsciously reproduces what he in utter sincerity considers the outcome of his own genius, but which in reality is the product of another's, or simply an imitation, as the following examples will prove.

Isabella's grand air in Meyerbeer's *Robert*, bars 15-18, has



It will not be difficult to discover the similarity in the following measures from Liszt's *Dreams of Love*.



The writer of this article, when studying Chopin's E minor Concerto, with the eminent pianist and teacher, Theodor Leschetizky, was surprised by the question: "What reminds one of this theme?" Chopin, *Concerto Op. XI*.

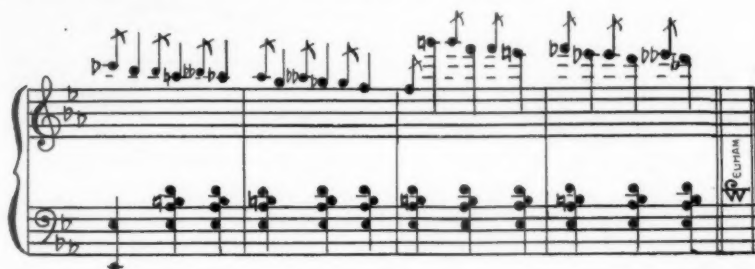


When the reply was given: "Hummel's A minor Concerto."



he was pleased to find his answer corroborated by an assenting nod from the great artist.

At the close of Chopin's E flat waltz, Op. 18, we find :



which reminds one forcibly of the measures in Wagner's *Tannhäuser* Overture.



HERE are two composers whose position in the world of music, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, has been very conspicuous, they are Saint-Saëns and Rubinstein. Saint-Saëns, Gounod said, was capable of composing an opera in any style whatever, whether that of Mozart, Rossini or Meyerbeer ; the result would have been excellent in any case. There is no doubt that the versatility of the talented Frenchman is extraordinary. As a composer, as an organist, as a pianist, even as a *littérateur*, he has had few rivals among his contemporaries. His symphonic poems are models of their type. His pianoforte concertos, models of taste and graceful beauty, giving the performer an opportunity to display the most brilliant qualities of his execution, are among the best since the days of Mendelssohn and Schumann. They are gems which deserve the epithet Hans von Bülow bestowed upon Rossini's *Barber of Seville*—"a casket of jewels."

Saint-Saëns's chamber music is excellent ; but despite these frequent signs of talent of a high order, his music appeals rarely to the emotions of the listener, reminding one of a beautiful statue, the outlines of which are perfect in their classic beauty, but cold, for they lack that which alone charms and fascinates, and leaves its indelible impress on the scroll of time—soul ! Soul, the divine element in art which gives its glowing warmth to all productions of genius, whether it be a melody by Schubert, a line from Shakespeare or a figure by Michael Angelo.

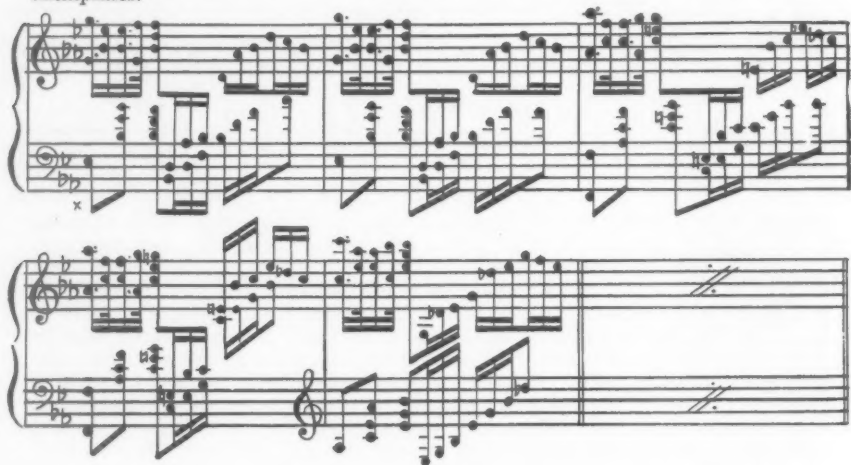
Saint-Saëns, generally an original composer, is not entirely free from reminiscent themes. An interesting similarity will be found between the opening theme of Saint-Saëns's Sonata for Piano and Violoncello, Op. 32,



and the opening bars of a well-known waltz by Lecocq.



Rubinstein's warm, passionate nature presents the most striking contrast to the polished, intellectual style of Saint-Saëns. Had Rubinstein composed nothing but his *Tower of Babel*, the *Ocean Symphony*, the *D minor Concerto* and the *Lieder*, his name would have been written with golden letters in the book of fame. But unfortunately he lacks repose and those discriminating qualities which characterize a genius of the highest order. In the first heat of creation he seems to throw everything on paper that comes into his mind, utterly regardless of questioning the originality of his ideas, as the following extract from his *Polonaise*, Op. 14, No. 4, exemplifies.



The analogy with the following extract from Wagner's *Lohengrin* is very marked. *Elsa's Dream*, Act I.



This coincidence between the works of the two masters is not wanting in humor. Rubinstein has never concealed his aversion to Wagner and Wagnerianism, and has

frequently endeavored to show the deteriorating influence that Wagner has had on the music of our time.

But what see we here?

Shades of Menelaus and Helen, of Jupiter, Ajax and Agamemnon! Who will believe that the master who summoned your shadows from remote antiquity to bedeck them with the gayety of Parisian wit—who will believe that the musical Rabelais of the nineteenth century supplies some of the most chaste minds of the present day from the overflowing horn of plenty of his inspiration? Even at the risk of being stoned, I subjoin the following excerpts from two authors as diametrically opposed to each other as Tchaikowsky and Offenbach.

Tchaikowsky waltz, from ballet *Sleeping Beauty*.



OFFENBACH: WALTZ FROM LA BELLE HELENE.

I see the father of Orphée aux Enfers beckoning, with a merry twinkle in his eye, to his illustrious confrère in the Elysian Fields: "What sayest thou, my dear chevalier? In the last 'returns' received from—" pointing, with a shrug of his shoulder, to that part of geography where the children of the present day are supposed to imbibe the soporific inspirations of his successors, "a certain Tchaikowsky (not without talent, they tell me) is reported to have been so pleased with my ideas that—er—er—he insists upon showing those barbarians what a genius I was. Voyons! is that not the second part of my waltz from *La Belle Hélène*?"

"My dear Jacques," replies the austere father of Armida and Iphigenia, "why, certainly; but that is the just penalty for burlesquing my Orfeo." And adjusting his powdered wig, with a tired air he turns to resume his interrupted pastime, humming on the way: "Che farò senza Euridice."



IF we scan the musical horizon of the present day we find such names as Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, Gounod, Massenet, Grieg, Tchaikowsky, Dvorak, Mascagni, Verdi, Martucci, the Scharwenka brothers, Goldmark and Brahms. Surely a splendid array! The pen that traced the immortal melodies which sweet Marguerite sang will never again regain its power. The closing measures of *Otello* have stayed the flow of harmony which Aïda's great author received from the East. With the exception of these two composers, the members of the illustrious group are still in the prime of their manhood and genius. The works they have given the world may yet be surpassed by some future effort.

True, it requires centuries to produce giants of such colossal proportions as Bach, Beethoven and Wagner. From the grandeur of the *St. Matthew Passion* to the glorious measures of the Ninth Symphony, from the pathetic tenderness of *Fidelio*'s love to the seething passion of *Tristan and Isolde*, what great strides music has made! And where will the coming landmark be placed? In the heart of Europe—sensual Italy, from whence seductive melody has always flowed? Or in the brain of Europe—the North, whose Ibsens, Turgenieffs, Tolstoï's, Pushkins, have given the same impetus to literature which the modern northern composers give to music?

Speculations of this sort are of no avail. They serve only to entangle one in the meshes of idle conjecture. The past in music has given us imperishable master works; the present, many that will survive; and as to the future—who can tell?

COMPULSORY EMIGRATION.

BY E. E. HALE.

DOCTOR PRIMROSE was a minute late as he came down to dinner. Erskine had dropped in, as he was apt to do when he was least expected. Mr. and Mrs. Longstroth had driven over from the mills. The Throops were on a visit. So Mrs. Primrose had helped Ellen to put a half-board into the dining table, and they sat down eight together—and not two, which was the regular family party. For Jane, as perhaps you know, was carrying on a kindergarten in Samoa; Fanny had married that interesting young Doctor Lancaster and was at the head of his family school in Sydney; Horace had just taken his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Göttingen and George was looking at the Midnight Sun on the northern coast of Norway. So the doctor's party was sometimes two, sometimes eight, as today. And when they had the Guild to dine with them, as they did yesterday, it was forty-two. Mrs. Primrose took these things easily. She said there was always a ham in the cellar; there were always eggs to be had for the hunting; she kept two dozen ahead in canned soups, and Cromwell the butcher could be called by telephone in five minutes. A steak was always better, she said, when it was cooked unexpectedly.

And by the same law—the law, namely, of accepting the universe—none of Doctor Primrose's household was disturbed because Doctor Primrose was a minute late.

He was the only person who seemed in the least disturbed. And his wife and John Throop and Susan Longstroth knew they should all know why, as soon as he had had his soup and his Apollinaris, and had sent round some plates from the roast. They knew that then he would lay the cares of the morning before them.

And so it proved. Gradually the doctor was more and more talkative. He did not listen to one word of Mrs. Longstroth's story about the turtle which they almost crushed as they drove across to the parsonage, but he did hear the whole of her husband's statement about storage batteries. His forehead showed the horse-

shoe less and less. His wife observed that he took more than a heaping teaspoonful of currant jelly to eat with his mutton. After the first mouthful had assured him that Cromwell had kept the mutton long enough, he looked round at all the guests to be sure that Ellen had not failed in either of her minor ministrations.

Then for the first time he smiled and said: "We have had a dog of a day, and now you see a poor cub who has been trampled in the dust and mud, and ridden over by a whole board."

"Boards are made of wood, they are long and narrow," said Longstroth, quoting Colonel Ingham.

"Never was a truer word," said Doctor Primrose. "And why I belong to one of them nobody knows, this side the good God. Certainly I do not know why I belong to eleven."

"And which is the cracked board this time?" said Longstroth, seeing he could joke now. "Is it the 'Occupation of the Higher Classes,' or the 'Promotion of the Condition of Flies,' or the 'Prohibition of Bores,' or the 'Good Cheer of Idiots'?"

"Oh, no, no, no, my dear boy. You do not think I would let one of them keep me from dinner. This is one of the fundamentals. Civilization turns on it; though Mrs. Longstroth there thinks it turns on the schedule for Worth's dresses. I have been at the meeting of the Poor Board. There is such a thing, Mrs. Longstroth, and none of the members ever saw a frock made by Worth, excepting me, who saw yours at Mildred's wedding. All the same, Lamartine says that France would have been spared all her revolutions had France had any such law as makes our Poor Board, or any such board as our Poor Law makes. So, if you are not hung to a lamp-post as you go home you may thank my meeting of today and me and similar meetings since the days of Queen Bess."

Then he finished his own slice of mutton, gave everyone else another, saying, "I give you small takes because I can keep

it hot," and, as he began on number two, he said: "Now I will tell you all about it. Polly, you remember how Mrs. Williams sent you from Boston that nice English widow, Mrs. Gladstone, and her four children?"

"Of course," cried Polly, and she dropped her knife and fork in terror. "What has happened to them? Do not tell me it is scarlet fever."

"My child," said Doctor Primrose, "your imagination is always too vivid. The children are as well as horses—much better in health, indeed, than the average horse of my acquaintance. The trouble is not with the health of Mrs. Gladstone, or that of her interesting family."

"How can you be so provoking, Moses," cried poor Mrs. Primrose, still neglecting her mutton, which grew cold on the plate. "What is the matter?"

"The matter is that the overseers are afraid they will come to the town. The overseers have voted, therefore, five to one, that they shall be removed to Boston, where they belong. I am the one, as I am apt to be. I am what Mr. Arnold calls 'a remnant,' what Mr. William Shakespeare calls 'a margent.' I have contended alone—like another Amadis—against these five sons of Belial, till they rode over me and, as I said, trampled me into the mud."

"I do not understand a word," said Mrs. Longstroth. "You say these people belonged to Boston, and Boston bought them? I thought slavery was abolished."

"Slavery is, fortunately and happily, abolished, dear Mrs. Longstroth. But settlement is not abolished, nor the law of settlement, in any country under English law or which derives its laws from England. You, as a married woman, have your husband's settlement. Polly has mine. This means that if your husband died tomorrow, and his property was seized by his creditors Wednesday, and you were broken into eleven pieces and went crazy Thursday, penniless and homeless, the city of Cambridge, where your husband holds settlement, would have to take care of you till you die."

It was Mrs. Longstroth's turn to drop her knife and fork now.

"And I," said Polly, with rapid intelligence, "do I belong to Cambridge?"

"My dear, your settlement follows your

husband's. I earned settlement in this town the moment I was ordained here."

"And the Gladstones?"

"Fortunately or unfortunately, the late Mr. Gladstone served the city of Boston in the famous fighting First, in the late unpleasantness. He thus acquired settlement in Boston. Unfortunately—very unfortunately—his widow last week let her little boy go to the overseers of the poor for a half foot of kindling wood. 'Mrs. Sickles did it,' the fool said to me, 'and why should not I?'"

"Mr. Merrifield was only too glad to send her the kindling wood. And before that day's sun set he sent word to the people of Boston that Mrs. Gladstone and children, paupers chargeable to Boston, were receiving assistance from this town of New Padua, and he asked the overseers of Boston to be kind enough to remove them. This he reported to our board today. He is wholly right at law. He is afraid they will 'become a charge to New Padua,' and he means that Boston shall take care of its own poor people."

"And whoever is to help us in the washing?" said Mrs. Primrose.

But no one told her.

* * *

The talk became general, and Mrs. Gladstone and her children, and Mrs. Primrose's washing, were forgotten by all but that good woman.

"I do not see how you can help it," said Erskine. "As Lamartine said, 'It is better that somebody should be responsible.' When I lived at Weimar we were not there twenty-four hours before I had to file passports and papers and everything else, so that there might be security that I should not be a charge on Weimar if I had the yellow fever, or proved to be a leper in disguise. And when I was a student at Jena they turned us all out, neck and heels, because somebody from Russia had done something wrong. We swore like pirates, but we had to go. And I rather think that if you have a government, it has to govern."

"The odd thing is that nobody knows anything about this, here."

"Yes, that is very odd. I heard Witherspoon, at the great Chinese meeting last Wednesday. He brought down the house by his account of the disgrace to an accomplished Chinese professor whom he

knew, who, under the new law, would have to show his certificate or passport to somebody. Witherspoon did not know that, from the hospital of which he is a trustee, some convalescents had been sent to New York that morning, because they belonged in New York, and Massachusetts did not mean to take care of them. What was interesting was, that at the halfway station they probably passed eight people whom the New York authorities were sending to Boston because they belonged in Boston."

"I do not know," persisted Longstroth, "whether you mean that this was wrong or not. I do know that there is no civilized government on the earth where something of the sort does not happen. I am sorry for Mrs. Gladstone. I have ten dollars by me, and can easily make it twenty, to buy her fuel for the winter, if Mrs. Primrose thinks this is the place for her. But for all that, I say again that it is lucky for me that I belong somewhere, and lucky, on the whole, for her, that she belongs somewhere."

Then Longstroth, who knows more of the customs of Europe than of those of his own country, asked whether there were statutes which regulate the transfer of a pauper from one state to another.

"Not statutes, but customs. I have known a Kansas Poor Board send a family from Kansas to Maine, because they thought, truly enough, that Maine had sent them to Kansas. There is a common law now amounting to a custom, that a pauper who landed in Massachusetts from Europe shall be sent to Massachusetts, and one who landed in New York shall be sent to New York."

"I see they make a great row about it. But I should think such a custom would grow up, that the same people would return to Ireland and England those who belong there."

"Such a custom has existed for forty years. There is not a commercial state whose relieving officers have not done it.

If Mrs. Gladstone today would say she wanted to go back to England, the state of Massachusetts would pay for her ticket tomorrow. But if she did not want to go, there is no process by which she could be sent. And you and I, grand as we are in our sociology, would turn round and would say, 'Oh, poor soul, let her stay. She has these nice children, it would be a pity to send her home.'"

Erskine laughed. "I found a tall, stout widow in a White Mountain pass, a mile from any house but hers. She called me in as I was passing with my fishing rod, and entreated me courteously. She wanted me to kill a hawk for her which gobbled her chickens. She was all alone, husband had died six months before. I was sympathetic. The hawk did not appear. I asked her if she did not want to return to England. 'I go back to England? I? I go to a place where their damned chimbllys and smoke shut out God's sky! Not I!' This was the reply of my widow. There was no danger that she would come on the town, however."

* * *

As the omelet soufflé came on the table, Jane Throop, who had not said a word, was inspired and prophesied.

"If forty-four states can agree on a system by which they send beggars where they belong, and if in Massachusetts 300 towns can agree on such a system, I do not see why thirty nations could not agree on such a system."

"Nor I," said Richard Erskine.

"And if one of those nations wanted to keep out the people of another, I do not see why it should not," said she.

"Nor I," said Mr. Longstroth.

"And if a man had come in with permission, I do not see why he should not show his passport when he was asked to," said she.

"Nor I," said Richard Erskine. "But that depends on this: Do you really mean to have your government govern?"





THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

THE CONVENTION AT MINNEAPOLIS.

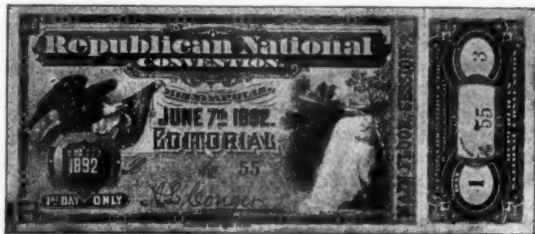
BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

THE laughing waters and the majestic flouring mills of Minneapolis, the beginning of which was the Falls of St. Anthony, are of inseparable association in the public mind. Now these pleasant scenes of the industrial and the picturesque become identified with an interesting chapter of political history—that which records the words and the actions of the Republican National convention, which, in 1892, at the end of the fourth day's sessions, nominated Benjamin Harrison and Whitelaw Reid to be President and Vice President of the United States.

There was evolved at Minneapolis a shower of suggestion that Chicago is the true convention city, but there would be no occasion for surprise if, within a few years, the national political representative leaders of both great parties should assemble in Denver. The two leading practical objections to so central a location were experienced at Minneapolis in the insufficiency, for the enormous service required, of the telegraphic facilities, and the requirement, that should be regarded as indispensable forever hereafter, of a hall, holding 10,000 people comfort-

ably, on the ground floor, and absolutely safe.

Travellers through the lake shore country to the Republican convention city found the incomparable railway accommodations characteristic of our country, a foggy atmosphere for 1000 miles west of Buffalo, and fields soaked with thirty successive days' rain. The ability of the climate of the Northwest to furnish weather of general interest was in testimony daily. If there was not a gale and rain storm in the morning, the wind and "precipitation" were sure to come along in the evening. As the cars from New York and the eastern shore of the western hemisphere swung from St. Paul northward, and the trains curled gracefully to cross the Mississippi, there appeared on the right hand the Exposition building, above whose wide walls loomed a distin-



guished tower. That the town itself was equal to the entertainment of the multitude was soon conceded. The people of Minneapolis took their part in the proceedings very seriously. As for the fun in the convention, the Minneapolitans did not get much out of it; they had grave duties to perform and were



A HORN WITH FIVE CRANES.—Chicago Daily Tribune.

deeply conscious of dwelling and moving and having their being in the midst of great events. They soon knew by sight the principal actors on the political stage, and held them in respectful appreciation. The most conspicuous face and figure was that of Mr. Chauncey Depew, next McKinley, then Senator Wolcott, ex-Senator Ingalls, Thomas B. Reed, Fred Douglass, Colonel Richard Thompson, ex-Senator Spooner, and ex-Governors Oglesby and Foraker. The republican opponents of the continuance of the Harrison administration began the campaign for the defeat of Harrison with apparent confidence, but under limitations that were weaknesses. Mr. Blaine had in his letter of February repeated in simple terms his Florence letter declining the nomination of 1888, and all the delegates had been elected, while there was no question in any quarter that his notification, given "in due season," that his name would not be presented as a candidate, was conclusive. Under the circumstances the nomination of Mr. Blaine against the active, skilled and energetic employment of the power of the administration would have been almost miraculous. The name of Mr. Blaine had magical influence, but the task which the sentiment of personal admiration was called to perform was beyond the strength of any human reputation. So far as the Blaine candidacy was declared, it was rated by all ordinary consideration impracticable. Mr. Blaine, during the critical hours of the convention, was in Boston, and the only guarantee that he would not repeat from that point his Edinburgh telegrams of 1888 was the inference that his resignation of the office of Secretary of State

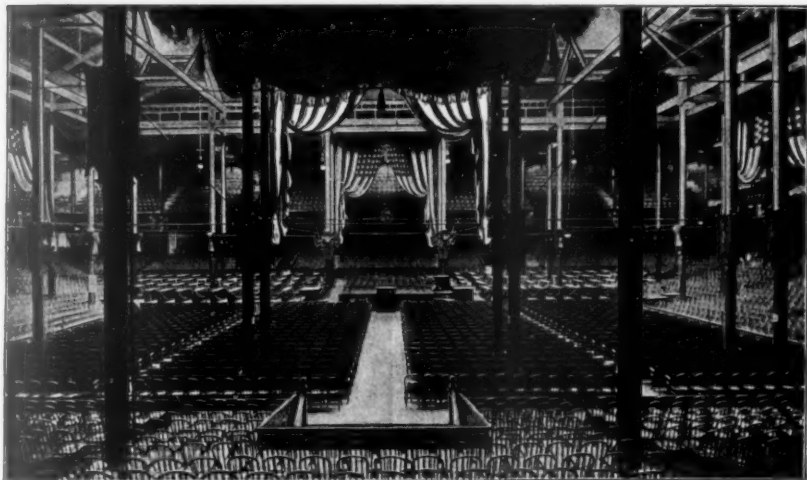
meant that he was a candidate for the presidency. The delegates to the convention were shaken like trees in a storm by the retirement of the secretary, and the public opinion of the country was anxiously sought. This was not favorable to Mr. Blaine's candidacy, and President Harrison's forces, strong and steadfast

from the first, gained reinforcements and were confirmed in their original power and purpose. Finding that, as the case stood, Mr. Blaine could not be nominated, the opposition to the president planned a flank movement to defeat him with McKinley. This came of telegrams from the country demanding that neither Blaine nor Harrison should be placed on the ticket, as it was presumed their antagonism was so highly wrought that a third man would, better than either of those on whom the lines were drawn, insure the unity of the party for the ticket.

The McKinley movement was for several days regarded as a last resource, and the chance for success to depend upon the solidity of the delegations of Massachusetts and Ohio. That the defeat of President Harrison could be accomplished in this way was earnestly believed and stoutly maintained. There was surprising scope for calculation and conjecture in the contentious computation of the members of the committed and uncommitted delegates. Harrison won finally, on the judgment of the people at



CULLOM, WHEN AN ADMIRER EXPRESSED THE HOPE TO SEE HIM A CANDIDATE.—Chicago Daily Tribune.



THE INTERIOR OF THE AUDITORIUM.

large, given expression in telegrams—certainly quite a complimentary and promising way of winning. The presumption, likely to be popularized, that he was certain of success from the first, is an error.

Mr. Blaine was held responsible by the country and the convention for the rupture at Washington. The retirement of the Secretary of State was held to be the equivalent of a declaration of war. If General Harrison had requested Mr. Blaine to resign, the secretary instead of the president would have had a majority at Minneapolis. Mr. Blaine's advocates were at first disappointed that they could not sweep all before them, and disturbed to see that they could not control the convention without a large gain from seats contested in the South. They had, however, the Committee on Credentials, and the popular enthusiasm very literally voiced by several splendid Blaine bands and clubs, composed of those who always make a joyful noise when his name is heard. In the midst of street demonstrations, and while the pressure of the wild crowds in the West House, which was the storm centre, became alarming, those who were managing the opposition suddenly were aware that the all-important committee was not reliably for, but in a vacillating way against them. At this

point the solicitude for the organization of the Black Horse cavalry* became an energized policy. The failure of the political romance, with the name of Mr. Blaine on the titlepage, was, so far as he was concerned, discovered at this time.

The names of Senators Sherman and Allison and ex-Speaker Reed were canvassed. The Harrison men early and fully understood the advantage of the Committee on Credentials, but had reason to fear the stratagems in the shadows. So much heat had been produced by the friction between Harrison and Blaine that there was more than a possibility—a plausibility—in the manoeuvres to stampede the delegates to a third man. Within an hour of the dark-horse decision of the Blaine men it was known in the other camp, and the failure to persuade the Iowa delegation to go solidly for Allison was not for half an hour a secret. Massachusetts, however, looked with favor upon McKinley, and it was the impression that she could be depended upon to give him a solid vote. The question was whether Ohio would go unbroken for McKinley, and the answer turned on the will of ex-Governor Foraker. With Massachusetts and Ohio complete much was expected of Pennsylvania. The average spectator thought he detected the defeat of Har-

* The troop of "dark horses" always ready to accept accidents of diversional favors.



SOME OF THE BADGES.

rison in the air, and the acutest and coolest men of affairs never neglect the immense influence in conventions and in war, and even commercial transactions, of the imagination.

At this time the move was made that nominated Harrison. Those in control of the administration organization had assurances that the majority of the delegates were then with them, and were certain the nomination could be made on the first ballot—that the question was between Harrison with a steady pull, or McKinley by a rush. It was wisdom to realize that there was danger in going into a ballot without a demonstration. The programme of the opposition contemplated delay, and the administration consented, continuing the policy of prudence, not to waste time, or expose either strength or weakness, on questions that were not obvious tests. An expedient sometimes resorted to is an informal ballot, but under the circumstances of the third day at Minneapolis no ballot could be mistaken for a mere formality, and yet instructed delegates might take advantage of it to evade formal obligations.

The Harrison men "hired a hall," and were ready when the convention adjourned, after doing nothing, to hold a meeting by themselves, and make it one of consolidation for the certain struggle

of the night. The administration army mustered 463, a clear majority of the convention, and it was resolved to follow the lead of Mr. Depew. He was made the dictator of the convention—in gesture and word he was to be heeded and obeyed. Interference with his high prerogative was to be held and punished as treason. The 463 claimed to have knowledge that 521 was the full measure of strength. There was no pretence of reserve about the meeting. Truth-telling was considered true diplomacy. The decisive figures were promulgated. There was an effort to discredit them, but it was wholly unsuccessful. Claims were urged that of 463 were alternates, Blaine men and many uncertainties, but there was from this hour accumulating evidence that the Harrison column was solid and invincible. The very figures reported at dinner by Mr. Depew and General Horace Porter were announced officially at the night session for the Harrison vote on the Committee on Credentials.

The McKinley candidacy made an impression, but it was inadequate. The positive prospect of the nomination of Harrison carried the wavering, and the advertised majority was hardened rather than broken by all the exciting assaults that followed. Easily confident, Mr. Depew was serene and patient, waiting for the



SOME OF THE BADGES.

ripe fruit to drop. The night session was a ratification of the Market Hall meeting. When Mr. Depew at once after organization was on his feet, the presumption prevailed that he was about to "push things," but he made the point that it was the eighty-third birthday of Colonel Thompson of Indiana, and the venerable man was called out and made a pleasant response to a happy compliment. At every stage of the business the overbearing weight of the Harrison majority was felt. There was no jostling or haste, but constant motion to the end provided and in full view.

The Massachusetts delegation, held to the call for McKinley, dissolved under the pressure. Ohio was at last solid for her governor, with the exception of himself, but struck too late. The Blaine majority in Pennsylvania crumbled. The South was not solid but heavy for Harrison, and he was nominated—precisely according to the Market Hall programme.

The convention had been so handsomely handled by those who controlled it that the defeated were not offended or nagged into exasperation, but conciliated and reconciled. It was admitted by opponents that President Harrison was the best representative of his administration and the logical candidate; and the concession was comforting. The platform is shorter and simpler than most modern examples of like literature. It is full of plain business. The only dash of color is in the opening lines, in a reference to the Mississippi river, upon whose shores the convention was held, as a bond of nationality.

There was a combination of coincidences

in favor of the nomination of the distinguished editor of the New York Tribune for the vice-presidency that made it by acclamation. Mr. Whitelaw Reid is a New Yorker, the most important and contested of states, an old friend of Mr. Blaine, with many liberal antecedents, and not a participant in wars of factions.

The brightest bit in the talk of the convention was Fassett's coupling the names of "Harrison and Blaine" so quickly that the competitive applause anticipated could not be given and he was himself applauded. The cleverest speech for the purposes intended was that of the dictator Depew, nominating Harrison and quoting Blaine, but it was the business man rather than the orator who was on his feet. The most eloquent and fetching speech, and the only one impassioned, ringing and all aglow with splendid rhetoric and epigrams, was that of Senator Wolcott of Colorado. The most striking presence was that of Governor McKinley, his face a composite of Webster and Napoleon, and pale and firm as marble. The two most picturesque figures were General Mahone and Frederick Douglass.

The general sense of humor was most appealed to by the broken voices of the two congressional celebrities, whose vocal organs gave forth sounds so strange and inappropriate that unseemly laughter was contagious.

There ran through all the sessions a queer refrain, that of an occupant of the galleries, who impartially ridiculed any especially solemn utterance or serious outburst, with a long-drawn note, half

musical, wholly absurd—a ludicrous pretence of pathos of a most carrying quality. At first it was thought this phenomenal, long-drawn cry must be produced with a horn, but it was a case of astounding accomplishment of the human voice.

The readiest retort was that of a colored Blaine delegate, who replied to Depew's reference to shouting in the galleries by saying there were voters there! There was wit in the bearer of a staff mounted with plumes, using the feathers to dust the portrait of Harrison, right in front of the president's chair.

The most sensational half hour was when the Blaine applause dying out after a very creditable display following Wolcott's speech, a young and beautiful woman, wearing a hat of snowy whiteness, and seated in a spot made brilliant by the sunlight pouring through a window in the roof, bounded upon her chair, which was among the distinguished guests, and standing erect, waved a dazzling umbrella, and gave a womanly cry reaching a pitch almost hysterical, "Up, everybody—Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine." The response was terrific. The lady found herself famous. The Harrison men cheered her! She was from Ohio.

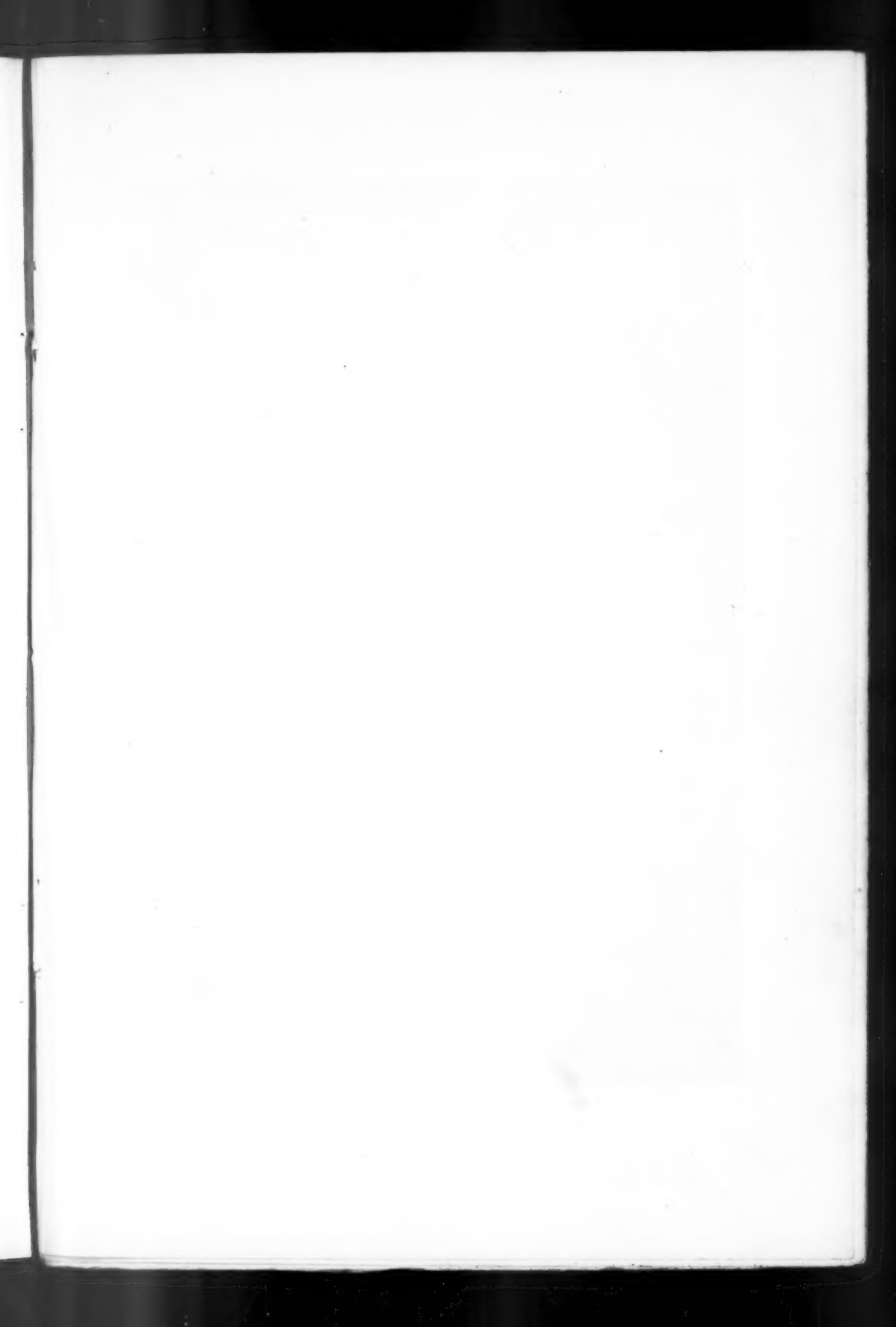
The most sinister circumstance was that in the midst of the test vote on the Credentials report, when the excitement

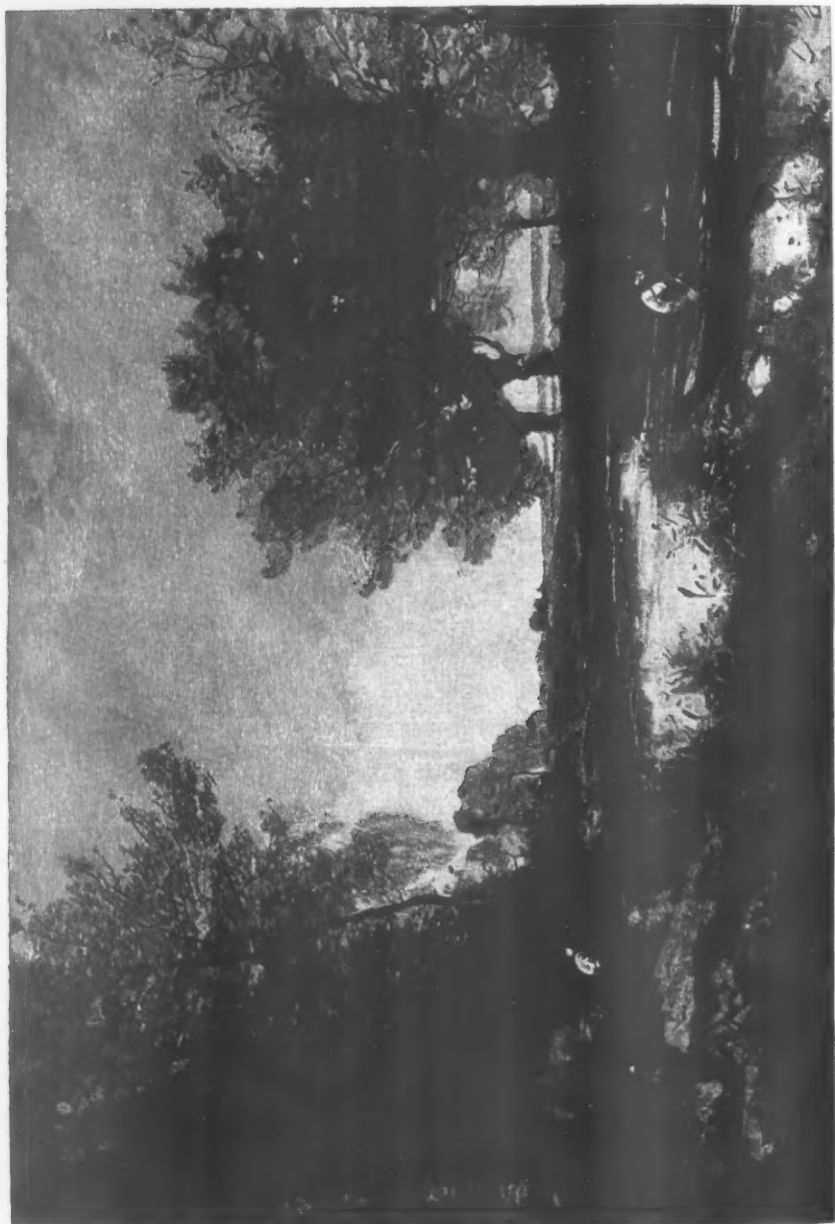
was so extreme that the multitude grew deeply still, midnight arrived and the electric lights were turned out! Fortunately there were a few gas lights and the darkness was not total, though it was very visible. A trick was suspected, and there was an exclamation, "Cincinnati," referring to the failure to light the hall the night before the nomination of Hayes, which was the defeat of Blaine. This time the lights were turned out on the circuit in which the hall stands, as usual, no one having thought of a session lasting beyond the middle of the night. Matches were struck here and there by the thoughtless or the reckless, and there was a loud warning that there were 10,000 people in the third story of a wooden edifice, and it was better to sit in the dark than to illuminate by setting the house on fire. The electric current was presently turned on and there was light, when the vote was completed.

Though the contest of the convention was personal in its character, and exceedingly animated, there was a powerful undercurrent of acquiescence gradually developing into satisfaction with the result, and but a feeble few were implacable. The convention was in the best sense a representative body, full of able men, characterized by exemplary dignity, and dominated by a sense of duty.



BLAINE, HARRISON AND M'KINLEY'S GRAND SPECTACULAR MINSTRELS.—From the Chicago Saturday Blade, June 11.





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